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STORY OF THE OUTRAGED BROWN.

By the Colonel.

ALLOW me to direct the disengaged attention of Iconoclast readers to the case of the Reverend C. O. Brown. The Reverend C. O. Brown is filling up a good deal of the Chicago eye just now—an eye that is veiled by coal-smoke and blurred by cinders and dulled by brick-detritus and such things and does not see clearly, as a rule. It shall be my endeavor to focus it upon the Rev. C. O. Brown so that it shall see him as he is and understand him as he should be understood.

The Rev. C. O. Brown is, or was, a minister of the Lord. It has been his duty to guard the souls of a flock, to shield them from the temptations of the world, to lead them into the paths they should tread, to fight the devil for them, to make easier and more plain the road to heaven, to instruct them in the law, to aid them in every way to lead an upright, sober, God-fearing, self-respecting just and honorable life. It was his duty to do these things by precept and example.

Graduated from one of the theological seminaries which Ingersoll has aptly termed "the storm centers of ignorance," having that little learning which is a dangerous thing, lusty of body and filled with the pride of the flesh, he was made the pastor of a flock and settled down to the business of taking maidens by the hand and leading them into the cool retreats of religion. He talked with the men, of course, but his main business lay with the maidens. They needed a great deal more saving. Six days in the week he labored with them, telling them of the vanities of ribbons and crinoline and on the seventh day he pounded the pulpit cushions mightily. Preaching from such texts as "The wages of sin is death," and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" he became noted as a light in the land, a cresset set upon a hill. Eventually he married one of the maidens. No man knows why. His reason is hidden. Certainly there was no cause for that man of God to buy a cow when milk was so cheap, but he did it. The motive that swayed him may be found in the fact that it made him solid with the congregation, with the paying part of it, that is. With the petticoated part he was already solid. They said he was the most helpful, soothing, consoling, uplifting, exalting, enthusiastic, untiring, energetic follower of the lamb they had ever encountered. The business of raising a family interfered with the business of saving maidens, but only temporarily. He resumed it with his old earnestness after awhile and was more of a success at it than ever.

The Reverend C. O. Brown occupied a paying pastorate

in the city of San Francisco. When this is said, the arduous nature of his duties will be understood. It may be in the climate, or in the water, it may be the contrast between skyscraping mountain and lowly plain, it may be the food they eat or the wine they drink, it may be one or a dozen of things, but it is certain that the maidens of the coast need more saving than the maidens of any other portion of the world. I think myself that it is due largely to the fact that they are in great part the descendants of the women who went to California in the very early days, the camp followers and Doll Tearsheets who were with the great army of invasion that breasted the Rockies and poured down their western sides in a torrent of profanity and muscle. Be that as it may, the maids of that land are full-bosomed, broad-hipped and springy of step. They have deep voices, fine hair and the red blood comes and goes darkly under their clear skins. In the evening when the lamps are lighted their eyes swim sensuously and their rounded white arms are held enticingly to the wayfarer. I know of no country where "Tom Jones" would have been more at home or where Silenus would have found life more worth the living. It was the business of the Rev. C. O. Brown to correct all this of course and, equally as a matter of course, he did his best.

It came to pass in the course of years that certain members of the Brown congregation began to look upon him with glances of suspicion. Some of the converted maidens, it may be, told tales. Certain others may have displayed an embonpoint not to be accounted for wholly by the notoriously good food of the coast capital. Sisters who had passed the age when it pays a minister to do his best to save them may have been moved by a petty jealousy. Some male member who had seen his sister and his daughter and his aunt and several of his feminine cousins saved may have objected to salvation confined too much to one family, or he may have felt competent to do all of the saving that his wife needed himself. Anyhow, grave scandals began to infect the air. They had Brown for a target. For a little while they were whispered. Then they were spoken. Then they were shouted. They reached his ears. They reached the ears of his wife. They reached the ears of the elders. He treated them with scorn. He said that never a saint had walked the earth without miring his shoon. He said that he had spent many years of his life in saving them from the clutches of the devil and now they were prepared to rend their saviour. He said that even as Christ the Redeemer was crucified by the Jews so was he, Brown the shepherd, being butted sorely by his flock. He said a good many other things, but not enough to stop a sort of court of inquiry. Unfortunately for Brown the proofs were too strong. He had been among them too long. His methods of salvation were too well known. The long tails of his clerical coat could not hide his sturdy, stumpy, bowed legs. The high clerical collar could not hide the bull neck. He was built too much like a Creole stallion. He has a rolling eye and it rolls always in the direction from which comes the rustle of a gown. He was tried and convicted and bounced, protesting his innocence to the last. It is said that his last sermon was a masterpiece of frantic lying. I don't doubt it. He left the coast and since then, I presume, its maidens have not been saved at all, or have been compelled to put up with an inferior brand of grace.

It is a long way from San Francisco to Chicago and Brown came here. Strange as it may seem the verdict of the people who knew him well in California was disregarded and he was given the pastorate of the Green Street Congregational church in this city. In the eyes of this congregation he was an outraged man, one who had been stoned by the rabble and it really could not do enough for him. The Chicago maiden, it should be remarked in passing, also needs a good deal of saving in the course of a year, and while the rewards were not exactly up to the standard to which he had been accustomed on the coast, Brown was measurably satisfied. That he gave satisfaction goes without saying. He had been here about two years and had preached many of his

BRANN'S SPEECHES AND LECTURES. Newsdealers. 25 Cents.

moving sermons in which he denounced lechery and upheld the sanctity of a sexless life, when the avengers who had been upon his trial since his expulsion from San Francisco burst upon him and talked him up some more. If there is one thing more than another that marks the Californian for a mean man, it is his unwillingness to forgive and forget a trifling injury of the kind Brown was accustomed to inflict. At a recent conference of the godly of the Congregationalists so great was the pressure brought to bear, and so overwhelming the proof brought forward to maintain the claim that the history of his church is able to boast but few ministers of his competency and potency, that he confessed and asked only that he be allowed to retire into some hole and think it all over. It was granted, with the proviso that he come out only once a year to look at his shadow. This conclusion having been reached, the public felicitated itself that it had got rid of Brown, but it did not know its man. He began writing letters to the press, telling how he had fallen from grace and felt himself unworthy to arise on Sunday and instruct people in the way of the godly, but that he hoped by a long life of remorse and penitence to atone in part for the crime of his commission and to cleanse the name of Brown from its besmirchment. He did not despair, even, that in time he might be found worthy in the eyes of the Master and in the hereafter might sit upon the edge of a damp cloud with his legs hanging over and thumb a harp with the best of them. These lucubrations were followed in a few days by others in which it was declared that while he felt no more right to wear the robes of a minister, he intimated that he might dress in a sack coat and turn-down collar and herd souls in that garb. Later on came the declaration that a ministerial charge in some far-away spot, out of the glare of the city's electric lights and undisturbed by the roar of traffic, some peaceful pastoral spot that had maidens to be saved and a decent salary attached would be about his size. Last came the declaration, as was to have been expected, that the Green street Chicago church was good enough for him and he meant to hold on to it. This he has been doing for some weeks. His congregation, knowing him to be a self-confessed and lecherous rascal, has gone to hear him each Sunday, listening to his expounding of the Book of Books and exhortations to them to lead a better life.

Yesterday the Chicago Association of Congregational Churches met in the Y. M. C. A. rooms and adopted resolutions firing Brown, body, boots and breeches, clear over the battlements and into the moat where the unbelievers wallow. Brown and his family and twenty members of his congregation were on hand. The bell wether of the herd got up and read a telegram from Brown, sent recently from Frisco, in which he asked that his name be dropped from membership as he had fessed up and was no more worthy to be called their shepherd. Brown got up and said that he took all of that back. Somebody suggested that he was a little late. "If you think you can take my congregation away from me," said Brown, "just try it." It will be tried. Mrs. Brown said that such proceedings made more inroads than Ingersoll. Brown's two sons glared around with an intimation that they were able to lam the immortal soul out of anybody who said that popper was not as pure as the driven snow. Brown got the floor again and said that the "Advance," edited by the Rev. Adams, subsisted upon blackmail drawn from other members who, it is presumed, have also been saving maidens. Dr. Adams did not say anything. Brown added that he would be heard from again. So the disgraceful scene closed. Up to latest advices the confessed debaucher was still pastor of the Green street church, still occupying its pulpit and still administering the sacrament.

Now and then, dear brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, a Roman Catholic priest, young, lusty and devoted by his vows to utter celibacy, goes wrong. He meets a woman and loves her as Gerard the son of Elias loved Margaret, and the temptation proves too strong for him. When this happens, the world rings with the scandal of it. Pin-headed Baptists take a fresh grip on the English language and whirl it around. Methodist ministers, lean, lanky, lantern-jawed, bear-eyed and weak-kneed because of camp-meeting devotions, howl against the church of Rome. Every preacher of every little, snarling, two-by-ten Protestant sect between the mountains and the sea takes his turn at denouncing the Pope as anti-Christ and the Eternal church as the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. They roll the precious morsel under their tongues and spit obscenity disguised as religion until the slime of it clings to the broadcloth and laces of their listeners. Many years ago, when a child in the far southland I love so well, yellow fever epidemics were of al-

most annual occurrence. Then, brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, I saw the priests come up the great river in the steamers, bound for the stricken districts. Young, bright-eyed, fresh-faced boys from France, unacclimated, strangers in a strange land, they went to their deaths as gaily as ever a bridegroom with a singing heart found his way to the chamber of his love. They nursed the sick, and gave the sacred oil to the dying, and held before their failing eyes the cross upon which Jesus suffered, and pointed ever upward to the path of light, and fondled the pitifully clinging fingers of those deserted by family and friends, and died like sheep and rotted unburied in the pestilential air. I have seen the pure, patient, dove-eyed Sisters of Charity dead on the streets of those ruined cities, but never saw I yet a Protestant minister of any denomination whatsoever in the lair of the yellow King of Terrors.

To you and me, brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, deeds speak more loudly than words. We look upon the wine cup when it is red, we bet our money upon the supposed fact that one horse can run faster than any other horse, we endeavor disastrously to make three deuces bigger than four jacks, we go to the theatre and buy oysters and beer for the soubrette when the play is ended, and we are never in a church, except when a friend marries or dies, but we take off our hats in the street when we pass one of the black-robed men or women who are the servants of the church that embraces the world. We do not lift our hats to the Reverend C. O. Brown and the gospel shell-workers of his kidney.

Chicago, February 15, 1892.

THE LITTLE WHITE GOD.

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 7.

Mrs. Huston: Apropos of a tragedy in our city last night, may I ask your opinion, as a woman, as to what degree of demonstration a man has a right to expect of the woman who is his wife. Has not man a right to expect some show of love other than upright living? Do you regard mere submission a proper return for love demonstrated every way a man's heart can dictate? Very respectfully,

E. Z. C.

The first mistake men make in marrying where they love very greatly is—in loving very greatly. Women, as a rule, are very admirable, very noble, very lovely, but after all they are much like dogs. And the comparison is a very old one. Women cannot stand absolute devotion, and security and satiety will often weaken chains that blows of brutality but weld the stronger. And tho' the blows to "Judy O'Grady" and "the Colonel's lady" are literal in the first instance and figurative in the second, the result is generally the same. Marriage is an unfortunately crude and faulty institution. Its intimacies are brutalizing and the little white god struggles hard for life in its cruelly trying confines. One or the other of the parties concerned in the contract always loves more deeply than the second and that one, in a very large percentage of cases, goes to the wall. It is inevitable. Of course the social dictatrix decrees that the outward courtesies be observed whatever the inner conditions and this is about the only feature of society that is truly admirable. The family linnen should never be aired in public. It is against all the canons of good taste. But, *a revenons a mouton*, the wife, like the dog, who stands just a little in fear of the gentleman who pays the rent, is less likely to weary than the lady who plays Omphale to Hercules. She is more faithful to the club than the distaff. Whether this is praiseworthy or not I do not undertake to say. But it is fact. The woman of the Nile and her warrior-lover sent their love-passion quivering down thro' the centuries with all the lurid splendour of Egypt's sunset heaven. But the glory of their tragedy lay in the fact that it was a tragedy and ended when it did. Anthony might have wearied. The dark queen would certainly have done so. Her love was as strong as it was superb, but the warrior little understood the sphinx-like character of woman when he—turned his ships. There is a Greek maxim that says, "break the laurel while it is yet green; wait not until it withers." And it was "breaking the laurel" that sent Anthony down as the lover *par excellence* of dreaming school-girls and love-sick youth, instead of his degenerating into the undignified role of sighing swain writing sonnets to the eyebrow of a bored mistress who wished he would go out and fight somebody or something and show himself a man first and a lover afterward. A wo-

man enjoys absolute sovereignty for awhile. But it soon palls. It is too monotonous. She rather welcomes the fingers of an Othello round her throat, tho' it strangle cruelly, if he but leave her breath enough to be kissed back to life afterward. Such a man she would follow into Tartarus. So, is she dog-like. And it is here that really good men who are good husbands are not appreciated. Women want to reform and restrain and keep in check and secretly fear and generally adore their lords, and if their lords are patient and immaculate they are rather grieved and a little impatient and a good deal bored. All this means the generality of women. The exceptions prove the rule. At the same time women who marry and still care for their lords and think that upright living and submission are food for the gods upon which love soars to the stars and divine passion grows drunk with its own growing sweetness—err very greatly. Men are very prosaic animals and of the earth very earthy, great as gods in some respects and irresponsible as children in others, erratic and paradoxical and admirable and sometimes impossible. But with the greatest as well as the smallest they will love faulty flesh where they would tire of Parian marble. Women must not forget the wife in the *châtelaine*, and must not forget the mistress in the wife. Marriage is brutalizing, and like life itself, is a sorry comedy at best. It requires heroic measures to steer both from the shoals of the commonplace, the absurd and the vulgar. Deity was not either kind or particularly delicate when he planned the very questionable minutia of both life and matrimony. His contrasts are as marked as a poet wandering in a vale of Avilion and a hind in a cow-yard. But his line of demarkation is narrow and indistinct and the *mal odeur* of the latter locality too often overpowers even the incense of the Vestal fires. And it is man's unworded craving for better things that gives birth to his love for woman. She embodies something better, purer, sweeter than life has given him, and in the white warmth of her arms he would close his eyes and forget, for a while, his own and the world's extreme earthiness. Like "the golden and vaporous fleece that surrounded and hid the celestials of Greece" he would shroud his world knowledge and mental nausea in the tenderness of her ministrations and the poetry of her personality. He would forget life's sharp contrasts and bathe all his strained and discordant senses in the sensuous softness of her love and breathe out his weariness in the perfume of her kiss. He would leave his chafing harness and much vexed problems and turn to her caresses as to a *Nepenthe*, while her warm lips healed all bruises and exorcised the demon of unrest. And it is this voiceless heart-hunger from which many women turn unheeding and then exclaim in righteous fury if he seek warmer clime and tenderer companionship. Man not only expects more than fidelity and submission but he will find it. And if not at home, elsewhere. Woman may weep or shriek, and man will romance to her till the stars pale in the heavens. But that will not alter the revolving of the spheres or silence the voice that whispers in his heart. Because life is as it is, man who thinks is filled with an endless and irreconcilable discontent. Women as a rule feed their mentality on the food of religion and consider that adequate and admirable explanation for the milk that flows coolly and serenely thro' their veins. They forget that man wearies of milk and that under such circumstances the sacredness of marriage does not impress them as strongly as it does their womenkind. Some one once wrote that human ordinances cannot well be called sacred, and we are none of us sure that there are any divine ones. Consequently man's fidelity is chiefly a point of honor and honor is a silken rope that woman can wear thro' strand by strand, by too often testing its strength.

Women so often are blind, blind, blind! They will degrade marriage to a fleshly contract and narrow their sphere to their key-basket and rearing of babies. They will forget that man is a pitiless critic, that the delicacies of the girl-sweetheart are doubly necessary in the wife. They will pack their daintiness with their wedding-gown and their coquetries with their girlhood, and still expect the lover to worship an expressionless face and unrepresentable *négligé*. They will receive his confidences with unheeding ears and his caresses with deadening apathy, then cry out to the world if he maddens and revolts and seeks elsewhere a love that is to his thirsting life "sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." Man will not love paragons, he wearies of statues, he tires of saints, and he will forsake automats. He will love and be loved tho' the skies open and Jove's terrors blast the oak to his feet. He will brave the Word of God and the Curse of Rome. He will defy Heaven and laugh at Hell. He will love tho' it be the labor

of Ixion and Elysia always beyond his reach. He will love tho' he rend his life in twain and sell his soul to Mephisto. He will love tho' the Furies lash and the Fates shriek. But he will not be faithful to a woman of ice, whether she be mistress or wife. Life, as it is given us, is as crude as an unfinished temple. Thro' the rafters and beams and shavings we discern faintly the delicate traceries of white pinacles and minarets, of carved scroll and sculptured myths. But our feet stumble always among the paint-pots and bring up at the excavations for the sewer. And the sewer has to trace its way alike thro' the Temple and the Tenderloin. Life is a democrat. It makes no distinctions. And as with life so with love. In the world's profound wisdom Marguerite walks with Messalina and Francesca is bracketed with Lais. The winged deity makes little distinction in fact, however we paint it in fancy. Love's observances and concessions are much the same in the castle and the canal-boat and we weight the coarse *haison* of the bar-maid and the *grandes passion* of the baroness in the same scale. In all this has the Creator made his creation one in which his good taste is questionable and the refinement of his conception conspicuous by its absence. Men feel this, whether they realize it or not. Ant is is to woman they turn as the philosopher turns to Nature, to dream for a while among her dimpling brooks and sleeping lilies and waving grasses and swooning sunshine. Nature embodies what the human race should be and is not. She is tender, sublime, musical with birds and infinitely lovely in her ever-changing mysteries, grand in her wrath, superb in her storms, and great with a dignity, sweet or austere, but ever present. She is the dream of unwritten poems and the despair of the painter's brush and the inspiration of those who hear the voice of spirits in the winds. But in all of her thousand varying, capricious moods she is gracious and great and never, under any circumstances is she vulgar. Nature is divine and worthy our conception of God. Humanity is divine in little and grovels, shamed and base, beneath the calm purity of the stars. There are moments when we almost touch the heights, but there is always a something lacking. And this something we try to replace by religion or philosophy or science, but neither fanatic nor philosopher nor scientist has yet succeeded in the quest for the Holy Grail. Poets see it sometimes with their visionary eyes, afar off. And those whose lives resent their own imperfections and life's grossness, see it sometimes in their dreams. But lives such as these need the philtre of Eros to make existence possible and women who are not wise enough to hold this philtre to the lips of men that love them, make grave error.

