

here. The last fight resulted in the probable death of an Irish politician at the hands of a Teuton policeman. Then Chicago and New York are at war for the World's Fair. Texas has an able-bodied fight on hand about the location of county seats.

On the whole we have lively times, but it is only live nations that have live issues. Spain has none. Turkey has none. They are dead. Portugal showed signs of life, but John Bull shook his head at her. John Bull himself would die but for Ireland. In Florida consumptives don't get time to die because the fleas keep them moving. In England John Bull would fall into a perpetual torpor if Pat did not keep punching him once in a while. We have issues because we are a live nation, we have race fights because we have all races. We have religious troubles because we are religious. All will come right yet. Mormonism has no connection with the mother or her harlots, therefore they ought to give it fair play. Mormonism is American. Long live America.

This is Sunday in Chicago, but it is far from being a Puritan Sunday. The great event of the day is a Clan-na-Gael funeral. Bob Gibbons, No. 188 of Camp 20, was shot in a saloon brawl by Captain Schuetzler, a police officer. Gibbons, who was a powerful man, lived several days after being shot, though he carried a bullet in his lung. He will be buried today and the funeral will be made a clan demonstration. Alderman John McCormick, who was in company with Gibbons at the time of the affray, and who originated the trouble, has disappeared. There are forty police and detectives scouring the city and county in quest of the alderman.

In glancing over the Chicago Tribune of this morning my eye happened to rest on the name McCormick in one of the advertising columns. Thinking it had some reference to the missing clansman, whose number in Camp 20 is 185, I looked closer and found the following extraordinary advertisement:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Watch the result of the election Feb. 10th, 1890. If it goes "Liberal" your money can not be more secure than invested in Salt Lake City. Liberal (Gentile) rule for Salt Lake means a well-governed city of 75,000 souls in 5 years.

I am investing for several Chicago parties. Can make loans for 1 to 3 years' time at 8, 9 and 10 per cent, secured by 1st mortgage on inside property. Nothing entertained but what is choice. Have also some purchase money mortgages drawing 10 per cent, 40 per cent whole value.

Will buy and sell property in purchaser's name, taking for my trouble a small per cent of net profit when sale is made.

JOSEPH E. BAHE,
Clerk Supreme Court of Utah.

References:
McCORMICK H.B. MAHILL CO., Chicago.
McCORMICK & CO., Bankers, Salt Lake City.

This beats anything in the political line since Moses made little fishes swim on dry land in the Red Sea. The clerk of the supreme court of Utah, too, a real estate speculator, and speculating on the result of an election. Comment is needless, but I would like to call the attention of the Utah Commission, of ex-Governor West, and of the United

States Congress to the advertisement. It speaks for itself. But if Mr. Bache is what he represents himself, what need of any references? Surely the supreme court of any State or Territory in the Union should be reference enough. We hear a good deal about the Americanism of the "Liberals" in Utah. Bache is more suggestive of Herr Most and August Spies than of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. And as to the references, they could not have been more unfortunate at the present time in Chicago. McCormick has become synonymous with Camp 20, and only yesterday a coroner's jury, mostly, if not all, composed of real estate dealers, rendered a verdict in the Gibbons case of justifiable homicide. This same jury anxiously awaited the presence of Alderman John McCormick, but waited in vain. McCormick has gone to find McGinty.

In Utah the Clan-na-Gael and Dutch seem to get along better than in Chicago. We have a regular Dutch-Irish war on hand. You may think that the "Mormons" and Gentiles of Utah are having it hot, but we don't hear of any blood letting out there, and those who get killed happen to come to life again, the same as Mr. Green.

Here is what the *Illinois State Zeitung* of Feb. 1 says of the McCormick clans:

Among all honest people there is general regret that Gibbons departed alone. They would have been glad to give him his comrade McCormick for a companion to the other world. The assault on Captain Schuetzler was an infamous afterpiece to the assassination of Cronin, and every participant in it deserved to be shot down like a dog. Schuetzler had done valuable service in the prosecution of the murderers of Cronin. For this the companions of those murderers had sworn to be revenged upon him. They wanted to remove him. His good fortune, his strength and activity enabled him to cut off the life of at least one—unfortunately but one—of the infamous brood of murderers.

Well, there is one less at any rate. One should be thankful for small favors.

The murderous assault on Schuetzler ought to have opened the eyes even of the dullest to the necessity of putting an end to the boundless impudence of the Irish clan of murderers unless Chicago is to be turned into a new Tipperary. The English vernacular papers in cowardly tones say that Chicago is the truest and most typically American city. Nonsense! It will be, like New York, an Irish city, unless Americans, Germans and Swedes stand fast together to prevent such a calamity. It is unfortunately true that the Sunday and temperance question has caused a certain coldness between Americans and Germans. The Irish professional politicians of the Clan-na-Gael have taken advantage of this feeling to draw the "American" democrats into their service. But that shall and must not go on in this way! The bonds which these fellows—who, it is true, speak English but think Irish, and look upon the United States as an appendage of Ireland to be wagged by them—have woven around our political parties must be torn by a powerful hand. It is the part of just such American democrats as Mr. Cregier to make

a beginning if they want to prove that they are men. It is their first duty to purify the police force of all the comrades of the Clan-na-Gael.

Be a man, Mr. Cregier! Don't be a mouse.

Compare Mr. Bache's advertisement with this clipping from the honest Dutchman's paper, and ask yourself what Salt Lake will become if under the dominion of Col. O'Brien of Montana, Judge Morrison of Arizona, Mayor O'Lynch of Galway, and Corporal Lannan of Connemara.

The police force of Chicago has become about the most demoralized body to be found anywhere. In fact it cannot be said to be a police force ever since the day Captain Bonfield was compelled to resign by Mayor Roche. There is no doubt at all but Bonfield saved millions of property and thousands of lives by his prompt, determined, energetic action during the anarchist riots. He had the police force of Chicago at that time the best disciplined body of men in the world. Life and property were safe everywhere. In fact John A. Roche became mayor of Chicago on the strength of Bonfield's reputation.

And John A. Roche, like the cowardly cur he is, and true to the treacherous Clan-na-Gael blood in him, removed Bonfield at the instance of a blackmailing newspaper man. The same newspaper man, J. J. West, is now on the brink of Joliet prison himself. He was in court yesterday, a broken, miserable wretch, who has been proved a blackmailer, a forger, a swindler and in fact everything—he was in court yesterday trying to stave off his debut in Joliet by some means. John A. Roche, the ex-Roman Catholic acolyte, and former member for Cork, a short time ago presided over an association banquet of the "Sons of Massachusetts" in this city. What an honor to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock! He would not be elected a dog-catcher in Chicago at the present time. It is possible that there may be a spirit of genius or deity presiding and directing the affairs of humanity after all. Right may be trampled and often enslaved, but she triumphs in the end. And the safest motto after all is *God and Right*.

JUNIAS.

CHICAGO, February 2nd, 1890.

"OCH HONEI"

In the language of the inexperienced and hyperbolic paragrapher, on Saturday, Feb. 8, a dense cloud of sadness settled down upon our usually cheerful city. It hung like a funeral pall over the devoted heads of the people, who, it is presumed, had no need to go to the natatorium, having ample cause to indulge in a briny bath of tears.

The reason for this melancholic condition was the news of the arrest of Mr. Patrick Henry Lannan on a charge of forgery. What made the situation all the more distressing was the fact that the allegation had