

those treasures himself, with which he decorates his duchess or some other female parasite who is too lazy or incompetent to button her own gown.

The American Indian, sometimes styled the "noble Red Man", used to go forth and win the trophies with which he sought favor in the eyes of his lady. He killed the grizzly bear with arrow or hunting knife, he secured the claws of the eagle and the teeth of the mountain lion by his own efforts, and making ornaments of these, he laid them at the feet of his lady love. But the degenerate aristocrat of today, lacking courage or enterprise to secure fitting gifts for his lady, has devised a method of stealing these products from their original owner—and the true owner of any product is the one who creates it or secures it by diligent search. Now some pin-head will say, "Oh, the pearls were bought—the diver got his pay." Yes, yes, oh yes—he got a few pounds of food in exchange for a few pounds of jewels—what he gave being about one million times more valuable in the markets of the world than what he received.

But to return to the duchess. Her decorations do not consist simply of pearls. See, she has rubies, emeralds, opals, and many other stones that come, perhaps, from India or South America, and their history is the same—they were secured by the sweat of labor. Neither the duchess or my lord the duke ventured aught or worked one day to secure them. And the diamonds, my lady, how beautifully they sparkle, they shine, they change color. See, see, they are white, green, blue, red. My God woman, there is blood upon them—dripping, red blood! Do you know the history of that stone on your bosom? It comes from