Waco, Tex., February 18.

CURRENT COMMENT.

FRANCE is at present enjoying one of her periodical paroxysms and, as usual, is making an irremediable ass of herself. France can be more kinds of a flamboyant dampfool, more varieties of an unmitigated nuisance in a given time than any other nation that ever existed upon the earth. She is utterly incapable of preserving a middle course in anything, is either bumping her head against the stars or crawling through the slime of her own sewers. She must either be doing something grandly heroic, else committing cowardly and unnatural crimes that would disgrace a Caliban. One minute she is deifying a man and the next she is putting his head on a pike. She revolts against an easy-going monarch on Monday, and on Tuesday hastens to place her neck beneath the heel of a Tiberius. She shouts *Vive la republique* and *vive le roi* with equal unction. She is constant to one thing never—is the irresponsible weather-cock of the universe. She has absolutely no conception of justice, and in her childish paroxysms of rage is destitute of mercy as some infernal monster. France is great, but it is the greatness of a madman, whose love one moment is nauseous, whose frenzy the next is murderous. Her present treatment of the Jews is preeminently French. She knows that Dreyfus is innocent of the crime of which he stands accused. Revelations of rank corruption in the army made it a political necessity that some one should suffer. Dreyfus was the only Jew prominent in that department, so he was seized upon and made a scapegoat "for the glory of France." She now hates him because she has wronged him, and declines to make reparation. She would tear Zola to pieces because he has called attention to her hideous crime. She mobs and maltreats inoffensive Jews because their presence reminds her of her infamy. It has not been the Jews who have given France cause to blush. The Do-Nothing Kings and their Dames

Du Barry were not of the race of Abraham. The politicians who robbed and disgraced her in the Panama canal affair were "fair gentlemen of France." The nobility whose brutal extortion provoked that cataclysm of blood and fire to which the world cannot refer even after the lapse of a century without a shudder, did not trace their descent from the House of David. The men who kept the guillotine busy night and day, who sunk barges filled with women and nursing babes, who established tanneries for human hides, did not belong to the race of Dreyfus. The Jews have done much for France, and her outrageous treatment of them adds another melancholly stain to the *fleur de lis*, upon which immortal glory and inexpugnable infamy have so long been written side by side.

* * *

As the Iconoclast goes to press the trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies for the slaughter of miners at Latimer, Pa., is in progress. What the result will be cannot be foretold, but the mine operators are bringing every possible influence to bear to shield their murderous janizaries. Miners who testify in the case are brutally insulted and peremptorily discharged. The history of the Latimer holocaust is too well known to require rehearsal. It was a crime that sent a thrill of horror throughout all humanity. It was unnecessary, cowardly, cold-blooded, cruel. It was the equal in iniquity of anything accredited to the Spanish in Cuba. If Sheriff Martin is not hanged, and all his deputies who participated in the wholesale homicide sent up for life, then there is no longer even a semblance of justice in the Keystone State. If these assassins of unarmed and orderly men, these brutes who shot their fleeing victims in the back, escape a punishment commensurate with their crime, the effect will be disastrous to society and the state. Strikers will no longer rely upon moral suasion and refusal to work, to right their wrongs, but "take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." The blood of the slaughtered miners cries to heaven for justice, and it will not cry in vain. If the courts decline the role of Nemesis future strikes will take on a sanguinary hue, and instead of peaceable parades there will be violence and arson and bloodshed born of the spirit of revenge. Labor has borne much; it has been robbed, starved, insulted; it will draw the line at extermination—will demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It has long been patient, but, like Samson, it knows its power—knows that it can lay its hands upon the pillars of the temple and destroy its persecutors. The proper adjustment of the relations of labor and capital is a problem that is pressing upon us with ever-increasing power. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Time is propounding to this Republic, and which not to answer is to be destroyed; yet our mining barons, and merchant princes and money kings go placidly on grinding the faces of the poor and crying, as did the French aristocrats, "*Après moi le deluge*"—after me the deluge! If we cannot answer the Sphinx as yet we may pacify her somewhat and gain time by guaranteeing to labor all the rights it possesses under the law—can remorselessly punish all who invade those rights. We can hang officers who become the willing tools of corporate power and shoot down peaceable strikers to intimidate others into submission to an industrial peonage compared with which Ethiopian slavery was kind, generous, merciful. We can make it plain to the toiling millions that this nation's laws are for the rich and poor alike, and thereby induce them to be patient until the cumulative wisdom of the country has answered the minatory Sphinx at the ballot-box.

* * *

Not long ago the Chestnut Street Bank of Philadelphia went bump, and the bilked depositors are of the opinion that there's a very able-bodied Senegambian in the fiduciary wood-pile—that a rigid investigation would result in the consignment of the officials to the penitentiary. Whether the collapse of the bank was due to a steal or to too much McKinley prosperity I shall not assume to say; but it is worthy of remark that Bill M. Singerly, editor of the Phila. *Record*, was president of the erstwhile bank. The *Record* was one of the first Democratic papers to turn against Bryan and begin to whine for gold. Bill fairly spread himself in double-leaded editorials denouncing "the 50-cent dollar of the repudiationists," and predicted that if Bryan was elected all the banks in the United State would go broke. The great Nebraskan was defeated, the country was "saved," and now Kunnel Bill Singerly's bank is an iridescent dream—cannot even pay its creditors with "50-cent dollars," is *facile princeps* of "repudiationists!" Poor old Bill! If it is not convenient to send him to the penitentiary the court might sen-

tence him to look at himself in the glass for an hour every day.

* * *

The daily newspaper unquestionably has its uses, but about eight days in the week it is an insufferable damnification. It is a special detective agency to spy out and herald to the four winds of heaven all a man's frailties and misfortunes. A man may get himself covered with honor an inch thick and have gilt-edge glory plastered on him with a trowel, and the chances are that the newspapers will never notice him, or if they do so will accord him a three-line paragraph tucked away among the ads. for syphilitic nostrums and abortion pills with which they are wont to regale their lady readers; but let him be accused of some heinous crime, or his wife be caught philandering with some other fellow, and forthwith he is given a front-page "spread" with headlines that would scare a cable-car. A Waco gentleman, prominent in social and financial circles, having caught a strange bull in his corral, applied for a divorce the other day, and forthwith the full text of his petition appeared in the local press, and the scandal was telegraphed all over the state. What good purpose is subserved in thus publicly humiliating a too credulous "hubby" because of the concupiscence of an old sassy "cat?" If no better excuse can be found for such publications than the profit which publishers reap by pandering to pruriency then they should be prohibited under the severest penalties. Even an "injured husband" has some rights which the newspapers should be compelled to respect.

* * *

The two most shameless hypocrites the century can boast died recently in New York. Their names were Henry M. Taber and E. E. Hitchcock. They were millionaires, and all thro' life were particularly active in church work. They gave liberally to the cause, yet both were agnostics and were secretly doing all in their power to destroy that faith which they so unctuously professed. With a shamelessness that was colossal they provided in their wills for the revelation of their treachery. It was then that the world learned that Taber was the author of atheistical books and Hitchcock proprietor of a prominent atheistical periodical. Prominence in religious circles gives a man social standing and is valuable in a business way, hence this precious pair clung ostensibly to the cross during life, but when hypocrisy would no longer serve them cast off the mask and appeared in their true colors. It is not to the atheism of these men to which I so strenuously object, for I believe in the most complete liberty of conscience; it is to their cowardly deception, to their perfidious double-dealing. If a man is an atheist he should have the moral courage to confess it, to do open battle with the cult of Christ instead of striking it in the dark. Taber and Hitchcock have made the grandest bid of all the ages for immortal infamy.

* * *

The Associated Press is one of the most shameless and rapacious trusts in existence to-day. It has this entire country in its grasp and is brazenly draining it of its life-blood. Its charter provides that it shall supply news to all who will pay the fixed tolls, yet this obligation is flagrantly and persistently violated. It sells to or withholds its service from whomsoever it will, building up or tearing down newspapers at pleasure. Just now it is striving to destroy the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* because that paper saw fit to supplement its news service by purchases elsewhere. It has crushed out the United Press, its only dangerous competitor, and is now as dictatorial as a Czar, as venomous as a rattle-snake, as grasping as a Shylock. The effect of this trust may be seen in any of the leading Texas towns. None of these cities have more than one morning paper receiving a news service, hence in each of those places there's a newspaper monopoly. Take Dallas for instance: The *News* has the field to itself; no other paper can obtain service from the trust. The result is that the *News* may charge what it pleases for subscription and advertising. It robs the people both ways and publishes what it pleases—is able to proceed on "the public-bê-d—d" principle. The same is true of Houston, Galveston and San Antonio—is true of every city in the United States possessing but one morning paper. In the large cities the business is divided up between two papers, or possibly three, the number being so limited that competition does not spoil the Klondyke. The public is systematically bled by the favored publishers, who are usually members of the Associated Press. Whenever a law is proposed compelling this corporation to serve publishers impartially the trust papers all oppose it. Few politicians care to engage in a struggle with a concern which has the power to blackguard them seven days in the week from one end of the country to

the other, consequently it is permitted to do as it pleases. Whenever you see a newspaper that receives the Associated Press service, attacking trusts, you can take it for granted that there is one gigantic trust by which it profits and which it cannot be persuaded to assail.

* * *

The business men of Phila. have perpetrated the political joke of the season in putting forward Holy John Wanamaker for the governorship "as the opposition candidate to Quay and corruption." Wanamaker stands for all that is worst in American politics, and American politics are the rottenest in this world. The only difference between Quay and Wanamaker is that the former doesn't pretend to be anything but a practical politician, while the latter prates of purity while descending to political methods that would shame the devil. If the methods of Quay are not approved by Wanamaker why did the latter accept a cabinet position at the hands of a man the former elevated to power? If Quay is a corruptionist why was Holy John so eager to share the fruits of the big boss' perfidy? Why did he fry some \$400,000 of "fat" out of the American manufacturers and turn it over to Quay to be employed in buying votes "in blocks-of-five?" As postmaster-general Wanamaker permitted the postal department to be used to reward political heelers—merit was not considered, the only question being, "What has the applicant for position done to serve the party?" He was the uncompromising foe of civil service reform. When a candidate for the United States senate he "spared no expense." He engaged the services of notorious corruptionists to help conduct his campaign. The fact of the matter is Holy John is a hypocrite in religion and an unprincipled scoundrel in politics. He has grown rich by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. While superintendent of Bethany Sunday school he was grinding the faces of working girls. While trotting about the Holy Land he was meditating political skullduggery. He is indeed a fine man to head a reform movement. I have been frequently asked why the Phila. papers do not expose Wanamaker and his methods. The answer is dead easy—he advertises.

ATHEISM AND ORTHODOXY.

THIS is rapidly becoming a government of the church, for the church and by the church. The Deist, the Atheist and the Agnostic have no political rights which the religionists feel bound to respect. Tho' Robt. G. Ingersoll possessed the wisdom of Solomon, the patriotism of Washington and the justice of Aristides, he could not be elected governor of any state in the American Union—the pulpit and religious press would strike his trail, remorseless as death, persistent as taxes. Not only is the unbeliever boycotted politically, but the taboo not unfrequently extends to business. An acknowledgement of the orthodox God has become a *sine qua non* for success in every walk of life; hence we see men like Taber and Hitchcock professing Christianity during their lifetime, even posing as church officials of exemplary piety, and promulgating their real sentiments after death has deprived vindictive bigotry of power to help or harm. Yet this is supposed to be a land where every individual enjoys the broadest religious liberty! Only those enjoy it who care to pay the price—and that price is persistent calumny and political ostracism. "No union of church and state" is the nation's shibboleth; yet the union exists both *de facto* and *de jure*, and is growing stronger every day. Not only does the political boycott extend to unbelievers, but includes Catholics, Jews, and all others who dissent from the loose-jointed Protestant dogma which has this nation under its heel. It were as impossible to elect a Catholic or Jew to the presidency as to elevate an avowed Atheist to that high office. And yet this is really a nation of "Liberals," if not of Agnostics. Of our 70,000,000 people less than 25,000,000 are church communicants, and at least 70 per cent of these are women and children. A great majority of American voters regard the church with indifference if not with aversion, yet the religious tail continues to wag the political dog. This is because the dissenters from religious dogma, as a rule, are not aggressive, while its devotees are engaged in a perpetual crusade. The church people are active while the dissenters are passive. The latter, unorganized and ignorant of their numerical strength, follow in the wake of the religious bandwagon to avoid the inevitable boycott. The result is that the church dominates the nation and compels even those who despise it to contribute to its support. Millions are donated annually as a matter of expediency—a sop to the ever-hungry Cerberus—by men like Taber, who regard it as a millstone slung about the

neck of the giant of civilization. Its vast properties are exempted from taxation, thereby placing a heavier burthen upon those who consider it the nursing mother of ignorance and superstition. Atheists and Agnostics, Jews and Catholics are taxed to provide fat salaries for army and navy, legislative and prison chaplains of the Protestant persuasion, while every state has a law making it a crime to do on Sunday what is considered praiseworthy on Monday. Those whose religion requires them to respect the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath are compelled by law to observe another. Such is the condition to-day of a nation that was christened by a Deist, whose greatest president was an Agnostic, whose wisest philosopher was an Atheist, and to establish which men of all faiths and no faith fought and suffered and died side by side! Such is the condition of a nation so secular in its incipency that Almighty God is not mentioned in its constitution! From the brain of Thomas Paine, Columbia sprang, full-panoplied, like Minerva from the brow of Olympian Jove. When the colonists stood hesitating, uncertain whether to endure present ills or fly to others they knew not of, he threw the gage of battle full and fair in Britain's haughty face. It is universally conceded that his "Crisis" precipitated the conflict. When defeat followed defeat; when the new-born nation was bankrupt and her soldiers starving at Valley Forge, it was Paine's burning words that revived their faltering faith. His pamphlets were read to the ragged Continentals drawn up in battle array, and again and again they set their breasts against the bayonet until even the British lion recoiled and the star of empire rose in the western world. Yet were Paine alive to-day he couldn't be elected dog-catcher of this blessed county of McLennan. Were Benjamin Franklin publishing a newspaper in Waco the Baptists would boycott it. Were Thomas Jefferson a resident of this city the pruriently pious would accuse him of reading the Iconoclast. I am neither Atheist, Catholic nor Jew, but I protest against the present status of affairs as a rank injustice. Every man should be privileged to exercise his brains without being placed under a ban, to speak forth his honest thought without paying a penalty, for only where there is freedom of expression is progress possible. Those who regard revealed religion as a rank superstition should not be taxed, directly or indirectly, for its support. Frankly, I regard Atheism as rank folly, the God of the Jews as a savage and the claims of the Pope as preposterous; but I have no more quarrel with a man for differing with me in religion than for fancying the blonde type of beauty while I prefer the brunette. I would take God out of politics—would ask only of the candidate for office, Is he a patriot with a reasonable stock of honesty and intellect? I would base all secular law on human necessity. I would accord to all the fullest religious liberty. Not only would this be justice to the dissenter, but it would redound to the benefit of the church. It would win for it the respect of those who now regard it with distrust, and render them more inclined to receive its doctrines. It is not the Ingersolls but the religious intolerants who make Atheists. It is attempted coercion that breeds rebellion. Whenever I see a sanctified yap who is short on brains and long on gall, standing up in the Texas legislature and unwinding a 2-minute perfunctory prayer for a \$5 bill which I must help to pay, I feel less kindly to his creed and all his class. When I am denied a bath, a shave or a glass of beer on Sunday because my enjoyment thereof would give a joblot of whining pietists a pain, I conclude that if God interests himself in such bigots he's in precious small business. When I hear it urged against a candidate for office that he's a Catholic or Atheist, I instinctively reach for a stuffed club. And I presume that such things provoke in like manner all men whose minds are not affected with the mildew of the prevalent orthodoxy. It provokes an anti-church prejudice. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" are scorpion whips that goad the sons of men to mutiny. The church has never gained aught by persecution. It may compel lip-service, but cannot drive love and respect into the hearts of men with a maul. A just and humane policy on the part of the church; more charity and less dogmatism; a recognition of the right of every sentient creature to its own opinion; a confession of the fact that the wisest theologian is but groping toward the light and may misinterpret God's message; the absolute elimination of religion from secular affairs; less thunderous pulpitering and more example of the true Christian kind, would eliminate Atheism from this land, for the spirit of Christ when made manifest in men appeals to all humanity with irresistible power. But just so long as the church appeals to the law to enforce its edicts; so long as it makes it a crime to do that which works no injustice to

others; so long as it compels an unwilling support; so long as it boycotts those who dissent from its ever-shifting dogma it will breed hypocrites and multiply humbugs. The day inevitably comes when men weary of a presumptuous and cruel master and rise in revolt. And the stronger the repression the fiercer the explosion. It was not altogether the fault of the French people that they once humiliated the priesthood to the very dust and crowned a courtesan Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame. When all the pent-up antagonism to American Protestantism explodes we may find the church declared a nuisance, and not only taxed but compelled to pay a special license like the saloon and other supposed pests of the body social. If it be true that "Pride goeth before a fall," then is American Protestantism preparing to hit the ground and hit it almighty hard. I have no objection to Protestantism nor to any other religious ism but I do object to the engrafting of sectarian dogmas upon the laws of this land. Protestant presumption is dividing the people of this country into two great classes, one of which it is driving toward Atheism, the other toward Catholicism. It would be difficult to convince the average camp-meeting spouter and baptismal 'sputer that this is true; but it is a fact nevertheless and quite familiar to all careful students of cause and effect. Meantime there is a third class, small but gradually expanding, composed of those who study the philosophy of religion, and who are gradually rising above the meshes of sectarianism and the mistakes of dogmatism into that pure light where all religions are found to be fundamentally the same, all equally true, each being God's message as he has delivered it to men of varying minds. These regard both the Atheist and the Dogmatist with toleration—and pity. These read God's word in the Koran as well as in the Bible, and find in Gautama a Son of God as well as in the Man of Gallilee. These require no celestial laws graven on tables of stone, no revelation by prophet or seer; for the Universe is their Sacred Book, and as they con its mystic pages they forget the foolish visions and idle dreams of little men. These require no petty "miracles" to confirm their faith, for in all that is they find a natural-super-naturalism, an everlasting testimony. These can worship equally well in Protestant church or Catholic cathedral, in Mohammedan mosque or Buddhist temple—wheresoever God is adored, by whatsoever name, they reverently bend the knee. High above the clash of creeds and the war of cults, these men look down with painful surprise at an Ingersoll charging full tilt at mythical miracles, and Talmage exploiting his "scriptural evidence," gleaned from the mummified cats of ancient Egypt and the hoary rubbish of Palestine; then they turn their faces once again to God's perpetual revelation and forget those who seek him in the printed page and drink in with greedy ear the sing-song dissonance of the pulpiteer.

