

**THE BLOOD OF THE
FATHERS. A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

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The Blood of the Fathers. A Play in Four Acts by G. Frank Lydston

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G. FRANK LYDSTON

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FATHERS. A PLAY
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BLOOD OF THE FATHERS

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY
G. FRANK LYDSTON

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A PROBLEM — ALL HUMAN —
OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS

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DEDICATION
TO JACK LONDON

You once wrote me this: "Well can you and I repeat together the words of Watson 'to a Laodicean':

"Timorous, hesitant voice, how utterly vile I hold you!
Voice without wrath, without ruth—empty of hate as of love!
Different notes from these, O watchman, blow to the midnight!
Loud in a deep-lulled land, trumpeter, sound an alarm!"

The watchman blew loud; the watchman blew long—without an answering call. Echoes there were, to be sure—there are literary parrots in the Forest of Pen Land—but the deaf would not hear the bugle of warning, nor would the blind see the grim-visaged trumpeter on the social ramparts.

But they are beginning to hear and see, and some of the inmates of the asylum for the deaf and blind that lies in the Land of Fatuous Optimism are now even wondering if they could not blow the trumpet louder and better than the watchman himself. And so, all's well—because the dawn is breaking and it one day *will* be well.

There is no pain like that experienced by that good old dame, Society, at the birth of a new idea or in the letting in of

light upon her muddy and super-sensitive retina. She sometimes howls for narcotics when she requires the knife of the social surgeon. One of the keenest blades ever wielded was that wonderful book, your own *People of the Abyss*, an autograph copy of which lies before me. It should have removed the cataracts from the eyes of all the world. I read it and re-read it, and was consoled—I no longer felt lonely.

Nothing grows so slowly as the Idea. Once it is born its troubles really begin. But it does grow—it can not be killed, thank heaven! And so, my dear London, we can apply to our souls the unction that our work has been well worth while. The trouble has been with the soil, not with the Idea. If the soil had been right, there would have been no need for the Idea—nor would there have been room for social weeds.

Beneath your photograph, which I so highly prize, you have subscribed yourself, "Yours for strong manhood and womanhood." The whole story lies in this. It is the beginning and the end. It is the voice of the attorney at the bar of social justice, pleading for the under-dog—and pleading that there should no longer *be* an under-dog.

To you, Jack London, *littérateur* second to none, and one of the world's greatest sociologists, I dedicate this, my latest attempt to write a "score" for the "watchman."

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E

To those who are familiar with the pioneer work which has appeared in my various monographs, and later in my Diseases of Society, the intent of this play will be obvious.

The "Brood of Ishmael" was branded with the blood brand. Generation after generation we have ostracised the daughters of Ishmael and imprisoned or hanged his sons, but the call of his blood is as strong as ever. Experience has shown that covering up with more blood the stains on Society's hands does not help matters. The blood is all from Society's own integers and must be stopped at its very source, else Society will go on forever, staining her hands and vestments with the blood of her children.

But Society will not listen—Society will not learn. We go on marrying and giving in marriage criminals, lunatics, epileptics, inebriates and syphilitics and breeding more of their kind! We go on hanging and jailing criminals and ignoring the children from whom criminals are made! We go on paying out for the cure of crime and its evil congeners more money than we spend for our children's education! We go on with maudlin sentiment and savagely oppose practicality and common sense in matrimony—society's very corner stone! And we pretend to be an intelligent social system!