



**RUIN, ROT AND REVOLUTION.**

Dishonesty has got the world grabbed. Politics is now a high-classed play, where pawns are power and plunder. Business is becoming but a gouge-game where success hallows any means. Our mighty men are our most successful tricksters. Our social favorites minister in the temple of Mammon. Our pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night is but the gabble of the political bosses. Our god, the Golden Calf. The standard by which men's greatness is now measured is the purse. Immortal honors have wept because our gilded glory has become the music of asses. Silent has grown the bray of the discordant rattle horn which made Jericho to fall. Rascality and dishonor scream as the defiant monarch of the political universe. The present century proudly boasts as successor to all ages, but men daily bow to brazen rascality, while modest merit is in a more pitiable predicament than an orphan tomcat in hell without teeth or toenails.

Chicago's political corruption and united theft in an effort to dispoil the people, cause us to stand appalled. Brazen effrontery burned its incense on the unhallowed shrine of bossism. And we proclaim our unmeasurable dishonesty from the house-tops when we tolerate a party that openly advertises its dishonesty and unloyalty to the peoples demands. Was it something worse than the rotten principles disclosed at Chicago that caused the Deity to repent that he had made man, and sent a flood to soak some of the devilment out of him?

When we take the yardstick of years and measure time, we can note progress but not improvement. We can measure a century by its men, not by its inventions, and we have not since civilization took its first leap forward produced a single Christ, Clay or Washington. The growth of civilization is dwindling, Godliness is succeeded by greed, statesmanship by political stinkards and universal wrath must soon lay the axe to the root of the political tree because it fails to bring forth fruit.

**FREEDOM'S ASSASSIN.**

Have you ever read Roman history? Have you forgotten when men and women suffered the most torcherous punishment, even numbers and numbers were laid upon the back and their heads chopped from their bodies, true christian believers burned at the stake for refusing to accept the Catholic religion? Do you want to see the same conditions prevail in this fair land where religious and political freedom has long lived as our most precious heritage? If you thirst for such dark days as once hung over old ancient Rome, when religious tyranny forced a patient people to stand and see fanaticism wash its hands in the blood of their loved ones, then whoop it up for that userper-

of political and religious liberty, Wm. H. Taft, who recently announced his loyalty and ardent support to Roman Catholicism, by ignoring the request of every protestant, and conferred the honors, (?) of opening the National Republican convention upon an infernal old Catholic Priest. The president has formerly denied the charges of catering to the Catholics, but he has finally reached a point that his actions give his past declarations the direct lie. Is there one of us who would believe the president unfavorable to Catholicism when he turns down all denominations alike to bestow honor or pie upon breeders of that religious oppression—Catholicism. See how many positions today in the government which were filled by his discretion, that are not Catholics, then think of the awful brink upon which you are ignorantly treading, when you support the old conservative republican party, of Taft, tyranny and trouble.

**A DUDENE PRAYS A LITTLE BIT.**

Oh, Fortune, may thy mercy endure forever. Strengthen my sweetheart and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Oh, bless my crimps, rats, and frizzles; and let their glory shine upon my paint and powder.

When I tip along the street before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle and add new grace to my slippers and silk stockings.

Oh, Fashion, bless all dry goods clerks, milliners, pad makers, and hair frizzlers. Give immortality to hobble skirts and Princess gowns, bless their heirs and assignees forever.

Lead me by the side of cologne waters and fatten my calves on the bran of thy love.

When I bow myself in worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lilly-white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Smile graciously, oh, Fashion, on my new silk dress being made, and may it fit me all over until the charms of my person leaveth no one in doubt. Save me from wrinkles and preserve my plumpness.

Enable me, oh, Fashion, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my poodle dog, and rain trouble down upon any who would hurt a hair of its tail.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves, and save me from all Missionary beggars forever. Amen.

**ON TO GLORY, HALF-NAKED.**

Now, by the straddle bugs of Babylon! I believe I have a hot bunk of hash that will give you indigestion. If the good Lord doesn't come along again one of these big days and drown about half of the human push, like a liter of houn' pups, it will be because he has more sympathy than he has

water. If some of New York's "Four Hundred" hasn't been trying to hire out religion to the harlots, then I wish you'd take club and straighten the crook out of my nose. We have read about where money was raised for church purposes by the good sisters asking men to deposit for the Lord, in their tall stocking, a few dimes, which it was stated moved men's generosity up to a giving spirit who had never even gone out to church in his lives, and some, after pushing dollar after dollar by installments, into the heavenly fund, would decide that they could even spare the Lord another dime with a serious effort furnishing themselves. But that's not the worst part in it, compared with the young man's pantomime manner suggesting that he was offering the admittance to the church used in purchasing a nighted head.

To those who are in the face with gaps and a kind of disreputable entirely of holes with the Twenty-seven thickness of it.

the old freckle frock that aunt Eve wore away back in the garden where there was something raised besides onions, lettuce and turnip-greens.

Yes sir, them shemal lamb-flunkies who claim to be hiking along to their Jesus came out on the stage naked as a shelled banana "for Christ's sake." Wonder what will be done next pretend for Christ's sake? A brand new service in the vineyard, and I am a bit shy on faith in the Lord O. King the upstropelos capers of these brindle heifers. It is time for Mary Magdalene to grab her old time bonnet, with the devil's medal on it, and flee to the Mountains, where the whangoodle dices upon thundersorms, and deceit is destruction's only hope. It is what I call brazen hypocrisy trying to ride the devil a-straddle over the head, only turapike.

Oh, how long must this hip-spraddled old world hobble along the spiritual highway, before a patient God drops it into a crawfish hole of eternal despair?

Oh, Sodom! Sodom! With thee is our destiny linked?

If a fellow can take a mariner's compass and tell where the political ships are drifting to, then he ought to be walking boss in heaven.

A women always wants to know what's going on, and about her next want is to lose the job.

If Ted would now lay down the fight and concede to the yappin' aggregation of political ghosts, he'd be a moral coward. The act that beat him at Chicago is a premium on white livers, a badge of honor to cowards and sneak-thrifs, a laurel crown of greenback on the brow of dastards. I'd rather be a louse on the head of a Lazarus than a perpetrator of such theft.