A PROPOSED HAWAIIAN ROBBERY.

By H. S. Canfield.

THE adherents to the doctrine that America should annex as much of foreign territory as it can get appear determined to eat their way to success. On three or four nights of every week of this year annexationists in the large cities have held banquets. They gather, I should say, because in companionship there is courage and in set speeches there is consolation. When a man has listened for three hours to long talks declaring that annexation is a good thing and has in the meanwhile absorbed anywhere from a quart to a gallon of wine, he is apt to go home with the belief that what he wishes to happen will happen. I am unable to discover that these banquets serve any other useful purpose whatever. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis and Chicago we hear every day or so of a feed at which the annexation of Hawaii was discussed pro and con. This sort of thing is good for the butchers and bakers, and does not hurt any one else. The orators at these banquets are cock-sure always that the American flag will float over Honolulu before July 4, but I have been unable to find anything to justify that confidence. I am certain that if the question of annexation were put to a popular vote to-morrow it would be overwhelmingly defeated. The American people, whatever their generic faults, are at bottom a common sense people, and there is absolutely not one common sense argument to be made for this nonsensical and outrageous proposition.

The speech of any man favoring annexation of Hawaii, in congress or out of congress, when brought down to bed-rock, is reduced to this: We are going to have a war at

some time with somebody, and the islands would make a good coaling station. That is absolutely all there is to it. Sometimes the argument varies slightly, thus: When the Nicaraguan Canal is completed there will be a vast commerce between the Orient and the Occident. The islands lie near the path of that commerce. If they belong to us our ships can coal there and go out and attack the commerce-bearing ships of the nation with which we are at war. Again it varies: By controlling the islands we will control the western end of the Nicaraguan Canal. Again it varies: If we do not own the islands some other power will, and this power will threaten our Western cities. If we do own them, no other power can threaten our Western coast cities because their nearest coaling station is on the far side of the Pacific. It is all war, war, war. Pin down an annexationist and ask him for his authorities, and you will not get anything out of him further than that Daniel Webster and some other dead and gone Americans advocated taking the islands, and Captain Mahan says it would be a good thing. I submit that what Daniel Webster thought on this subject fifty or sixty years ago cannot possibly be of as much value as what men think of it now. I submit that Captain Mahan, leading naval authority of the world, is not a fair witness nor a competent jurymen. His profession disqualifies him. Possession of the Hawaiian islands would mean an increase of our navy and any naval officer will argue in favor of anything whatever short of actual crime that will tend to increase the strength and importance of his branch of the service. Army officers unanimously favor anything that will tend to increase the army. Engineers favor anything that tends to increase the engineering corps. And so forth and so on. The truth of the matter is that in all this talk of trouble with some foreign power and the threatening of our coast by some foreign power the annexationists have but one foreign power in mind, and that power is Great Britain. They do not fear France, Italy, Germany, Spain or Russia. Great Britain, it is necessary only to say, has an enormous coaling station in British Columbia, containing all the coal her vessels are likely to need in a thousand years and hundreds of miles nearer to San Francisco than are the Hawaiian islands.

The contention that our possession of the Hawaiian islands more than 2000 miles distant from the western end of the Nicaraguan Canal would enable us to control that canal is the veriest nonsense. Great Britain has coaling stations jammed against the eastern end of that ditch on paper. Comparatively speaking, the West Indies are no distance at all from the Isthmus. All of the talk about the danger of our Western coasts from a foreign coaling station at Hawaii is mere flapdoodle anyhow. For much more than a hundred years Great Britain, Spain and France have had coaling stations within 200 miles of our eastern coast and nothing has come of it. It is bugaboo talk fit only to frighten children. The commerce from east to west of which they prate so much must pass through the supposititious Nicaraguan canal to have any value to the world at large, and it will be as vulnerable when it reaches the Atlantic as it was in the Pacific. The fact is that the Nicaraguan Canal has not been built and the indications are that it never will be built. Every engineer sent to the isthmus not directly in the employ of the United States government, or of United States promoters, says that the Panama route is the only feasible route and I am inclined to believe them. DeLesseps, who dug the Suez ditch, could have obtained the Nicaraguan concession as easily as he obtained the Panama concession. He was a man of vast experience and was aided moreover by the best engineering talent of the world. He and his men reported unanimously in favor of the Panama route and an attempt was made to build it. Its failure was due not to any inherent impossibility in the route itself, but to bad management and rottenness in the affairs of the company. It was in fact a vast gambling scheme from end to end, and the gull, as usual, was the public.

The formula of the annexationists may be stated in this way: We must have the Hawaiian islands in order to control the trade passing through a canal that has not been built and probably never will be built.

It may be stated conclusively, and without a fear of successful contradiction, that every advantage to be gained by annexation is to be gained without annexation, supposing that there would be any advantage whatever to accrue from a coaling station two thousand miles out in the Pacific ocean. We own now, and have owned for some years, a concession of land at Pearl harbor, which was given to us for the express purpose of a coaling station. We have never taken the trouble to improve it. If we want any more land in the Sandwich group we can have it for the asking. Every

benefit of trade possible to be derived from annexation we now have guaranteed by the treaty of reciprocity. Annexation of, or seizure of, these islands by the United States government would not prevent the establishment of a coaling station in those waters by Great Britain, because that power now owns an island ample for such purposes that is not three hundred miles from Honolulu.

Those islands would be to us a source of continual annoyance and danger without one single counter-balancing benefit. Under ordinary conditions they are six days steaming from San Francisco. They have a population of 109,000, of whom 30,000 are Kanakas and half-castes, 27,000 are Japanese, 23,000 are Chinese coolies, 15,000 are Portuguese, 9,000 are Americans and 5,000 are British and Germans. In other words the Caucasians number but 29,000 against 80,000 of the lower races, and of 29,000 the low order of Portuguese numbers 15,000. We are asked to take this mass of human dregs to our bosom and give it the rights of citizenship, because of the construction of a mythical canal. The proposition is monstrous. The Dole government is anxious for annexation, not because its office-holders are anxious to surrender their jobs, but because they are aware of their utter inability to hold the islands down. Their power was born in violence, robbery and fraud and if the American Congress should to-morrow refuse once and for all to countenance the annexation of the Hawaiian group the Dole government would not last six months. It would be hard to find in Hawaii a dozen men not of the American party who believe that the present government is any better than that which it dispossessed. There is nothing in or to the Dole government to give it long life. Unsupported from the outside, it would fall inevitably. In this fact is to be found the reason for the visit of Dole to this country and the tons of literature which he and his aids have got out calling on America to annex the lands which they stole. These people are the descendants of the missionaries and most of us know what the American missionary is. In twenty-six cases out of twenty-five he is a canting, whining, hypocritical, meddlesome, noxious rogue, who should have been tied between the handles of a plow at home and kept there. In every country under the sun where his shovel hat and hymn book have wandered he has been a nuisance and a menace. Hawaii, China, Japan, Armenia are all one to him. Furthermore, the Hawaiian group has been for many years the Botany Bay of our west coast, owing to the fact that there is no cable between the mainland and those segregated bits of coral. Whenever a burglar, forger, thief, murderer, sure-thing gambler or confidence man found the Pacific slope too hot to hold him, he skipped in a sailing vessel to Honolulu and was safe from arrest. This has resulted in the admixture of a great deal of wild blood with the gentle strain of the Kanakas and in more than one instance the crimson fluid that flowed in the veins of the crack criminals of the coast flows undiluted under the white skins of his Hawaiian children.

Missionaries and civilization have been of vast benefit to those islands. Captain Cook and others of the earlier navigators found them thickly populated with a brave, generous, kindly, amiable, hospitable, beautiful people—a people whose language is nearly all yowels and whose natures are as soft as the breezes that blow up and down their coral beaches. The five islands contained at that time not less than 300,000 souls. Some give the figures at 500,000. They have been reduced to about 15,000 of the pure race. Leprosy, syphilis, gonorrhoea, consumption—all of the many deadly and shameful diseases of the white men have slain them. There was never a mosquito in the air of the Hawaiian islands until a whaler from Nantucket (blest land of the missionary!) landed at Honolulu and staid long enough to enable its crew to distribute a choice collection of venereal affections. There was never a flea in the sands of Hawaii until ships came from San Francisco. Having given them plagues and killed them by tens of thousands and corrupted their morals and blood, the descendants of the missionaries now take their lands and we are asked to help them. I, for one, object. The annexation of the Hawaiian islands, in its bitter injustice and in the far-reaching evils to follow, would be the crime of the century.

Chicago, February 14, 1898.

People who cannot find happiness here begin to look for it hereafter. Eternal beatitude is impossible. If there be a life beyond the grave it means continued endeavor, and there can be no endeavor without dissatisfaction. The creature cannot rise superior to its creator—and the universe is the result of God's unrest.

A READER OF THE STARS.

By the Sultana.

"Sultan and Slave alike have gone their way
With Bahram Gur, but whither none may say;
Yet he who charmed the wise at Naishapur
Seven centuries since, still charms the wise to-day."
Omar Khayyam—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

With the general nausea of the present age—which should be called the era of the *nouveau riches*—nausea of existing conditions and tastes, there has been a revolution in the literary, as well as the material world, and in desperation of spirit we have turned to the dusty tomes of buried years to glean something of their depth and dignity. Omar Khayyam is a resurrected Titan, and he has caught the capricious fancy of a fickle and sated century as has no other writer of verse and few of prose. The cynical, laughing jingle of the Persian tent-maker carries the double mask of comedy and tragedy over the face of the philosopher. With him "we dance along death's icy brink," but query is the dance "less fun?" He opened his eyes in the eleventh century, he questioned life as the centuries have questioned it since, and he read his answer in the stars, an answer as lucid and satisfactory as any of sage or seer, before or since. The answer always circled back to the question and remained an interrogation point, and the other explanations and elucidations seem to have met no better fate. Said Omar's biographer "having failed (however mistakenly) in finding any Providence but Destiny and any World but this, he set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the Soul thro' the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might* be." Wearied of vain questionings he flings them from him—throws up his hands:

"Come, fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

The Vallhalla that the world has sought so long and fruitlessly and the temporal glories that he has seen prove dead sea fruit are alike but chimerical to his pitilessly incisive reasoning and he chooses, as the philosopher-tramp chose country fields and Homer in his ragged pocket—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me, singing in the Wilderness"—

It was the always popular trinity of wine, women and song.

"Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophets' Paradise to come;"

But like Burton's "tinkle of the Camel's bell" in the Kasidah, Omar cries,

"Ah, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum."

The eternal uselessness of everything, the common dust that is common destiny, weighs upon his spirit in heaviness. Think, he says,

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way."

His poetic dreaming is as delicate as his cynicism is keen.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;"

for the "Saints and Sages" he has the profound contempt that has wearied of their owl-like wisdom and babblings.

"Their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd and their mouths are stopt with Dust."

He studies the universe and the spheres, and he has reached the Seventh Heaven:

"And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate."

Then with jolliest of abandon he declares he—

"Divorced old barren Reason from his Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

As many a profound mind has done since and wished with aching heads afterward they had lived in New York state or had been Romanists. And he asks of the twisted tendril "if a curse—why, then, Who set it there?" His research and musings and questionings of the stars bring him to the conclusion that "I myself am Heav'n and Hell." And to him is

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire"—

The efficacy of prayer does not appeal to him. The Moving Finger has written and not all your prayer

"Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

He attacks the inconsistency of Christian dogma.

"What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross—allay'd"—

And again he hurls the world's bitterness into the face of its Creator:

"O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

It is the strongest of his quatrains—it is Ajax defying the lightning. He then stands in the house of the Potter and listens while the Vessels speak. His irony, that cuts like an acid thro' the thin gilding of accepted theory and creed, laying the weak metal bare, speaks from the vessel of "more ungainly make:"—

"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

The grape proves too much for him sometimes and with whimsical self-analysis he murmurs—

"Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore."

Thro' all his quaint conceits and cynical questionings and meditative philosophies rolls at last the great cry of the naked soul with its breast over against the thorn—

"Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

The impotent dread of the separation that is inevitable weighs him down finally as a pall. He has the courage of his unbelief. In the wide night his trained eyes see no star of hope in the carpet of constellations he has studied so faithfully. The heart's desire cannot steal the Samson-strength of his intellect, sweet as is its pleading. And over the head that rests on his breast he looks to the "inverted cup" in heart-sick foreboding.

"Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!"

Khayyam once said "My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." And at Naishapur the poet lies just outside a garden and says D'Herbelot, "fruit trees stretched their boughs over the wall and dropped their flowers upon his tomb so as the stone was hidden by them." At the head of the grave of Omar's translator, Fitzgerald, a man whimsical and lovable as was the Persian himself, are planted two rose-trees whose ancestors had scattered their petals over Omar's tomb. Rosamund Marriott Watson wrote of the tent-maker:

"Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are wet;
The nightingale's full song sobs all thro' thine,

And thine in hers—part human, part divine!
Among the deathless gods thy place is set,
All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled Wine,
Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret."

And we can sing of him, as sang Le Gallienne at a recent meeting of the club:

"O Life that is so warm, 'twas Omar's too;
O Wine that is so red, he drank of you:
Yet life and wine must all be put away,
And we go sleep with Omar—yea, 'tis true."

And, with Omar, we can only look up thro' the darkness in hopeless wonder to where the moon wanes in the heavens.

"And when like her, oh Saki you shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"

Waco, Texas, February 20.

TEMPESTUOUS RELIGIONISTS AT TEMPLE.

MY POSITION as court of last resort for the Baptists of this country is no sinecure. The brethren and sisters frequently quarrel among themselves, then appeal to me to "roast," or even excommunicate each other. Sometimes they even indulge in free fights, burn churches, or commit other sinful acts that make my heart bleed and cause me to fear that I will never be able to recommend them to St. Peter for admission into Paradise. I've labored and wept and prayed with them until my patience is worn to a frazzle, but the more intense their religious zeal the more frequent their rows. Sometimes they turn in and lick the umpire; but I was schooled to patience while managing an opera company of forty people, half of whom were females. The man who has never managed an opera company has no conception of life's trials and tribulations unless he's been in partnership with Job or got tangled up with a hay-rake and a red-hot cookstove synchronously in the pulsating bosom of a Kansas cyclone. The following letter, dated Temple, Tex., indicates that when people become "sanctified" they do not always lay off their sixshooters and apply an automatic breast pump to their milk of human kindness. Some of these days I shall go down to Temple and preach my brethren a sermon from my favorite text, "Love one another."

W. C. Brann: Last July there came to this community a lot of fools who are pleased to call themselves the "Holiness people," and held a ten days' meeting, and the result is that the most of the members of the Pepper's Creek Baptist church near here, became sanctified (?) and have become so obstreperous that the civilized people of the vicinity are unable to longer endure it. More than once have the remainder of the Baptist flock gathered in the church for the purpose of holding services and this sanctified (?) mob would go in, drive them out and take charge. The people of the vicinity met in conference for the purpose of trying to suggest some plan for relief, and decided that the only thing they could do was to ask you to give them a roast. Will you, for the sake of the decent people of this sanctified (?) stricken section attend to them a little in your next Iconoclast? I was asked to write this by more than a hundred of the best people of this section.

MM

Count Rambunsky, a Russian nobleman, has written the mayor of Philadelphia announcing that he will marry his son to a Quaker City woman who can produce \$3,000,000 for the mestimable honor. This is leveling the international marriage to its true basis. The price is now stated in round figures and the title of countess comes high. American money is wanted and American maidens accepted as necessary, if unwelcome, appendages. Even the sham courtship is now done away with and the brutal bargains in bodies and bonds stalk forth in all their naked hideousness. Columbia, where is thy shame!

The only men who know how to manage a farm successfully appear to be editing newspapers.

Whatever may be the inclinations of the flesh, the mind worships the pure.

Millions make continual moan that they are not happy, when they ought to be thankful that they are not hanged.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE. By BRANN. Newsdealers. Nickel.

FOOLS AND REFORM.

I HAVE no panacea for business depressions. It would be a great comfort to believe that placing fiddle-strings on the free list or increasing the tariff tax on tooth-picks, that a deluge of white dollars or a few cords of fiat currency would cause the winter of our discontent to blossom at once into glorious summer. The possessor of a commercial catholicon has only to pull the cork and let peace and plenty flow forth upon a grateful people as from Ceres' cornucopia. Unfortunately, the economic alchemists have ever been long on promise but short on performance. Their Golden Age keeps receding like the pot of rupees at the rainbow's base—lies ever just beyond the next election. A small cottage on the earth is worth a legion of large castles in the air; a pork pie in the dinner-pail double-discounts Olympian nectar in the Land of Nod—a palliative of approved worth is better than a panacea with a broken trolley-pole.

It profits us nothing to complain that capital is despoiling labor, for each grasps the uttermost that it can. Philanthropy may be—perhaps—a politico-religious force, but selfishness is the dynamics of all trade and industry. Preaching altruism in the market place were wasted energy. Conditions instead of theories govern there. We need borrow no trouble anent the division of the "joint product of capital and labor" when the latter is fully employed, for the wage of labor, like the price of pork, is governed by the law of supply and demand. When we set employers to bidding against each other for labor, instead of workmen to striving with each other for employment, capital will be the factor in the creation of wealth compelled to content itself with the smaller portion. Capital now yields to labor the least it can; it will then freely give to the utmost it can afford, and the much-vexed "wage question" will no longer require the attention of busy law-builders, diamond-studded "walking delegates" and other economic doctors. Then will pass like an uneasy dream the dark age of magnificence and misery, the plutocrat and the pauper. The creative god of Labor will no longer be led captive by its own creature, bowing down like a barbarous helot before the work of its own hands. If any fact has been fully demonstrated it is that the cumulative wisdom of commerce is superior to that of any body of Solons ever assembled upon the earth. When the government arbitrarily interferes with trade conditions disaster is almost certain to ensue.

