

TO COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

YES, Colonel, you're an orator,
Your words have power men's minds to sway,
They listen spellbound by your power
When you your eloquence display.
You make us laugh and weep by turns,
As wit or pathos you invoke,
Your sarcasm and invective burns
Like lightning-flash that rends the oak.

You speak of freedom, justice, right,
Men hang upon your every word,
And, rising to a loftier height,
They feel their inmost being stirred.
If words were everything indeed
Among the grand and noble-souled,
Regardless of time, race or creed,
Your name would ever be enrolled.

But "talk is cheap," although your fee
For each discourse is far from small;
Unless by deeds enforced they be,
Words have slight value after all.
Vain are your glowing periods grand
To urge mankind to nobler life,
Unless you take a manly stand
To aid the weaker in the strife.

How reads your record? Have you stood
For right and justice 'gainst the throng?
Risked fame and wealth—not mentioning blood—
To fight entrenched, triumphant wrong?
Garlands of rhetoric on the tomb
Of freedom's martyrs you bestow;
'Tis easy, for they met their doom
From tyrannies of long ago.

But when Chicago's howl for blood
Clamored for victims, and you saw
Where, frowning grim, the gallows stood,
A lynching under forms of law,

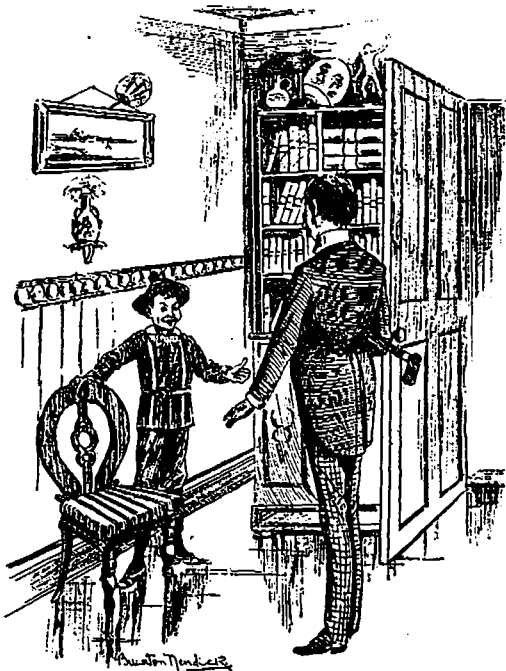


MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SCHNITZEL—"Who vas dot man McCarthy, ennerhow? Id don't vas Juddin McCarthy, I dinks, eh?"

GROGAN—"No, begorra; he's just out wid everybody. It's that thief Dalton."

SCHNITZEL—"Oh, dot vas id—von auf dose Dalton vellers vat holdts you up ven dey knocks you down. I don'd haf me nix to do mit dot growd. Dey vash no goot."



BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

CHOLLY—"Is your sister in?"

JOHNNIE—"Yes, sir. Say, mister?"

CHOLLY—"What is it, my little man?"

JOHNNIE—"If you make it worth my while I'll hide pa's boots and take the dog up to my room where pa can't find him. Is it a go?"

Where were you then? And did you throw
Your influence to stem the tide,
Denounce the wrong, avert the blow?
No! you kept silence, and they died.

And when the Homestead workmen fought
Against Carnegie's cut-throat crew,
And were in deadly peril brought,
Say, sleek phrase-monger, where were you?
They risked their lives—such never can
The lesson learn you teach so well,
That "freedom," "justice," "rights of man,"
Are simply phrases coined to sell.

Against the tyranny of gold
The toilers strive, thus far in vain,
By scheming tricksters bought and sold,
You help to forge, not break their chain.
A henchman of the millionaire,
The corporations' willing tool,
You've ever done a dastard's share
To prop a rotten party's rule.

At your unfaith let others rail,
I have no care for forms or creeds;
The point at which you always fail
Is when you pass from words to deeds.
I mete you by no Christian test,
But by the standard of your choice;
Your sympathy for the oppressed
Extends no farther than your voice.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

TOO FLY.

BORNSO—"Who was Icarus?"

GRUSO—"He was a mythological young man who was drowned because he got too fly."