What commerce desires above all things is stability. It cares not so much whether the policy of government be high or low tariff as that it be not subject to sudden and arbitrary alteration. It cares not so much whether it be placed on a 100 cent gold or a 50-cent silver basis, as that it know what it can confidently depend upon. It can adapt itself to almost any condition and prosper if assured that the condition is a permanency—that it will not be radically altered on the accession of a new job lot of empirics to political power. Hence it is important that we devise the best possible governmental policy and adhere to it tenaciously. When change becomes absolutely necessary let it be effected gradually instead of by a rude and oft-times unexpected shock. The wise man will ever touch the supersensitive nerves of trade with fear and trembling, but the fool fiddles upon them with his "reform" bow in perfect confidence. He shoves the tariff up or down, inflates or contracts the currency, alters the land laws or the legal interest rate simply to subscribe a partisan purpose, and when not enacting some reckless "reform" measure calculated to demoralize industry he is threatening to do so, which is about as bad. The economic quacks keep capital in a constant fever, a perpetual state of alarm, and labor, being dependent upon its co-operation, has to suffer for their sins. But the "issue" is the breath in the nostrils of partisan politics, and there can be no issue—no pole for the official persimmon, no fork for the public flesh-pots—without proposed changes in governmental policy. An American election without a "burning issue"—which promptly incinerates all enterprise not of the political variety—were as inconceivable as an effect without a cause.

In a country where the ignorant Ethiopian is the political peer of the college president and the Italian lazzarone stands on a suffrage level with the intellectual lord; where the doggerly is a political dynamo and votes may be bought in "blocks-of-five," it were idle to look to that "enlightened public sentiment," of which we hear so much, to frown down these frequent and fallacious changes,—to expect a wise and stable governmental policy that will encourage rather than cripple commerce and industry while brazen ig-

norance triumphs over modest merit at the ballot-box and rank demagoguery relegates patriotism to private life. When the fruit is bad the tree is evil. We have made American citizenship entirely too cheap. We allow every creature that can poise on its hind legs and call itself a man to become a factor in the formation of our public policy—to sway the scepter of American sovereignty. Not content with this, we are now extending the fasces of authority to females, regardless of whether they know a fundamental principle of our form of government from a Parisian fashion plate. We can not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. We must apply an intellectual suffrage test and bar the ignorami from the ballot-box before the American body politic can bring forth good fruit. Allow no man to vote, be he millionaire or mendicant, lord of classic lore or unlettered hind, who cannot give a lucid explanation of what he is voting for,—the duties of the official he seeks to elect, the public policy to which his legislative favorite is pledged. We have carried the enchanting doctrine of "political equality" too far and are paying the penalty. The rebound from the monstrous doctrine of the divine right of monarchs has hurried us into equal error. Disgusted with the rottenness of the established religion, the French people once crowned a prostitute as the Goddess of Reason. Madened by the insolence of hereditary officialism, our fathers placed the rod of power in the hoodlum's reckless hand and bound upon the stupid brow of hopeless nescience Columbia's imperial crown. That the greater must guide the lesser intelligence is Nature's immutable law. To deny this were to question our own right to rule the beast and God's authority to reign King of all mankind. Unless Reason be the "card" and Passion but the "gale" our good Ship of State will run inevitably upon the rocks. Self-preservation will yet compel us to guard the sacred privileges of American sovereignty as jealously as did Rome her citizenship.

JOHN BULL'S CHRONIC BELLYACHE.

MR. BRANN: - I found during two years of extensive travel in Great Britain that the English, as a rule, dislike Americans. Why this is so I was unable to ascertain; but that such a feeling exists there can be no question. How do you account for it?
TRAVELER.

I answered the same query at considerable length several years ago. I said in part: In boxing and wrestling, in rowing and running America has repeatedly demonstrated her superiority; but this fact does not fully explain why her athletes are so inhospitably treated in England. John Bull's chronic belly-ache dates far back of Sayer's defeat by the Benicia Boy—it can be traced to the Boston tea party and Bunker Hill. The royal beast of Britain has never forgotten that once upon a time an infant republic held him up by the beard and beat the immortal ichor out of him. That kept him on reasonably good behavior for a quarter of a century, when his impudence again rose paramount to his judgment and he was given a second prescription. The trouble with the arrogant brute to-day is that he has been allowed to go too long without a licking. For more than half a century John Bull has been turning his broad beam up to Uncle Sam and fairly begging for another blistering.

But the capitulation of Cornwallis, the almost ludicrous defeat of Pakenham's veterans by Jackson's frontiersmen, and the regularity with which British athletes have been relegated to the rear by their American brethren: does not fully explain the biliousness of John Bull. We have outstripped him even further in the field of industry than in athletic sport—have defeated him even more signally in the struggle for national pre-eminence than in the squared circle. The little Republic of a century ago, straggling painfully along the Atlantic sea-board, has become the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world—the Star of Empire is now blazing in the West. America is the commercial rival of England—a more grievous offense than even the Declaration of Independence. In every possible way John Bull makes his displeasure manifest. During our civil war the present premier declared that the disruption of this nation would inure to the commercial advantage of England—a fine sentiment truly for our "Mother County"—and thereupon John Bull began to meddle in our family unpleasantness. He had to pay for his impertinence, and that did not strengthen the *entente cordiale* to any alarming extent. In all official intercourse with America England assumes an arrogant and dictatorial tone characteristic of

that country when dealing with third and fourth-class powers. There was a time when such treatment would have been hotly resented; but the old Continentals have been succeeded by Anglo-manics who have never forgiven Almighty God for suffering them to be born American sovereigns instead of British subjects; who cultivate the Hinglish hawk-cent,—which is about as cheerful as polishing a back-tooth with a rat-tail file—ape the waddle of the Prince of Wales and turn up their twousahs don't-cher-know whenever they hear that it is raining in "Lunnon." When these Anglo-manics accumulate a little money they employ some fakir to evolve from his imagination a "family tree" and hang thereon a bogus coat-of-arms. They decide that Uncle Sam's sons are not quite good enough to beget their grandchildren and buy scorbutic dukelings for their daughters to drag thro' the divorce courts. They are the same mangy mavericks who dubbed Jim Blaine a "jingoist" for advocating a foreign policy with a dash of the Declaration of Independence in it—one that would compel even England to respect the American eagle. They are the same empty peacocks who lift up their discordant voices in frantic protest when orator or editor gives utterance to a genuinely American sentiment—who have a conniption fit and fall in it whenever a congressman suggests that John Bull be compelled to keep his meddlesome snout out of American politics. These are the featherless poll-parrots who prattle of "twisting the lion's tail" whenever it is proposed to resent an English insult—talking-machines who are witty at the expense of their country's honor. These are the unhung idiots who imagine that a nation, producing in abundance everything humanity needs, would go to hell in a hand-basket if it adopted an independent currency system or an international policy which Yewrup did not approve. Why in the devil's name these birds do not fly across the ocean to their beloved England, instead of remaining to befoul their own nests, it were difficult to determine. They should be compelled to migrate, for no man who esteems another country above that from which he gets his daily bread, is fit to be buried in its soil, drowned in its waters or hanged on its trees.

Why should the foremost nation of all the world fawn at the fat feet of John Bull? We can get along much better without England than can that country without us. Columbia has proven both her intellectual and physical superiority to Britannia. Then why should she stand humble and shame-faced in her presence? America has done more for the human race in a hundred and twenty years than has England in all her hoary centuries. We could buy the miserable little island, pay for it and blow it at the moon, and the world would be none the worse. England has produced some really great men; but, like the hen that sat on the nest of door-knobs, it has taken her a terribly long time to bring off her brood. Call the roll of the great of England and America for the present century and say which the world could best afford to spare.

What we need is a million funerals among the Anglo-manics and a little healthy Jim Blaine "jingoism" in the White House. We need a revival of that old spirit which taught that the title of American sovereign is superior to any borne by a British subject. We need an administration that can understand that America is to-day the greatest nation on the map of the world and does not have to dance attendance on transatlantic powers. It is time the American eagle came off the nest where he has so long been hatching dollars, and emitted a scream that would clear the atmosphere of political buzzards. It is time the Giant of the Occident was looking this world over and deciding what he is going to do with it. Is America to be a new and greater Rome, bequeathing freedom to all mankind; or will the Anglo-manics annex it to England and ordain that the tail shall wag the dog?

WOMAN DRUNKENNESS IN CHICAGO.

By John Swope Trenholm.

I HAD occasion not long ago to board a cable car for the southern part of the city. A very pretty woman sat opposite. She was neatly and quietly dressed. Her sealskin cloak had cost hundreds. Her broadcloth gown was tailor-made. Her boots were perfection. She had a refined, modest face. She had beautiful eyes and teeth. She was not more than twenty-five years old—a matron, I should say. She was thoroughly, satisfactorily, hopelessly drunk. She endeavored earnestly to sit upright, but now and then lurched heavily to one side. She fumblingly gave the conductor a half-dollar, and when she re-

ceived her change dropped it on the floor. She did not see nor hear it fall. A woman by her stooped for it, gathered it up, took her purse from her unresisting hand, put the money in it, closed it and put it in her pocket for her. This was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Evidently the female victim of Bacchus had visited the down-town shopping district, had gone to one of the places maintained for people of her habit, had loaded up quietly and wholly and was now going home to her family. She motioned for the car to stop below Thirty-fifth street, staggered to the rear door and was helped to descend by the grinning conductor. She swayed undecidedly for an instant and then made her stumbling way to the sidewalk. It happened that there was a car stalled just ahead of us and I had ample time in which to observe her. Snow was six inches deep and I knew that she could not make it home without an accident. Turning down the cross street, she worked her way along by clinging to a fence. In a little while her unsteady legs gave under her and there she was, supine in the slush, her rich sealskin dragged with mire. She got to her feet somehow, rang the door bell of a "flat" building and was assisted inside. Evidently the young wife of a business man; worshipped by him probably; probably a mother; certainly well to do; certainly a leader in some circle of South Side society. Her beauty would make her that, independent of her wealth. It goes without saying that any woman who dinks to excess cannot protect her virtue, and the skeleton in that home must be of unusual boniness and grin.

It was a commonplace incident and scarcely worth the extended mention I have given it. In slightly changed form it may be seen on the streets of Chicago at any hour of the day or night. A drunken woman excites but little more comment than a drunken man. The sex is gradually descending to an enjoyment of all its "rights," and this is one of them. Eight out of every ten of the thousands of Chicago barrooms have a "ladies' entrance," and their back rooms are filled with female tipplers from morning until night. They are seen in the theatres, in the cafes, in the churches. The police have come to treat them as unceremoniously as they treat the men. If they refuse or fail to move on, they are "run in." Yes, they are getting their rights all right.

The feminine habits of barrooms are only a tithe of the women who drink. Many of them are home drunkards. Others depend upon daily supplies that are brought them by children or servants. Others have friends at whose houses they can debauch their womanhood. Still others keep sober until they can get to one of the numerous "woman's clubs," where some sort of intoxicant may be had for the asking. Perhaps the most dangerous places, however, are those which, under the guise of swell confectionery stores or luncheon rooms, keep and sell any brand of liquor that may be called for. One of these places on State street has a peculiar reputation for the excellence of its coffee, which is gained by adding a liberal dash of brandy to each cup. Still another attracts and keeps its patrons by the skill which it displays in mixing and hiding absinthe. There are brands of candies whose interiors are filled with doctored whisky. A half dozen of these tidbits will make a strong man go home and steal his own pants. Liquor is taken with the Chicago woman's luncheon and with her dinner and, of course, with her supper after the play, and frequently before she gets out of her bed in the morning. There is no class of human beings on earth that have a better understanding of the virtue of the ancient maxim concerning the curative properties of the hair of the dog that bit you.

The spread of this habit—and that it is spreading any well informed physician will tell an inquirer—means much to the people of this generation, but more to the generation that is to come after us. A drunken mother will breed drunken children. Any man who doubts the heredity of inebriety will doubt the heredity of consumption. The United States of America is a pretty fair specimen of a lushing nation as it is. What it will be fifty years hence is not difficult to imagine. If mere bestializing of the brain were the only evil result, the matter would be bad enough, but not so bad as it is. The fact is that the drunkenness itself is the least of the malefic consequences which follow drowning the female stomach with alcohol. It kills modesty and virtue. I should not like to know the number of girls who have been ruined in Chicago through being induced to take a drop too much. A drop too much for them is the first drop. The total would be too appalling. I do know, however, that our brothels are filled with women ruined by whisky and that our streets at night are a drifting mass of

prostitutes, most of whom can charge their degradation to rum. From the drink at the social gathering to the drink at home, from the drink at home to the drink by way of the "ladies' entrance," from the drink by way of the "ladies' entrance" to the brothel, from the brothel to the streets, from the streets to the hospital and from the hospital to the graveyard. The way is plain and easy. Thousands have traveled and are traveling it.

There is a class of the woman drunkard to which I have not referred. That is the drug store class. As a general thing it is composed of females in the upper walks of life. They think whisky vulgar. They could not be induced to enter a saloon. The confectionery store does not catch them. The marbled and gilded lunch room with absinthe and cordial concomitants does not attract. They keep their virtue, or at least they keep off the streets. Chloral is their tippie. It is in the drawers of their dressers. It is in their scent bottles. It goes with them everywhere. It is taken to bed with them. There be women in this smoke-ridden pest-house of sin who have not drawn a sober breath in ten years, and their only drink is chloral. The end of this, of course, is death, and, before death, insanity. Chloral will kill more quickly than alcohol, which is a slow poison at best, and do the job more artistically. It rots the brain as powdered bluestone rots flesh. It eats into the very marrow of the intellect and does it with a startling and insidious swiftness. You will pass many women on Chicago streets who are insane from chloral and have been insane for months. They do not know it and their husbands and friends do not know. The crash has not yet come. It will come and in a little while. There is no way in which this can be prevented. You can no more stop a druggist selling dangerous drugs in unlimited quantities to paying customers than you can stop him selling mean whisky in a Prohibition town. The drug stores have made many chloral drunkards and many a morphine drunkard and will make many more. The institution at Dwight, Ill., fathered by Keeley, which pretends to cure drunkards and, I dare say, does so brace them up that they do not have to get drunk right away after leaving, has treated many women in the past ten years. There is a house at Dwight specially built for female patients and most of its inmates, first and last, have come from Chicago. I do not know whether or not they were cured and staid cured. If they were, they have had thousands of successors. That much is certain.

I have no remedy to suggest for female drunkenness in Chicago or elsewhere and I do not know any one that has. There is but one remedy and that is in the hands of the women themselves. Drunkenness among them will cease when they decree that the woman who drinks shall be a social outcast, just as they utter that banishment against a woman who commits the crime of love. That, to a large extent, is the case now in the South. Women of that section do not drink or smoke or swear or relate obscene anecdotes the one to another, because the women themselves will not have it. Sex opinion is strong enough to restrain sex. Whether or not this will ever happen in the North, I cannot say, but, for certain conditions of climate and soil and certain differences in the women themselves, I do not think it will. The Northern woman is freer, bolder, less governed by conventionality, less modest. The instinct of self-defense is weaker in her. She is distinctly less virtuous than her Southern sister. I hold this to be indisputable. I believe it to be more strongly and patiently true the further one goes. There is proportionately more of illicit sexual connection in New England than in any other section of this country.

This is, however, straying from the subject in hand. New York holds the palm just now among cities for sexual immorality, but Chicago leads her in cases of plain drunk among its women. Men of the better classes are becoming soberer with each year. It has grown to be a thing well recognized in all branches of business that the man who drinks is a man at a disadvantage. He cannot obtain employment with facility, nor can he retain it without violent effort. Employers everywhere are making total abstinence a pre-requisite. Even the moderate drinker is discredited. Time was when it was an axiom that to do certain kinds of business a man must drink. That is not so any longer. As the men fall away from the gin-mill, the women of Chicago are crowding to take their places. It is not any improvement. It is better that the father get drunk than that the mother should. Think of a woman six months with child sodden in the gutter! I would rather see ten males intoxicated to the limit than one female with three raw whiskies under her corset.

AS I WAS SAYING.

By M. W. Connolly.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine,
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend and to us you repair.

—Aristophanes.

SO SANG the classic Greek while yet the coming of the Nazarene was a prophecy which required the slow process of several centuries to fulfill. We have outlived and outgrown all this. We no longer take note of signs and omens. We have weather bureaus to tell us when fair or foul weather is coming and we no longer quit our "old cloak at the swallow's benest." Our farmers plant without reference to the cranes' "steering away to the Lybian sands." We have become a rational, reasoning people who laugh to scorn those who imagine they can see God's malison of mercy in portents or prophecies. We have progressed and grown impiously self-reliant in many things and no longer lean on the supernatural, or propitiate the angry gods. We are "the heirs of all the ages," the efflorescence of all the centuries, the fruition of all the buds and blossoms, the garnered grain of all the harvests. And we are proud and reckless and self-sufficient. We have destroyed ancient superstitions and are assiduously at work destroying modern faith. We have razed the pantheon and we are now at work undermining the church. We are advanced, and advancing at break-neck speed.

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A few retrograde steps might be beneficial. The Delphic oracle can no longer be consulted but the birds of the air are here, and these are said to be "a substitute equal and fair" that may be depended upon. And if the present administration at Washington, President McKinley by the grace of God, and his cabinet, by the grace of President McKinley, would consult the jaybirds, the ground swallows, the woodpeckers, the mockingbirds, the chaparral runners or any other bird excepting that anglo-maniacal importation, the English sparrow, it and they would not palter as they are doing with American honor and American interest, but would long ago have taken possession of Hawaii and Cuba, and by the first control of the trade of the Pacific, and by the second defend our Southern gulf coasts so that our products might always be assured of an outlet to the markets of the East. The fear that we would annex Hawaii has caused such consternation in Europe that in order to checkmate the influence which would result from possession of that "Gibraltar of the Pacific," the Chinese coast has been assailed by the warships of the world and points of vantage and strongholds have been taken. Still our government halts and hesitates. McKinley does not think and, apparently, does not see. Our nation is pulsating with strength. It is a giant asleep. It is in the middle of the world—midway between the producers of Europe and the consumers of New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, Siam, China, Japan, Corea and other semi-civilized peoples. With Hawaii in our possession, fortified so as to render it impregnable, as it easily can be, a safe haven of retreat for our merchantmen in times of war; a coaling station for the ships of the world; provided with at least six dry docks to accommodate our own ships, when repairs are necessary, and the ships of friendly nations desiring to use them, it could be made a profitable investment without other considerations. It could be made a source of revenue as well as a citadel of defense.

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But this is not all, nor half. Hawaii could be made the location of enormous warehouses in which might be stored the manufactured products of this country consumed by contiguous nations. Not for pleasure or pastime but to have them in easy reach of the countries desiring them to the end that when China, Australia, New Zealand, Corea or other country desires a shipment, a vessel can be sent to Hawaii for it and the cargo can be unloaded at destination before a ship started out synchronously would have time to reach a European port. We would thus control the trade because no other nation could compete with us. And when we consider what this trade is destined to be we are appalled. Think of it! In China there are said to be 400,000,000 souls and there may be twice that many because the Chinese have never been able or willing to take a complete and accurate census. In India there are 300,000,000 souls governed by a handful of foreigners. The census of India has been taken with some degree of accuracy by the British. These 700,000,000 people have reached a state of intellectual development

far in advance of the people of the Western world, but, unfortunately, their development has been preponderatingly spiritual and metaphysical, while ours has been preponderatingly material. They know more about ghosts and spirits and religions; we know more about making plow-points and shoes and jeans. They knew more about gorgons, monsters, Mahatmas and what relates to the invisible world; we know more about electricity and trip-hammers and suspension bridges. For years we have sent hundreds of people and spent thousands of dollars to teach these mystics the mysteries of a future life. Grotesque absurdity! They can teach us for centuries along these lines. But we can teach them to wear shoes, hats, coats; we can teach them to discard the forked stick and use steel-chilled plows; we can civilize them along material lines so that their necessities will be more varied and these necessities we will supply at a large profit; we can furnish them locomotives, and steam engines, and all manner of manufactured articles; we can furnish them pig iron and other minerals. We can furnish them anything they may want and we will create in them new wants which we will supply. Besides these people there are probably 200,000,000 more which can be reached ultimately by our commerce. Senator Morgan sees the light. His jingoism is the warning voice of patriotism. Just why there can be found a Southern man to oppose him is explainable only upon the hypothesis that the opposer is ignorant or blindly vicious. The possession of Hawaii and the control of the Pacific would mean the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. This would bring the Pacific trade almost to our door. Besides the enormous distance cut off, the rough waters around Cape Horn would be avoided and the dangerous rocks of Magellan Straits would be escaped. European vessels would be forced to patronize our canal or go out of business.

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Alabama can produce pig iron \$1 per ton cheaper than can Pennsylvania. When it is remembered that Pennsylvania can beat the rest of the world, Alabama's position is unique. Alabama is demonstrating her superior abilities by furnishing iron, raw and manufactured, to Europe and Japan. She can do so because in Pennsylvania the ore is found 500 feet below the surface. Limestone, with which to flux it, must be sought thirty miles distant. Coal with which to melt it must be hauled another thirty miles, after being dug from far below the surface. All this costs. In Alabama coal, limestone and ore can be dug from the one hillside, above daylight, all in one spot and, instead of piercing the earth and going far "down in a coal mine, underneath the ground," the ore, coal and limestone can be dug out, put on cars and rolled down an incline to the coke ovens and blast furnaces in the valley below. Alabama's iron supply is practically inexhaustible. She can supply the world. And, at the risk of incensing my gold-bug friends on the one side, and my silveroon friends on the other side, I dare say and will venture to maintain that iron possesses more intrinsic value than any other metal known to mankind. Hence, it is not to be despised. It possesses more intrinsic value because it can be made serviceable to mankind in more ways than any other metal, because its use is more beneficial and differentiated than that of any other metal. Given a market in China, Japan, Corea, Russia and other countries, Alabama will soon rival Pennsylvania in wealth and population. With Hawaii in our possession and the Nicaragua Canal built, Alabama's coal would find a market. Foreign and domestic vessels going around the Horn, through the straits or, as most of them would, through the canal, instead of loading 1000 tons of coal in their bunkers, at Liverpool, for instance, would take 500 tons and add to their cargo another 500 tons of freight. This 500 tons of freight would pay their way through the canal and when they reached Hawaii they would recoil with Alabama coal and go on their way. Unless we possess Hawaii some other nation will possess it, in which event Chinese coal will be shipped there in transports and used to the exclusion of American coal. Very near the Chinese coast lie coal beds, the veins of which are twenty-three feet thick. Between this product and the Alabama product the contest will be fierce and it will be decided by the possession of Hawaii, the key to the commerce of the Pacific. It must be annexation and not co-operation. We have a sample of this co-operation 2200 miles south of Hawaii, in Samoa, where England, Germany and America form, or are supposed to form, a triumvirate, but where, in fact, Germany and England rule and Uncle Sam is acting the proverbial "poor boy at a frolic." Hawaii must belong to and be a part of the United States, if we expect to fulfill our manifest destiny as a manufacturing and commercial nation. "Annex the lepers!" exclaim the maiden-aunts of politics who imagine they see an interna-

tional or ethnological mouse in the suggestion. Yes, annex the lepers—what few there are of them. There are more lepers in Louisiana than there are in all the Sandwich Islands. There is not an Eastern city in this country that has not from twenty to fifty lepers. In Hawaii the lepers are isolated on Molakai Island and have no intercourse with the rest of the population. In America they move about unrestricted. Do we want to annex the semi-civilized cannibals? Yes. In the first place they are of Moorish origin and can rise at least as high as the plane from which they have fallen. In the second place if they can not rise to civilization they must look out for themselves. We need their land, their harbor, as an out-port of commerce, in order to maintain the equipoise of the world's affairs. We must have it if we have to drive the brown-skinned autochthonese, as the Greeks would call them, into the sea. England, under Clyde and Hastings, exterminated 12,000,000 people in India by starvation according to Macauley—and this number does not include those killed in battle in order to extend her commerce. Other millions starved in 1896-7, for the same reason, and as of old the sacred river carried many of their bodies out to the sea. Millions are wiped out in China, as maggots die, as fish die when the waters are dynamited. It is the inexorable law. At all events we must have Hawaii for its strategical value—we can moralize afterwards. We must have Cuba to act as the Cerberus to our Mexican bay cities—to protect our commerce.

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Coal and iron are not the only products. Indeed, to mention a product is merely for the purpose of illustration. What can be done with coal and iron can be done with cotton, corn, sugar, meat, wheat—everything. But we should not only keep pace with events; we should anticipate them. Aluminum is the coming metal of commerce for many purposes. Vast quantities of it are being used now, obtained principally from Canada, because we do not know how to obtain it. In this favored Southland, in Georgia and Alabama, there are miles and miles of white clay deposits containing bauxite from which aluminum is made. When the methods of extraction are perfected this new metal may be worth, intrinsically, as much as iron. It possesses the same malleability, strength, ductility, and has infinite smallness of weight—its specific gravity is nominal. This metal will be manufactured in the near future—thousands will be employed in transmuting it from clods of clay to articles of commerce, to ships and saucepans. The supply is inexhaustible. Which reminds, even a philistine, that those who complain of the dearth of blessings in this life, do God an injustice and convict themselves of obtuseness. God is not niggardly in his gifts. Those things which are most beneficent and best for us, and most serviceable to us, He gives us in greatest abundance. Hence we have more iron than gold, more coal than diamonds. Nothing can be more precious and nothing is more plentiful than the air we breathe. Nothing more indispensable than light and heat. The whole universe is motion. Let the human heart be deprived of motion and death ensues. Let the heart of the universe cease to beat and there would be a crash of worlds—Chaos. Without music life would be a barren waste, but the air is resonant, if we but listen.

* * *

We must have Cuba. We must have Hawaii. It is a question of self-defense. We must put ourselves in a position to extend our commerce and give employment to our people. With our improved machinery and intelligent artisans we can produce in one year as much as we can consume in three. When we overproduce, our mills and factories shut down, labor is thrown into idleness to brood over anarchy, communism, socialism. Wages tend downward, towards degradation. As a people we are becoming ethnologically lower. We must find markets for our products, work for our labor. We must keep our productive energies in motion. Stagnation festers. The countries laved by the Pacific are where we are to find purchasers. We cannot trade to advantage with people more civilized than ourselves. Germany, France and England have pursued a policy of colonization. This was not done for the purpose of expatriating their surplus population but for the purpose of teaching savages or semi-savages the ways of civilization so that they might become customers. Of course they send Bibles and tracts and missionaries and Miss-missionaries and Madam-missionaries to save souls, but as nations, they are chiefly concerned in teaching "the heathen in his blindness" to wear shoes, hats and clothes; to eat bread and canned goods; to smoke, chew, and drink whisky; to become a customer. Colonization in Africa has proven a stupendous failure. Much

money has been lost in the enterprise. With the exception of Cape Colony, and a few other spots, no progress has been made. One Mississippi planter consumes more of the articles of commerce than does the largest tribe of blacks in Africa whose members eat rats, snakes and insects, and wear a clout about their loins. They take to rum and die when an attempt is made at civilizing them. Or they become too powerful and slaughter the invaders as Mencek did the Italians who tried to steal Abyssinia—as did the Boers when the English tried to steal the Transvaal. The profits must come from the nations that are enlightened and developed, spiritually, and whose material development has been arrested. China and India must be penetrated by railroads. The people must be taught to wear shoes, eat wheaten bread, use cotton goods, drink beer and rum. We must be in on the first row. We have six treaty ports in China which we must defend. We must annex Hawaii, which will place us in command. We must annex Cuba so that we may sweep the gulf of every hostile ship.

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McKinley has won an eternity of infamy by his cowardice in sending agents over Europe to "sound" the different nations on the question of our intervention in Cuban affairs. Of whom was he afraid? We send \$110,000,000 annually to Havana for tobacco, sugar and coffee, which goes to Spain. Take this from Spain's impoverished treasury and that nation would collapse. Germany, France and England dare not object because we already owe these countries three billion dollars which would be lost to them on the firing of the first hostile gun. Besides this, we pay England, France and Germany \$600,000,000 annually for their products, which is more than they receive from all the rest of the world, and they are not going to war with their best customer for a mere sentiment. They know they cannot whip us. We can put 6,000,000 men in the field and feed and equip them without difficulty. Europe cannot send that many against us. Russia can put 8,000,000 men in the field and feed them, but not equip them, and Russia would not object to our annexing Cuba and Hawaii because Russia has all the territory she wants and access to the sea at Vladivostok. We have nothing to fear. The fruit is there ready for our gathering. McKinley's cowardice alone prevents. Let us hope that before this article sees the light in type, the present administration will be forced by impinging circumstances to act.

* * *

McKinley should put aside his counsellors and consult the birds. He would obtain advice more sage. He should consult the stars, the winds, or read his duty in a goose bone. He is holding this nation in a leash, panting, impatient, while the game awaits its coming. Those who regard the present as the only time, and cent per cent as the only national honor, applaud his supineness and quote, Washington's farewell address about the evils of foreign entangling alliances, but if we annex, it is no longer a foreign alliance but a domestic coalescence. Besides, while Washington is to be revered for his purity and sagacity, it is no disrespect to him to say that times have changed and conditions are no longer what they used to be. Washington never saw a railroad or a telegraph line, or a telephone, or a sewing machine, or a factory such as we have to-day. The railroad has annihilated distance; the telegraph has outstripped time. He lived in a different world from ours. Were he alive to-day he would live in and for to-day, he would say that it is wise and well, in time of peace, to prepare for commercial war. He would see the necessity of Cuba and Hawaii and he would advise this country to take them. Our population is no longer confined to a fringe along the Atlantic coast with forest savages behind us and a more savage "mother country" in front. In Washington's day men did not tramp, or seek employment; there was work for all. There were no machinery and no overproduction and no enforced idleness. All is different now. If our congressmen would quit hand-shaking and baby-kissing, look at a map intelligently and study conditions seriously they would see that the destiny of this country is in the balance and that if we but arise equal to the demands and exigencies of the times we will not only solve the money questions and settle the system of bookkeeping which we will adopt between ourselves and our neighbors, but we will give employment to every willing hand in something useful. We will invade the resting places of the treasures stored in our hills and mountains, disturb their slumber of centuries, awake them into life and meaning, and in exchange for them, compel tribute from the nations of the earth. Nor need our argosies all turn Southward. Others can go around the Cape of

Good Hope, to distant Persia and contiguous countries, bearing our goods to distant lands to be exchanged for gold or necessary commodities, until the prows of our ships cleave the waters of every sea, until our flag is respected and our brow is feared, until from all corners of the earth will come a wealth to this country compared to which the wealth of Ormus and of Ind were abject mendicancy.

Memphis, Tenn., February 13.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Mr. Brann: Is it a fact, as claimed by Prohibitionists, that a moderate consumption of alcoholic beverages is inimical to health?

J. C.

I answered this question in the Icon. for August, 1895. I said: The Prohibs have so long preached that liquor drinking is inimical to health and happiness and destructive of human life, that they actually believe this self-evident absurdity. According to their tearful jeremiades, John Barleycorn will yet depopulate the earth unless the long-haired he-virgins can head him off. Every time the dreadful "Rum Demon" sneezes myriads of unfortunate mortals are supposed to be hurled headlong into hell. The saloonist is supposed to be the emissary of the party on the pale horse—an anthropophagous Polyphemus who chews up the guileless pilgrim without mercy and swallows him without remorse. His backyard is supposed to be full of the bones of habitual drunkards, his attic packed with little shoes torn from baby feet and pawned for "pizen." When the Prohibs find that a man frequents the saloon they begin to talk of the cold and silent tomb—sit around, like a flock of buzzards, waiting for another frightful example of the destructive power of booze. They have figured up how many die of drink every year, month, day and minute,—and multiplied it by millions. And still the stock of the coffin trust continues to tumble. It is unquestionably true that a man can drink enough liquor to kill him, just as he can founder himself on pink lemonade and Prohibition literature; but I have ever held to the opinion that a moderate use of stimulants is necessary to the physical well-being of the average man. The result of a careful investigation recently made by the British Medical Association seems to confirm this view. It was found that the average duration of life of the moderate drinker is 63, while that of the total abstainer is but 51 years. A vast majority of the men who, in modern times, reach the century mark, use liquor in moderation. In fact, the total abstainer who reaches a very advanced age is such a rarity that the Prohibs always put him on dress parade. The report made by the most distinguished body of medical men extant is important in that it explodes a blatant fallacy, but the association should have gone deeper into the subject and informed us regarding the effect of alcohol on mind as well as matter,—how the moderate drinker's compare mentally with the cold-water crew. Careful investigation would have enabled it to certify the fact that not five per cent of the world's intellectual Titans were total abstainers—that the Prohibs of to-day are below the average in brains. Having determined that fact, they should have considered its cause. They should have ascertained why Prohibitionists and geese run so little to gray matter and so much to gab—why they have never produced a Socrates or a Shakespeare, a Washington or a Wellington, a King Solomon or a Christ, but multiply chronic meddlers as a dead dog does maggots.

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The *Globe-Democrat* explains the elevation of mutton-heads to political power by saying that "the brilliant men are admired, but at the same time they are feared." There is always the chance that they may go beyond the limits of prudence, and that is sufficient to subordinate them to men of much smaller capacity in every other respect but that of never saying anything to invite criticism or cause antagonism." The correctness of the *Globe-Democrat's* position has been amply demonstrated by history. With the possible exception of Jefferson and Lincoln, no American president has ever reached the intellectual altitude of Webster or Clay, of Calhoun or Conkling, of Benton or Blaine. Sunset Cox was too brilliant to be useful, and Tom Reed will be debarred from the chief magistracy by his brains. There is not to-day a statesman of marked ability, an intellectual Titan to be found in the gubernatorial mansion of an American state. Mutton-heads are called to the chief places of honor simply because the masses can understand and appreciate mediocrity. Furthermore, a brilliant man is ever aggressive—his mentality compels him to action. While he grapples friends to him with hooks of steel, he also makes many

enemies who camp on his trail like famished wolves the moment he enters the political field. Having done something he ceases to be "available" as a candidate, and is quietly side-tracked in favor of some King Toomtabard or Hofrath Nose-of-Wax upon whom all factions of the party can unite. The very "availability" of a candidate is, generally speaking, a certificate that he is a political coward and intellectual nonentity.

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Mr. Brann: What would be the effect should somebody break into the national treasury and steal our "gold reserve?"

INQUIRER.

There should be some method devised for bottling up the inane gabble of those intellectual geese who protest that the gold reserve is the "bulwark of our currency," and that if it should collapse Uncle Sam would come down to a "50-cent silver basis" with a dull, sodden plunk that would smash the periphery of every wheel of commerce and leave the pick of the laborer suspended in mid-air like the coffin of Mahommed. So persistently have the people been misled by the wild yodel of these financial yaps that an unnatural condition has been created,—a theory transformed into a condition, a foolish phantasmagoria into a fact. The sudden exhaustion of the gold reserve at this time would create as much consternation as an eclipse of the sun some centuries ago—would operate on the public mind like the cry of fire in a crowded theatre by some megalophanous fool. But for the idiotic prattle indulged by these steerers for Wall street, the reserve might be exhausted to-morrow without creating more than a ripple on the great monetary sea. It might be abolished altogether without doing serious damage. Granting that a gold basis is an indispensable prerequisite to the credit of our paper and silver currency, what would be the effect, under normal conditions, of the exhaustion of the reserve? It there chanced to be a heavy demand for gold and some trouble about getting it, that metal would go to a slight premium and remain there until the demand abated or the treasury was able to promptly meet it. The general business of the country would not feel it—labor would not know of it except by an occasional and indifferent glance at the financial columns of the city newspapers. The idea that the wealthiest nation in all the world, enjoying an era of profound peace, and upon whose commercial escutcheon there has fallen never a shadow, would be discredited throughout Christendom and her sacred obligations discounted 50 per cent, because, forsooth, in the ebb and flow of the great sea of gold she found her coffers drained for a day, a month, or a year, is an idea that could only originate in the brain of a crazy cuckoo. Suppose the yellow metal goes to 101, 102—110? D—n it, are we going to die? Didn't the nation come out of the great civil war richer than when it went in, despite the terrific saltations of gold and the unprecedented waste of blood and treasure? And shall we contract the financial buck-ague now because a lot of Lagado scientists have failed in their fool attempt to take a summer breeze to bed and keep their running water on a shelf?

* * *

The Republican party sets the pace in the matter of pension legislation—in pandering to the "old soldier vote"—and its Democratic brother considers that it must follow suit if it would keep its nose within smelling distance of the public flesh-pots. The leaders of both parties take it for granted that the old soldier can be held in line only by liberal concessions of public pay—that the moment a subsidy is denied him he will, like a political mercenary, transfer his allegiance to the cause of the enemy. As in several states he holds the balance of power, his vote is important; hence we have the edifying spectacle of Democratic and Republican congresses vying with each other in the building of new turn-pikes upon which he may travel to the treasury. General Grant declared that twenty-five years after the close of the war the pension expenditures should not exceed \$50,000,000 per annum; yet here it is 33 years since the cessation of hostilities, and the expenditures are three times the sum named as the maximum by the federal commander! Men who followed the flag of the confederacy are fully as liberal with the public funds when bidding for the votes of ex-federals as are the most radical of Republicans. It is well enough to grant pensions to those who were permanently disabled in the discharge of their duties and who possess no means of support; but this promiscuous pensioning for political purposes is not only an infamous outrage upon the taxpayers, but an insult to patriotism. The pay of the federals, rank and file, was far in excess of that received by the soldiers of any European country. In addition to this, many received a liberal bounty. If a man will not fight for

his country or defend his home for a salary, with a subsidy annex, without asking to be provided for all the rest of his life at public expense, his patriotism is considerably below par. I do not believe that the federal soldiers who faced the legions of Jackson and Lee are asking to be listed as chronic paupers—that the men who "saved the country" insist on taking it in part payment of their services, then compelling us to work out the balance. It is the men who "enlisted near the close of the war"—when the bounties were biggest and the draft hardest to dodge; who "never saw a Johnny with his war-paint on," who were "permanently disabled by the mumps"—then founded large families—and those who became professional pedestrians on pensioned legs, that consider patriotism and pie as synonyms and hold the tear jugs into which practical politicians ostentatiously weep for the woes of the "old soldier." The confederate soldier suffered far more severely than did his federal brother. In addition to catching the mumps and getting disabled legs he got his house burned down, his mules stolen and his niggers confiscated. He received no fat bounties and never saw a greenback except when he went through the pockets of some federal prisoner. He drew the enemy's fire with a great deal more regularity than he drew his pay, and when he got the latter it was good for little but gun-wadding and pastime poker; yet he has managed pretty well without a pension—has contributed some hundreds of millions towards ameliorating the mental anguish of his erstwhile enemy. The confederates were not playing the game of war for pensions. They did not consider the Confederacy a casualty insurance company. Some fought as a matter of duty, some for the fun of the thing, and a few, perhaps, because they couldn't help it; but none of them, so far as heard from, have threatened to spill their patriotism, renounce their political principles and kick the enacting clause out of their party unless it filled them to the nozzle with pie at the expense of the public. What little has been done by the respective states for disabled and impecunious veterans was unsolicited. The old confeds have never threatened to ruin a political party unless it assisted them to rob the country. Their patriotism is not built on a gold basis like the American greenback, but is purely a fiat affair.

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Malicious libel is a crime equally as heinous as murder or rape. Then why not put it in the same category and make it punishable by death? That may appear to some a very severe penalty; but why should the man who, in the heat of passion robs another of life, be hanged, while the publisher who, for the sake of a few pence, which a sensation or a scandal will insure in additional sales, robs a fellow mortal of reputation, brands him before all the world as a villain, a thing to be shunned and despised; who ruins his hopes, blights his future and makes life for him thenceforth a curse instead of a blessing, not swing between heaven and earth? Why should the man who assaults the body be punished more severely than he that assaults the soul,—the jewel of which the body is the poor, perishable casket? By all means hang the malicious libeler—hang him higher than Helicon, hang him until he is dead, and may the dear Lord do with his infamous soul as seemeth to him best. Those who unwittingly libel their fellows; those publishers who print falsehoods believing them to be facts, should, upon proper proof and recantation, be promptly acquitted. Should it appear that they did not take reasonable precaution to ascertain the facts, but erred through negligence, they should be accorded exactly the same treatment dealt out to men who wantonly fire their pistols in the streets for the sake of the noise and maim or kill an innocent person. But in no case should aggrieved parties be allowed to sue for aught but actual damages. The payment of money should never be considered atonement for a crime. Furthermore, when "the jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels," the "honor" is not susceptible of any severe hurt. A man who will accept money as an offset to a damaged reputation is cousin-german to the creature who sues a neighbor for debauching his wife. He does not possess that kind of character which it should be the object of libel laws to shield from sensation-mongers.

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Edward Atkinson declares that the legal tender notes of 1862-3 "cost the people of this country during the four years of war and three years of reconstruction, not less than \$7,000,000,000 aside from the increased cost of the war from the rise in prices in the materials which were used for war purposes." Perhaps so; but if the working people, upon whom he declares the burden fell, did not complain, why should Eddie, old boy, sit up o' nights and fill the circumambient ether with dolorous moan? If the working peo-

ple were robbed by this "cheap money" they were not aware of the fact, and Othello intimates that those who are despoiled and know it not are not robbed to hurt. However the professional economist may figure it, the working people of the North thought themselves especially prosperous during the war days. Perhaps they were mistaken; but if so, it was certainly a case of blissful ignorance. They paid more for what they bought, no doubt; but they got more for what they sold. There was a ready market for all commodities and labor was in such brisk demand that the writer of this *feuilleton* was paid \$2 a day at the age of ten years to work in the harvest field. He got five sticks of candy for a 5-cent "shinplaster" then, and he gets six for a gold-basis nickel now—and ten-year-old boys are glad of an opportunity to toil for \$2 a week. The conditions then and now suggest the old story of the Irishman who was asked 50 cents apiece for chickens in New York. "But," protested Pat, "Oi could get as good for a shilling in Ireland."

"Then why the devil didn't you stay there?"

"Faith," said Pat, as he caressed his well-filled wallet, "Oi didn't have th' shilling."

That tells the whole story. When the volume of currency was large the people paid fancy prices; but they had the money wherewith to pay; now they can buy things dirt cheap,—but they haven't got the shilling. The people can stand a good deal of "robbery" when they have something to lose; when they have nothing it is an easy matter for them to starve to death without being despoiled. Give us conditions under which there is a brisk demand for labor, and you need not worry about the working people, no matter what the exchange media. Give us conditions under which there is a dearth of employment, and no matter how "good" our money may be, labor will get precious few of the comforts of life.

THE NEW WOMAN.

(Reproduced from 1895 *Iconoclast*, by Request.)

THE New Woman is the target at which editors and artists are just now leveling a world of would-be wit and abortive ridicule. She is usually depicted in the periodicals as a biped of doubtful gender, who apes the customs and clothing of creation's lords and aspires to manage the political and social world to suit herself. She is supposed to be intensely "strong-minded" and devoid of sentiment as a bale of hay—quite the antithesis of the soft, clinging creature who once made glad the heart of man by hanging her second providence upon him and sitting contentedly down to the manipulation of buttons and the rearing of babes. According to the analytical editors, she cares never a copper for the command to be fruitful and multiply—is simply an educated ice-berg who prefers billiards and bikeing to the triumphs of beauty, club life to domestic cares, and would, if opportunity offered, use Hymen's torch in a political parade and leave the later Adam without that "helpmeet" which the good God gave him on observing his utter inability to take care of himself.

The New Woman of the smart paragraph builders and box-wood butchers may be one differentiation of the genus; but fortunately this species is about as rare as white black-birds—or editors with an idea above partisan politics. The New Woman is really a very charming creature, and there is little likelihood that she will become either too new or too numerous. She is simply a hard-sensed young lady who politely but pointedly declines to play second fiddle in the great diapason of humanity—to be bound by the foolish fashions and inept customs that have crushed her sex for sixty centuries. She does not object to matrimony, but declines to regard the capture of some sap-headed dude with a few dollars as the end and aim of her existence. Her ideals of wifehood and motherhood are too exalted to permit her sitting supinely down on the matrimonial block, like Patience on a monument, and waiting for some bump-tious he-thing to straddle along who will consent to supply her with board and clothes—in consideration of the surrender of her freedom and the debauchment of her beauty. She prefers to gird up her patent health corset and go out into the world to hustle her own hash until, from the great Somewhere of her waking dreams, her ideal comes to make of her a loving companion instead of a legal concubine. Calphurnia will be Caesar's wife, meriting his confidence and dividing his care, rioting in his love and rich in his respect, or she'll be naught to him.

Such is the New Woman, who stands forth in her matchless beauty and modest pride, undaunted by the puny arrows of a tribe of journalistic pigmies. For ages woman was but man's plaything, her occupation the amusement of his idle hours—valuable chiefly for breeding purposes. The highest educational advantages were denied her, the professions closed against her as an incapable. Her talents were supposed to be small, and little opportunity was offered for their enlargement. But as the world grew wiser it became more liberal. One by one the foolish barriers that circumscribed her usefulness have fallen, and she has pressed eagerly forward into the widening field. If she has not proven herself man's intellectual peer she has ceased to be a pensioner on his bounty,—has demonstrated her ability to earn her bread—and with independence have come grander ideals, loftier aims, nobler womanhood.

The real New Woman is self-reliant without being man-nish, modest without prudery and companionable while avoiding that familiarity which breeds contempt. But there is a quite different creature abroad, upon which the press delights to confer a title to which she can lay no claim—the fashionable butterfly and professional fad-chaser, whose newness consists chiefly in novelty of dress, the business of whose life is to make as liberal a display of her personal charms as may be consistent with a kind of india-rubber respectability. The first has demonstrated that woman may possess brains; the latter has made it manifest that she must have legs. The latter fact has long been suspected even by the exoteric school of bashful bachelors. It has been darkly hinted from time to time by divers scientific gentlemen that woman is a bipedal being who achieves locomotion by advancing one foot before the other, instead of gliding through the air like a gilded moth or sliding about the surface of the earth like a drop of quicksilver; but it remained for the fad-follower to put her physique in evidence and thereby dispel all doubt.

Now that feminine underpinning is an accepted fact,—a truth revealed—we may pause to consider whether we are the happier for our new got knowledge. Candor compels the confession that we are not particularly grateful to the fad-follower for her startling exhibitions of locomotive loveliness—that there may be too much even of a good thing. The poet assures us that,

"Spring would be but gloomy weather
If there was nothing else but Spring."

And he might have told us, with equal truth, that an endless procession of perambulating living pictures would pall on the ocular appetite and produce that tired feeling. The female limb is unquestionably a thing of beauty and a joy forever; but we would have been far happier had the dizzy *fin de siècle* devotee of fashion not called the world's attention to it. Had she kept it hidden we might, in the fullness of time, have found it ourselves and enjoyed the felicity of a glad surprise. Her gratuitous anatomical exhibit argues a lack of enterprise on the part of creation's lords that is quite exasperating.

I have no desire to interfere with the sartorial liberty of the ladies; I would simply call their attention to the fact that a costume which half reveals, half conceals the female form divine, is far more fetching than one which supplants theories with conditions and deprives Fancy of her occupation. The twinkle of a pretty foot peeping coyly forth beneath a dainty petticoat; the fleeting glimpse of a well-turned ankle in a billowy sea of lace were enough to make a stoic grab a goose-quill and reel off erotic poetry by the ream—to transform the veriest Reuben into a soulful Anacreon; but what minstrel, filled to overflowing with the divine afflatus, could tune his lyre or build an Ella Wheeler ode in honor of a pair of bloomers? Why, at sight of such an apparition immortal Pegasus would balk and buck like Mark Twain's Mexican plug. Had Petrarch's Laura worn pants the dago nightingale would have come off his perch; had Heloise donned the divided skirt no heart-sore pilgrim would pour his scalding tears into her storied urn; had Helen of Troy paddled about the Isles of Greece in *fin de siècle* bathing-suit the Bard of Chios had not tuned his immortal harp nor Priam's hoary head have sunk beneath the sword. Think of burning Sappho in tan-colored leggings taking the Lover's Leap; of Bonnie Annie Laura in bloomers—of Juliet with a pea-green patch on the rear elevation of her scorched banana bikeing suit. Had such monstrosities appeared on Parnassus the Muses would have been stricken dumb—perhaps have drowned themselves in the Pierian Spring.

If the fashionable young female—who is no more the New Woman than she is the Old Adam—is dressing to please herself, we have nothing to say; but if she is basking out to gladden the hearts of the sterner sex we hereby advise her in strict confidence that, as the rival of the ballet-girls and vaudeville beer-slingers, she is a glittering failure. Whether basking or sun-bathing, clucking at a political hen-convention or dress reform congress, she is an inartistic hermaphroditical hoo-poo that, while causing the unskillful to laugh, must make the judicious grieve. In matters sartorial progress and improvement are not always synonyms. The abbreviated skirt may be more healthful than the pyramidal petticoat; but it makes of woman an offensive freak, an eyesore to the artist, an uncanny nightmare to all men with a correct conception of the eternal fitness of things. The reckless display of personal charms by the woman of fashion—her *double entendre décolleté*—is not calculated to promote elevation of thought or purity of action—could occur only in a society already corrupt.

It may be urged in extenuation of the offense against the canons of good taste that modesty in costume is a mere matter of custom; that had the ladies for a century or so worn bloomers—or even breeches—the world would consider it quite the proper thing because accustomed to it; that had they suddenly exchanged such garb for the modern ball-room gown, all the prudes in bloomers—or breeches—would have tearfully protested, and the female pharisees—with leathery arms and busts built like a jaundiced clap-board—thanked God they were not as other people. This may be true, for

"That monster custom of habits devil"

can inure us to almost anything, however *outré* or inartistic. A man who had never seen a rose might regard a red holly-hock as the acme of floral perfection; having never seen a female figure tastefully draped, he might contemplate even bloomers with satisfaction; but I doubt if he could regard the wearer with that chivalric adoration which has placed woman but little lower than the angels. He would doubtless consider her "a jolly good fellow," and enjoy her society to a certain extent; but that courteous deference which distinguishes him could scarce develop—he would make few sacrifices for her sake. Had such been the fashion love would have remained but lust and marriage simply a civil contract. Had Queen Elizabeth worn bloomers Sir Walter Raleigh might have bridged a mud-puddle for her with his costly cloak; but more likely he would have told her to climb upon his back. Leander might have swam the tempestuous Heleasant to bask in the smiles of a beauty clad in breeches; but I think he would have waited for the boat.

CURRENCY AND COMMON SENSE.

THE reformation of our currency is pre-eminently the question of the hour—the rock upon which the Democracy has been rent in twain, the lion in the path of the g. o. p. It is engrossing the attention of the entire people, who realize that upon its intelligent solution largely depends the general prosperity. An imperfect exchange medium is not the sole cause of our commercial ills, but it was probably the chief factor in producing that industrial depression from which the entire world seems to be suffering. The economic M. D.'s have long been in consultation anent our valetudinarian currency, and, like most doctors, have agreed to disagree. The homoeopaths insist that our monetary system is simply suffering from hysteria produced by the silver shock and needs but little medicine, but the allopaths would give it a drastic dose of white dollars—in accordance with the *similia similibus curantur* theory; the eclectics recommend the bimetallic bolus, while the experimentalists insist upon the fiat faith cure. When doctors disagree the patient usually dies. And while the learned M. D.'s debate, every omniscient animal that can straddle about on two legs volunteers his opinion—adas to the confusion worse confounded. Even the editor of the *Houston Post*, who probably knows less about more things than any other man alive, aspires to lead the country out of the currency bogs, while George Clark mounts a gum stump in the economic wilderness like another Nchushtan and implores those troubled with financial snakes to look upon him and live.

It is not my present purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of the single and double standards, greenback and subtreasuryism; but to point out the desirability of securing an immutable measure of value and the utter impossibility of accomplishing that financial feat by any of the methods so vehemently urged by the different schools of pseudo-

economists. By means of credit the bulk of our business is transacted. The dollar is the measure of the value of credit, as it is of the value of cotton, hence the vital importance of keeping it ever at the same standard. The price of gold and silver, like the price of pork and potatoes, is governed by the supply relative to the demand, hence a metal money of final payment can no more afford an immutable measure of value than can a bushel of barley or a pound of putty. The purchasing power of the gold dollar may be increased or diminished by the contraction or expansion of either currency or credit; or by fluctuation in the volume of business requiring an exchange medium. Its relation to all other forms of wealth may be altered, it may become a different measure of value.

The yard, the pound and the gallon are immutable measures of quantity, and those who buy and sell by them do so in perfect confidence. But suppose they altered from month to month or from year to year? Would not such a ridiculous system of weights and measures paralyze exchange and demoralize industry? Would not those who could juggle the system to suit their purpose—buying by a long and selling by a short yard—accumulate colossal fortunes at the expense of the common people?

That is exactly what is happening to the dollar, our measure of value, the most important of all our trade tools. And a change in the purchasing power of the dollar is equivalent to an alteration of every weight and measure employed in the exchange of commodities. Is it any wonder that "confidence" sometimes collapses—that we have "panics" in plenty and "depressions" galore?

In the *Iconoclast* for December, 1891, I outlined my idea of a perfect currency system. The plan has since received considerable attention, especially from the bankers of Berlin, and was the basis of a currency bill introduced in the Fifty-second Congress. I proposed to base our currency on interconvertible government bonds, instead of upon the precious metals—on the entire wealth of the Nation, instead of upon one or two comparatively unimportant products, the supply of which depends chiefly upon chance. That gold and silver do not constitute a safe currency basis has been time and again demonstrated, not by logic alone, but by conditions. It was made manifest in the summer of 1893, and frequently before that time. It is forcibly illustrated to-day by the sharp advance in the purchasing power of gold and all currencies bottomed thereon, by the low price of the farmer's products and the idle legions of labor.

The volume of currency necessary to properly effect exchanges can never be properly gauged by a body of politicians swayed by adverse interests, and it were ridiculous to leave its regulation to the luck of prowling prospectors for the precious metals. The currency should be left to commerce itself—should be controlled, not by congressional fiat or foolish luck, but by the ever-reliable law of supply and demand.

Let the government sell just as many one per cent interconvertible currency bonds as the people will buy, the proceeds constituting a redemption fund. Any one having United States currency of any kind could exchange it for these bonds, redeemable on demand. This could not add a penny to the currency; it would simply drain off any surplus that might exist and give it forth again when needed. It is purely a regulative force; an expansive one must be found. Let the government add full legal tender treasury notes to the volume of currency just so long as the increase will remain in the channels of trade. Suppose that \$1000 in treasury notes is added to the general revenue fund: If needed it will remain in circulation; if not needed it will return to the government in exchange for currency bonds. But Congress might continue to add to the currency after the volume became sufficient, and every dollar drained off by the bonds would increase the interest-bearing national debt. The government would practically be borrowing money with which to pay current expenses. An automatic check must be found.

Add more treasury notes to the volume of currency only when the bond redemption fund falls below fifty millions.

When the people are buying bonds—when money is flowing into the redemption fund—the currency is redundant and the surplus is coming to the government because it cannot find more profitable employment. When they are selling bonds—when money is flowing out of the redemption fund—the volume of currency is too small to properly serve the ends of commerce. In the bond redemption fund we have an infallible indicator of the currency requirements of the country, the figures going up or down as commerce calls for less or more money.

If the volume of currency be smaller than is necessary to

properly effect exchanges its purchasing power appreciates—the price of commodities and the wage of labor decline—until it is equal to the work required of it. By the system here suggested the currency would expand in volume until equal to the exigency and our measure of value be in no wise disturbed—our yard would remain at 36 instead of expanding to 40 or 50 inches. Bonds would flow into the treasury and money flow out, the bondholders exchanging the low interest paid by government for the greater rewards of commerce. When the currency is redundant; when there is more money in the country than can readily find employment—more trade tools than trade—it depreciates in purchasing power until all is employed; the yard shortens. By this system the surplus would be drained off, the equilibrium maintained and our measure of value remain immutable. Commerce, being the sole judge of its own needs, would always have money enough and never too much. The system would be automatic, as certain in operation as the law of gravitation. Neither Congress, hounded on by a hungry debtor class, nor Wall street, eager to enhance the power of capital, could have any effect upon it.

Because of the low interest rate only the surplus money of the nation would be invested in currency bonds, and as the check is automatic the excess could never become large. The people would be provided with an adequate and flexible currency at less than the cost of the present inadequate and non-flexible metal "wheel of circulation."

It has been suggested that to prevent an increase in the volume of currency capitalists might purchase and hold a heavy block of the interconvertible bonds and by keeping the redemption fund at the required figure effectually block the further issue of treasury notes. To avert this danger a second test might be applied. When there are no buyers of currency bonds it is evident that there is no surplus money in the country. It should be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to test his currency gauge under such conditions to see if it had been tampered with. This he could do by issuing treasury notes until bond buying again became active, and the certainty that he would do this would prevent any "salting" of the redemption fund by Wall street.

It has been often urged that as the bulk of our business is now effected without the actual use of money, the currency question is of little real importance. Money is the breath in the nostrils of "exchange." It is the vital spark in every check, draft and transfer. It is the substance of which they are the shadow, hence it would continue of paramount importance if the development of our exchange system enabled us to transact our business with a currency per capita of one copper cent.

Grounded on the constantly expanding national wealth, instead of upon fragments of metal of fluctuating value, the currency would command perfect confidence and render money panics impossible. Adapting itself automatically and infallibly to the requirements of commerce, it would obviate the many ills engendered by a shifting measure of value. Prices of commodities would be governed by the law of supply and demand as applied to themselves instead of to the exchange medium. A perfect and plentiful currency would probably not cure every industrial ill and abolish all our poor-houses, but it would have much the same effect as an abundance of cheap and fertile lands. Enterprise would be encouraged and labor assured steadier employment, the logical sequence of which is better wages and a higher standard of living.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON LAWYERS.

By W. H. Ward.

AT a banquet given in one of the Eastern cities some years ago, in honor of Mark Twain, William Evarts, the noted New York lawyer, was also a guest. Twain was called for a speech, and responded in his happiest vein. When the laughter had somewhat subsided, Evarts arose and thrusting his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, a characteristic habit of his, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Is it not a very singular coincidence that Mr. Clements, a professional humorist, should have delivered a really funny speech?" This put the laugh on Mark, and Evarts stood with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side, thoroughly enjoying it. At this moment the angular form of the humorist was seen to arise from the opposite side of the table, and pointing directly across to Mr. Evarts, he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Is it not truly remarkable that a man of Mr. Evarts' eminence

in the legal profession should be found with his hands in his own pockets?" And this trifling fondness for fingering in other people's jeans is one of the things that is the matter with the legal profession. It is an old chestnut, hoary with age, countenanced no doubt because of its antiquity, that the terms lawyer and liar are synonymous. It should be remembered, however, that there are lawyers and lawyers; lawyers who are liars and liars who are lawyers; lawyers who are not liars, and liars who are not, necessarily lawyers. Indeed there are multitudes of men in the legal profession who would scorn to sully their lips with a lie—they find it so much safer and more respectable to hire it done. These are your Quirks, Gammons and Snapps, who do not consider themselves entitled to definite standing at the bar until they have saved enough raw material from the penitentiary to insure a reasonable working majority in the selection of petit juries. Lawyers whose claims to professional standing rest upon a boasted pull with the court, and their ability to fix a jury to suit the purchaser. Men for whose existence there can be found no adequate excuse, who have no rights which a decent lawyer should respect or even recognize. Human bacteria, which infect the courts, for whom the mathematical treatment should be elimination by substitution, while that of therapeutics would be the strongest possible germicide. Creatures upon whom nature's law must have slipped an eccentric, giving them the habits and tendencies of a parasite, coupled with the tastes and instincts of the predaceous animal. Lawyers, so-called, who do not hesitate to accept fees from both sides, without the possibility of rendering adequate service to either, who accept a bribe from the plaintiff while administering one for the defense. And this chivalrous Southern city, New Orleans, is said to be a veritable Mecca for this tribe of petty shysters, with St. Louis and Chicago good seconds. In all candor, from what I am told, I am impressed with the belief that the reason the Mississippi river has not crevassed its levees and inundated the city is because there are so many lawyers here who were not born to be drowned. I am solemnly assured that there are members of the legal profession here who would filch the crown of thorns from the brow of the crucified Lord to barter among the faithful, while in St. Louis there are others who would purchase it, with knowledge of the theft, to palm off on the blind goddess in the hope of making the presentation speech. Nor is Texas altogether without glory in this particular. I remember, some years since a little picnic party of lawyers down there, whose successful bleeding of a railway corporation put the light fingered gentry of the entire country to blush. It was while gazing upon this coterie of choice spirits, seeking a white-wash down at Austin, that some cynic is said to have remarked:

"You may search the earth from shore to shore and then search hell below,
And such a set as here have met 'twould puzzle the devil to show."

Indeed, Messrs. Hennessy and McCoy, those bright particular stars in the burglarious realm, several defaulting state treasurers and not a few Eastern bank wreckers, are said to have seriously considered the advisability of coming to Texas, to take a post graduate course under these Past Grand Masters of the art of universal pilfering. So, what's the matter with Texas lawyers? "Oh wot t'ell." If I mistake not it was a Chicago lawyer who is said to have fallen into the hands (or pockets) of a modernized band of "forty thieves." It took him just fifteen minutes by "Shrewsbury clock" to go through the entire band, loot their strong-box and escape with the plunder—not so bad for the "Windy City." Thus, you perceive, Louisiana, Missouri and Texas are not the only shingles on the house top. There are others. There is another class of creatures that infect this profession, who already crowd the basement of the legal temple to suffocation. Their name is legion and their tribe increases and multiplies like maggots in the body of a dead mule. These are your Uriah Heeps who do not (unfortunately for the public weal) always land in the penitentiary. Petty shysters, for whom the district courts of the country operate as an open sesame into the legal profession. Irremediable ignorami, who like the Arkansas "just-ass of the piece" think they know a little law themselves, when in point of fact they would not be able to discriminate between a proposition at law and a statement of fact, being equally unfamiliar with both. These are the noxious insects who buzz about the lower courts, converting them into lazar-houses, corrupting their offices and turning the jury system of this country into a by-word and a reproach to the nation. They are to the legal profession what the African sand fly is to all ani-

mal life, at once deadly and damnable. Just what you will do with this legal plague is a mooted question—famine does not affect them because they batten on dead men's bones. We can indulge the hope, however, when Mr. Dingley dies, that the tariff on hemp will be removed, and the native product increased for their especially benefit. I have never had the pleasure of speaking with him on the subject, but am persuaded that Col. Hercules, of Herculaneum, felt some misgivings when he made his maiden effort to establish the hygienic principle in the Augean barnyard. Be this as it may, it is dollars to doughnuts, that were he permitted to take one peep over the garden wall, into the legal horse lot as it stands to day, he would break his pitchfork, send in his resignation to the sanitary department and positively refuse to play chamber-maid to the legal livery stable, or if ass enough to undertake it would get sore on himself and "yump his yob" before the goods were half delivered. There is, however, another and brighter side to this picture, one in which, through a rift in the clouds that obscure the sun, a ray of light is let down into the howling wilderness of legal degeneracy. It is generally conceded that the law is the most important of learned professions, from a governmental standpoint; that it is the key-stone to the arch of national progress, the basic principle upon which all civilized government rests. In it to-day are men who intellectually and morally are the peers of their brethren throughout all the ages; men, who, during their whole lives wage relentless warfare against existing evil, who war as did the Titans, and if they grope blindly at times, ever struggle upward toward the light, legal giants, who will serve as landmarks to point the intellectual and moral progress of the nineteenth century to coming times, while the reign of the slyster will but serve as a badge of infamy to all the ages; men who through the medium of their state bar association assert that, for some decades to come, they would see the ranks of the agriculturist and the mechanic, the clerk and accountant, recruited from the legal profession, not vice versa; that in every state in the Union they would see a disbarment law enacted that would not be a standing jest to both bench and bar, which from the first reading of the bill to its final interment in statutory limits of the legal cemetery, would not be regarded as a legal Harlequin, born to be shrouded in mirth and buried amid roars of laughter. These are the men to whom every lover of his country must turn his face. They are, at once, their nation's defenders and its hope. These are the men in whose keeping a secret is as safe as though delivered under seal of the church, into whose hands life and property may be committed with perfect safety. These are the men who are bravely rallying to support a tottering throne. Before them I bow in unaffected admiration and say, fight on brave hearts, for you the grey may be already streaking the East, and I fancy I can see the gleam of a brighter day dawning before your eyes. There is yet another class, which through the judicial funnels of the country is slowly percolating into the legal profession. I refer, of course, to the "female attorneys," but as my grand-mother was very reticent with me on the subject of "lady lawyers," I shall say absolutely nothing about them. You see I do not care to discuss the ladies, save on the highest possible authority.

New Orleans, February 19.

CUPID VS. CHRIST.

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

WHEN Father Damien voluntarily turned his face for all time to the living horror and physical degradation of Hawaii's lazaretto—when his shrinking foot touched the *Molokai ahina*, the grey, desolate island with soil reeking with hideous disease, the air heavy with festering, living death, the people ghastly nightmares of rotting limbs with brain and memory chained in a charnel-house of putrid flesh—the whole world rung with his name. He was defied, this humble Belgian priest, who for seventeen long years toiled and suffered till strength slowly sank and his body too, was sucked into the maelstrom of leprosy. This "coarse peasant," as the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, charitably termed him, rose to heights that left the Rev. Hyde and others of his ilk but cowardly pigmies close to the earth, fattening their porcine bodies and snarling like mongrels at the solitary eagle soaring alone toward the forked lightning of pain and thundrous clouds of blackness and despair. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote an *Apologia*—an open letter to the Rev. Hyde, who traduced Damien as only contemptible envy can, and this letter has been published in book form, Stevenson declining all remuneration for his eloquent and most potent defense.

Father Damien was human, yet touched the stars. He died a heroic death, but his name has become immortal. It will live in song and story. And on the tonsured head of the dead priest will rest the tender green of the deathless laurel—always.

In the city of New Orleans is the old, old order of the House of the Good Shepherd. Nearly fifty years ago a young girl, fair as a poet's dream, dowered lavishly by all the graces and with all the luxuries of great wealth and the dazzling allurements of social life before her, deliberately closed the flower-hung gates that opened wide to her girlish form, and laying her wealth at the feet of the Lady of Sorrows, exchanged the silvery tissues of the *debutante's* gown for the heavy serge of the sacred order. The world did not heed as the pitiless steel swept the silken hair from the fair brow. There was no breath of reverential awe from ocean to ocean as the heavy shadows of the Black Veil fell over the bright head. There was no acclaim as the low chant sounded its requiem for a maiden's death. There was only silence, profound as the sea at night, as the altar gave back its dead and a pale nun lifted her eyes to the stars.

Father Damien had been schooled in self renunciation and reared in the shadow of the monastery. Awful as was his sacrifice, yet he but left the bare walls and austere life of the humble priesthood behind him. He faced horror but he had already renounced the world. This young girl knew nothing of life's bitterness. The world laughed with her and showered its roses with royal hands at her dancing feet. The birds sang round her in delirium of youth and joyous music. Her veins thrilled with the sweet, warm wine of young life and fancies light as Titania's butterflies fluttered thro' her waking dreams. Life opened a wide vista of wondrous delights, peopled with laughing nymphs and radiant with golden sunshine. Hope whispered her sweetest fairy tales and at her white breast nestled the winged god pressing the pomegranate to her warm lips. But beyond the golden head of the Child she saw visions that startled the girl-dreams forever from her frightened eyes; thro' the vibrating sweetness of the bird's songs she heard the low wail of lost women and in the golden blaze of a world's glory she saw a veiled form whose mask was Love and whose kiss was Death. And then her heart awakened to an infinite pity and, like the Belgian priest, she renounced the world and gave her life to ministering in the soul's great Lazar-house. From the low voices of culture and sweet laughter of pure women, she turned to the gasping cry of agony and bitter curse of despair. From the Gardens of Pleasure, bright as her girlish eyes, she turned to the Desert of Eternal Night, dark as the souls that cowered, face-downward, naked upon its thorns. From the softness of love's caress and the warmth of love's kiss she turned to the bare walls and brooding silence of a sacred tomb. She strangled the torturing heart-hunger of her womanhood and with a metal cross crushed back in her breast the yearning pain for the touch of baby lips—the thrilling sweetness of wandering baby fingers. Her girl-life, rich in promise, she crucified upon a cross for women whose lives were lived—who had loved and sinned and suffered and cursed, and in their infamy and shame she buried in pure youth, her life, her hope for all time and there was left only to—wait. Outside of her order few knew of Mother St. Martin. I had heard her story and in the house of Magdalens, in New Orleans, when the black grating swung back I saw a face still very beautiful, eyes soft and tender, with the fires of the South burning still thro' the long years of the chill austerity of her holy calling, and an outstretched hand, soft and white and exquisite—the hand of a gentle woman. The black veil contrasted sombrely with the creamy serge hanging in heavy folds to her feet and the face and figure of this holy woman, framed in the black bars, was worthy the pen of a Laureate, the brush of a Master. Ritual and dogma, church and creed, belief and unbelief, query and theory, Christian and Pagan—all fade and pale into insignificance before the unwritten history of this woman's life. A worshipper of false gods, a visionist or a Bride of Christ—it does not matter. Before her task strong men would quail. At what she sees, pure women would shrink. From what she has endured good women would turn, afraid and appalled. Her work was not lighter than Damien's and it has extended over nearly three times the number of years. His was a martyr's death. Hers is a long martyrdom living. He was an humble peasant-priest tending pitifully the disetsed in body. She is a cultured woman ministering tirelessly to half a century of distorted minds and leprous souls. Before the nobility of her life, the infinitude of her sacrifice, the sweetness

and tenderness of her personality one pauses, humble and silent. Some may criticise her creed—they must reverence her deeds. Some may revile what she holds holy—they must honor holiness that is sublime. Some may censure the church—they must bow to the woman. Damien helped tortured wretches to die. She helps tortured women to live. With her delicate, patrician hand she has touched lives that reeked with vileness and degradation, and softly drawn them back from the vortex that casts us ghastly refuse on the slimy slabs of a city morgue. With her soft voice she has silenced the obscene jest and reckless curse and taught instead the tenderness of a prayer. With her pure refinement she has lifted from the gutter's filth these female animals and walked with them thro' the via dolorosa till they were again within the pale of womanhood. But this woman, infinitely great and infinitely pitiful, is almost unknown. The eyes, patient and tender and saddened by the long pilgrimage of pain, are rarely seen beyond the cloister walls. And while there are Dr. Hydes base enough to cast mud at the marble of her order, there is no Stevenson to challenge the defamer and give honor where honor is due. In ode and epic and history are shrined and immortalized the memories of our Jeannes d'Arc and our Molly Pitchers, our Clara Bartons and our Florence Nightingales, and pre-eminent among them should be the memory of this white robed nun who gave her wealth to shelter our homeless Magdalens and her life for their redemption. Over her dead Christ is written *Hominum Salvatum*. Over her brow rests only the black veil. And the silent group of shrouded figures kneeling before the sculptured Nazarene are her only testimony. She gave her life for women and heart and soul to her Christ, and her epithalamium is the saddened chant of cloistered nuns, her arc of triumph the pale sunshine riven by an upright Cross.

New Orleans, La., February 12.

SALMAGUNDI.

ON the night of January 27 the National Association of Manufacturers gave their third annual ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, a hostelry noted for its unamericanism and its insufferable snobbery. Less than 1000 people participated, yet the feed cost \$15,000, or more than \$15 a plate. The banqueters represented sixty trusts, various combines, and more than \$9,000,000 of products. President McKinley piked over from Washington to be the guest of honor and air his eloquence. He had carefully prepared his speech and shot off his mouth in great shape over the costly wines and *pate de foie gras*. It was indeed an "able effort"—for McKinley—and I can but wonder what New York banker's clerk wrote it. There was a great deal in it about returning prosperity, sound money, national honor, and all that kind of thing. And the millionaires cheered him to the echo. Meantime the farmer continued to eat hasty pudding and wear rusty blue jeans trousers instead of absorbing \$15 dinners and sporting spike-tails and diamond studs as big as goose eggs. And the New York *World*, which gave two pages to the "Belshazzar Feast," devoted two other pages in the same issue to demonstrating beyond the peradventure of a doubt that New England mill operatives are worse off to-day than were the Southern negroes before Sherman marched "from Atlanta to the sea." The black slaves were not overworked. They were too valuable to be badly ill-treated. They were well fed, comfortably housed and clothed. They were provided for in their old age. New England's white slaves are driven to death. They have few of the comforts of life while they do live. Thousands of men work in the mills for less than a dollar a day, and strive to support families on this miserable stipend. They fail and have to drag their wives and daughters into the unhealthy and exhaustive work, where they perish inch by inch. And their employment, bad as it is, depends entirely upon the good will of the boss, who may at any moment deprive them of their bread and butter. From the banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria, with its cut flowers, music and \$15 a plate, to the squalid garret of a New England mill operative is a long cry; but these are the delightful contrasts, vouchsafed us by the McKinley brand of prosperity. O Lord! how long, how long?

* * *

Atlanta, Ga., is at present in the throes of a kissing controversy. A Mrs. Joseph Kingsberry having charged that the belles of Atlanta's swagger set were too much addicted to the bestowal of osculatory favors upon their beaux, Miss Isa Urquhart Glenn rises to remark that in all her years in

society she never saw but one girl kissed, and she was from the West. Miss Glenn admits, however, that the rosebud lips of the belles of Gooberdome are a terrible temptation to any man with a sweet tooth. If the Iconoclast might vouchsafe a word of advice to the parties to the kissing controversy it would be that they change the subject, or at least scrap it out at five o'clock teas instead of in the newspapers. A young lady's lips should be as sacred as any other portion of "the eternal feminine," and it may be taken for granted that those who are free with their kisses will not be chary of other favors. Such being the case, the subject of promiscuous kissing is scarce a proper one for ladies to discuss in the public prints.

* * *

Ex-Priest Slattery's "escaped nun" is prancing about England revealing "convent secrets." Being pressed recently to name the convent from which she "escaped," she stated that it was that of Poor Clares, Cavan Ireland, which she had entered under the name of Mary E. MacCabe. Investigation reveals the fact that she was never in any way connected with that convent. The only "Catholic prison" she ever inhabited was a Canadian reformatory for courtesans. Yet men who make some pretension to respectability send their wives and daughters to hear this old "cat" abuse the very women who strove to drag her out of the depth. Every woman who attends the so-called lectures of Slattery's disreputable female ought to be fumigated.

* * *

A St. Louis motorman, the front elevation of whose name is Patrick, is petitioning the court to change it to Percy. He says that Patrick grates upon his super-sensitive ear and signally fails to harmonize with his aestheticism. The court should hasten to ameliorate the young man's misery. The name is too big for the little motorman—is as a millstone slung about the gaunt neck of a Chollie Boy, the load of Atlas placed upon the shoulders of a pigmy. Saints and martyrs, soldiers and statesmen have proudly borne the name of Patrick, hence it is not an easy one to live up to, and we can scarce blame an intellectual feather-weight for wanting to exchange it for the sweet sibilance of Percy—suggesting only pink lemonade, toothpick shoes and chewing gum. Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" I'm sure I don't know; but I do know that the world's mental colossi usually have strong rugged names—that we find precious few Margarets and Elizabeths, Emilys and Julias in our *maisons de joie*. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb; give a youngster of either sex a weak-tea slippery-elm name and drown it. Had Alexander been called "Willie" he could never have conquered the world.

* * *

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, the Kentucky octogenarian, will apply for a divorce from his child wife on the ground that she is crazy. Her insanity appears to have taken the not unusual form of a fondness for the young fellows. Poor old Cassius! Like another Tithonus, he may well exclaim:

"How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds."

The mating of December and May is poetic, no doubt; but it is the kind of poetry that makes courtesans and cuckolds. A maid of 18 is apt to be persona grata to a man of 80, but that is one of those rules that cannot be depended upon to work both ways. Great disparity in the ages of man and wife invariably breeds discontent, and the old general is but suffering the natural effects of his folly in contracting a marriage that could have spelled nothing else but failure. A young woman may respect a very old man, but she cannot long love him as a woman should love her lord. An old woman may fancy a young man; but her passion is mere sheet lightning, a breath on dying embers, and his companionship soon becomes irksome, his devotion a thing impossible. It is said that Mark Hanna's sister, by her own confession aged 45, is soon to marry a man of 28. Yet the Hanna family is credited with possessing common sense! When the husband has reached the noon of manhood the wife will be an old woman and mistaken for his mother! No children will ever grace the home of these ill-assorted turtle doves. Twenty years hence lusty life will be linked to lingering death. Under such conditions what more natural than that while one takes to catnip tea and remedies for rheumatism the other should follow off after some new flame? Poor Miss Hanna! She is but laying up trouble for herself. Poor old Tithonus Clay of Kaintuck!

"A white haired shadow roaming like a dream

The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn!

* * *

Populist National Chairman Butler wants all the friends of silver to unite in 1900 and thereby oust the Shylocks. Of course this plan does not please the mighty Miltonius Park, the supple-jawed Harry Tracy, the Windy Jay Bird Chenault of Kansas and others of that little coterie of political pervers who are striving to perpetuate the Republican party in power, hence they are lifting up their discordant voices in vigorous protest against this so-called betrayal of the principles of Populism. In size, activity and location these raucous "Middle-of-the-Roaders" suggest the tuft of hair on the bob-tail of an unwashed billy-goat. They are a set of ambitious blatherskites who are willing to sacrifice the interest of the people to keep their own inconsequential names in the public press. Park criticising Butler were much like a big blue-bottle fly passing judgment on the Parthenon.

If Texas sends Chollie Boy Culberson to the United States senate and elects Kunnel Rienzi Miltiades Johnsing to the lieutenant-governorship, it should, to be consistent, do something handsome for Majah Spencer Hutchings, the genius whom both delight to honor.

"These be three minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation."

They constitute the great intellectual triumvirate of Texas, before whose transcendent genius even the titantic mentality of Blind Tom, Barnum's What-is-It and the editor of the *Cleburne Chronicle* pales its ineffectual fires. When they all try to think at one and the same time they run a corner on the gray matter of the cosmos, monopolize the world's wisdom and send the Olympian gods into some dark Boeotian forest to groan in despair. Chollie Boy is the greatest statesman since Sancho Panza was a governor. He was not born great, nor did he have it drove into him with a maul—he achieved it all by his little lonely, and can now successfully ride two political hobby-horses headed in different directions. When reasonably sober he can play a fairly good game of poker with one hand and manipulate the church people with the other. All things considered, the greatness of our heroic young Christian guy is something colossal. Rienzi Miltiades is the greatest journalist whatever. With the aid of a paste pot and a pair o' shears he can manufacture any number of "Norman Maxims" and scoop all his Texas contemporaries in the matter of "news by telegraph." He can easily pose on a street corner and look wiser than Daniel Webster. He is a fair judge of barrel-house booze and a connoisseur in the matter of beauty, having been once selected to play the part of Paris—so it is said—and award the prize to "the fairest of the fair" at the erstwhile John Bell's variety joint. Majah Hutchings is perhaps the colossus of this mental coterie. He carries all the rules of social etiquette around in his head, thereby proving himself the prince of parliamentarians. He can tell what kind of a necktie should be worn with such and such trousers, how high the collar should be and just when to say "aw weally" at those functions at which society funks. He has been known to put his "pants" on right side before without assistance and to wear a dress sword around an entire block without getting that terrible weapon of war inextricably tangled up with his legs. If Chollie Boy and Kunnel Johnsing are honored with high office, I insist that Majah Hutchings also be placed on a pedestal.

* * *

Fwankie P. Warner, a bummy little lawyer of Florence, Col., has been paying his respects to the "Apostle" in the columns of the *Denver Times* under the pseudonym of "Dan de Foe." As Fwankie does not like the "Apostle" I s'pose the Iconoclast will have to suspend.

* * *

Rev. William Bohler Walker of Joliet, Ills., is giving a very correct imitation of splentic-hearted "jay." Having bitterly denounced the railway corporations, the Western Passenger Association refused him the half-fare permit usually issued to preachers. He now protests that he has been "blacklisted," and threatens to sue the association. "The half-fare permit is not a favor but a right," sputters the parson, who confesses to being mad as the traditional wet hen, and who positively declines to turn the other cheek to the smiter and take chances on getting it smuck. If the half-fare permit is a "right" it has been made so by statutory law—and such a law would, in most states, be clearly unconstitutional. The railways make a half-fare rate to reputable ministers as a matter of courtesy, and the parson who ac-

cepts this courtesy and repays it with contumely is guilty of base ingratitude. If Walker desires to make war on railway corporations he should have the decency to pay full fare—the very barbarians do not war upon those of whom they beg. The ministerial half-fare is an injustice to the general public, and there should be a law prohibiting it. It is a gratuity to the church which the corporations must collect of their other patrons regardless of whether they be church-going people. A railway should no more be permitted to discriminate in favor of one profession in the matter of passenger fares than in favor of one class of merchants in the matter of freights, for it is a common carrier, the servant of all the people. It should be compelled to put all its patrons on an even and exact parity. It is quite true that many preachers are poorly paid; but the same can be said of other professions equally useful. We preachers are becoming just a wee bit oo presumptuous.

* * *

Pierre Lorillard, who has accumulated "dough" a plenty by the aesthetic occupation of manufacturing snuff for the dippers and plug terbacker for the Populists, finds America too "coarse" and will move to England to spend his money and air his culchaw. Pierre is a very refined looking party. He has a nice fat head about the size and shape of a wooden water bucket, set on a neck that would be the pride of a Durham bull. His eyes protrude like door-knobs, his nose resembles a half-smoked ham, his ears would make excellent door-mats, while his mouth suggests that he has half a pound of his own "plug" concealed therein and is seeking a cuspidore. Yes; America is doubtless "coarse," but will be much less so when this crass animal has taken up a permanent residence on the other side of the pond.

* * *

William Bailey, an ex-member of the New Orleans police force, will go to prison for life for the ravishment of a colored woman. If guilty he should be hanged—he deserves death for having such execrable taste. The verdict is important in that it is an official decision that a colored woman may possess virtue—a theory which contravenes the general consensus of opinion in the South. Now we may expect to learn that there are male negroes who can be trusted at midnight in the vicinity of an unlocked chicken coop or unguarded melon patch. I'm afraid that jury was composed of men who had little experience with the she-male Senegambian. The question naturally arises: If a wench is sufficiently continent to resist the blandishments of a two dollar bill, is her virtue of sufficient importance to justify the life-long imprisonment of a white man? Is the game worth the candle? I confess that I do not know—must refer the question to the ethnologists.

* * *

The man hanged for homicide usually repents and is jerked to Jesus, while his victim, cut off in the heyday of his sins, is supposed to go to hell awhooping.

* * *

New York sassiety people can give the majestic universe pointers in the esoteric art of playing the d. f. They have a society called "The Holliand Dames of New Netherlands," composed of people who came to New Amsterdam in the steerage, and, by living on what the hogs wouldn't eat and the Indians were too proud to steal, left pretty little fortunes to an emasculate posterity. This society of mental misfits recently crowned a "Queen" with a \$30,000 diadem amid much royal pageantry and other ridiculous flapdoodle. And now it has been discovered that the "Monarch" of the aforesaid Dames was once in jail for disorderly conduct. The whole mob of mental abnormalities ought to be either tapped for the simples or sent to an insane asylum.

* * *

G. W. Menger of St. Louis is a brute for whose portrait I will cheerfully give four-bits. G. W. is chief clerk in the "Big Four" railroad offices and owns a handsome home, yet together with his two younger brothers he has signed a petition to have his widowed mother sent to the poor-house. I opine that shortly before the birth of this unnatural monster its mother must have become frightened by a water moccasin that was trying to swallow a dead pollywog, and I'm curious to see how she "marked" the critter.

* * *

Mr. Brann: What is the biggest trust in the United States?

R. S.

The Standard Oil Trust, presided over by my good Baptist brother, Jno. D. Rockefeller, who is building collegiate monuments to his own memory with other people's money. Its actual investment does not exceed \$20,000,000, yet in less

than five years it has paid dividends aggregating more than \$110,000,000. Baylor University, Waco, Texas, once accepted \$15,000 of the fruits of old Rockefeller's shameless robbery, and would have played "fence" for twice as much more stolen goods had it been able to pull the leg of the hypocritical old fraud. The Standard Oil Trust is not only the most gigantic but the most impudent of all the conspiracies ever organized to swindle an alleged intelligent people. It has been frequently urged that the Standard has cheapened the price of oil and is, therefore, a public benefit. It has cheapened the price of oil only where it was necessary to crush competition. Wherever it has been able to hold the field by other methods it has done so.

* * *

Myron H. McCord is governor of Arizona by the grace of Mark Hanna, the "industrial cannibal" of Ohio. He is a product of the Badger State and has the reputation of being a "bilk." While in congress he achieved considerable unsavory notoriety by his connection with certain flagrant land steals, and the "ruling passion" appears to cling to him with the tenacity of a vulture to the carcass of a coyote, as he was recently sued on an old account by a Washington tailor. One item in the tradesman's bill is for cleaning the seat of the governor's breeches—which would indicate that His Excellency has not yet abandoned his old habit of getting ingloriously drunk. One of his official acts which scandalized decent people was the appointment of "Pin-Head" Hughes chancellor of the Arizona Territorial University. "Pin-Head" was once appointed governor of the territory by Grover Cleveland, but was relieved for cause before the expiration of his term. While "Pin-Head" is scarce a proper party to have charge of the higher education of the territory it must be recorded to his credit that he has never been accused of bilking a tailor. McCord has saddled the taxpayers of Yavapai county with a debt of almost \$300,000 despite their protests, and with a flagrant disregard of law and justice that should land him in the penitentiary for life. Of course he is opposed to the territorial home-rule movement, which is designed to give the people of Arizona a voice in the selection of their officials instead of leaving them at the mercy of the very worst brand of carpet-baggers. Had McKinley scraped hades with a fine-tooth comb he could scarce have captured a man less fit for the position or more distasteful to the decent people of the territory.

FACT AND FANCY.

Of suffering and sorrow were born all life's beauty. The hope of immortality sprang from breaking hearts. The kiss of Pyramus and Thisbe is an ecstasy of pain. Nations rise through a mist of tears. Every great life work is an agony. Behind every song there lurks a sigh. The Virgin Mother is known as Our Lady of Pain. The Cult of Christ is called the Religion of Sorrow. The first breath and the last gasp are drawn in suffering, and between the cradle and the grave there lies a monster-haunted Gehenna.

Nations grown corrupt with wealth and age may fall, but others, strong in youth and innocence will arise. Old faiths may be forgotten, but from other and purer altars will ascend the smoke of sacrifice. The black night of barbarous ignorance may again engulf the world; but "Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn."

All life is but a dream, mystic, wonderful and we know not when we sleep nor when we wake.

Man was not made for himself alone, but all were made for each and each for all.

It is man's unrest, his heart-hunger, that drives him on to noble deeds—that lifts him out of the gutter where wallow the dull dumb beasts and places him among the gods.

Most of our modern poets are bowed down with more than Werterean woe. Their sweethearts are cruel or fate unkind; they've got cirrhosis of the liver or palpitation of the heart, and needs must spill their salt tears over all humanity. O that these featherless jaybirds now trying to twitter in long-primer type would apply the soft pedal to themselves—would add no more to the world's dissonance and despair!

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ANNUAL " FOR THIS YEAR?

a taint of that impure blood which once coursed in the veins of corrupt or barbarous kings. Perchance these dudelets and dudines will yet discover that they are descended in a direct line from Adam I. and are heirs to the throne of Eden.

Methusaleh lived 969 years—but that was before the development of the science of medicine.

Nature plays no favorites. When she gives a man a lower-case brain she makes amends by providing him with a display-type mouth.

The man who fights the "Rum Demon" for hire is usually a hypocrite who buys the cheapest booze to be had and absorbs it out of a jug.

No well-authenticated he-virgin ever succeeded in setting the world on fire.

Every woman possessing a pretty ankle is heartily in favor of dress reform.

Foreordination is the foolish faith that before God created the universe and sent the planets whirling about the blazing sun; that before the first star gleamed in the black o'er-hanging firmament or a single mountain peak rose from the watery waste, he calmly sat him down and mapped out every act of mortal man—decreed every war and pestilence, the rise and fall of every nation, and fixed the date of every birth and death. That may be good "orthodoxy," but it is not good sense. I reject the theory that all happenings here below "accord with the Plan of the Creator—work together for the ultimate good." I dare not accuse my Creator of being responsible for all the sin and sorrow, suffering and shame that since the dawn of history has bedewed the world with blood and tears.

The fact that the parvenues are paying fancy prices for coats-of-arms suggests that we might discharge the national debt by amending the constitution so as to permit the president to sell patents of nobility after the manner of the mediaeval princes. Our prosperous hog morgue managers would give half their holdings to be "ennobled." With such a source of revenue it would be unnecessary to give bond syndicates soft snaps—our blessed gold reserve would grow like a pickaninny in 'possum time. By all means let us have a few Barons d' Brewery and Earls d' Oleomargarine, Laundry Soap Lords and Packing-house Princes. They would gladly bear all governmental burdens for the privilege of playing the fool.

The men who have given to the world those economic theorems upon which are based the politics of all enlightened nations, have seldom been successful business men. Like Agassiz, they "didn't have time to make money."

When Sir Lancelot lays aside the lute for the coarse compliment, foregoes the bewildering Anacreontic and puts a "personal" in the paper requesting Guinivere to meet him at the corner, we may well hope that the pure in heart are safe—only buzzards are trapped with carrion.

It is not until a young man suspects that he knows more than his father that he begins to doubt the religion of his mother.

The mock-sentimentalists and pseudo-philanthropists continue to denounce the whipping-post as "a relic of barbarism," altogether overlooking the fact that offenses for which it is invoked are also survivals of semi-savagery. In most American states the same kind of punishment is meted out to all classes of offenders—to the high-bred gentleman who resents an insult with a blow, and to the cowardly cur who clubs his wife; to the man whom some sensuous Cleopatra has led into the Grove of Daphne, and to the lustful demon who despoils a little child. The offenses which men commit indicate their character and the civilization to which they have attained, and should suggest the punishment best calculated to deter others from kindred crimes. Imprisonment and convict stripes may prove a terrible punishment to a morbidly sensitive man, whose honor is the dearest jewel of his soul; but to the wife-beater or burglar it means only an inconvenience. We have carried judicial "reform" entirely too far, and should retrace our steps to the wisdom of our fathers, who were strict constructionists of the Mosaic law.



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