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PAINTING BY THE POPE'S ORDERS DONE BY THE ARTIST VASARI
ON THE WALLS OF THE POPE'S PALACE. SHOWING THE
WOUNDED COLIGNY. SEE THE ANGEL IN THE CLOUDS.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

A Last Word On the Massacre of St. Bartholomew

Part Three

AS will have been seen in the lengthy quotation from Sir Walter Besant, there are historians who do not believe that the plot against the French Protestants was one of great deliberation and long standing.

It can be plausibly maintained that the Duke of Guise sought to have his private revenge on Admiral Coligny for the Admiral's alleged complicity in the murder of the Duke's father: that the poor aim of Maurevel, wounding instead of killing the Admiral, plunged the Court and the Catholics into sudden trouble: that the dread of the retaliation of Coligny's friends precipitated the action of the Court, which, in fear of attack, attacked: and that the passions of pent-up religious hatred being unleashed, ran far deeper, wider and fiercer than the king anticipated.

This theory has been adopted by Prosper Merimee, by Sir Walter Besant and by others. It may be the true explanation of all that occurred.

Yet, there is abundant evidence that the King had assured the Pope's legate, Cardinal Alexandrino, he was consenting to the marriage of Princess Margaret to King Henry because it was his only way to wreak his vengeance upon the heretics.

After the Massacre, the Cardinal being at Rome, exclaimed, "Thank God! the King has kept his word!"

And Charles himself boasted of how he had used his "big sister Margot," as a net to catch the Huguenots.

Lord Acton, an English Roman Catholic, went thoroughly into the question, and became convinced that the French King and his mother had for two years been intending just such a *coup* as they executed on St. Bartholomew's eve. This belief, and his reasons for it, Lord Acton published in the North British Review.

But the most conclusive of all testimony is that of Sorbin, Bishop of Nevers, who had been the Confessor of Charles IX. and who in 1574 published a narrative of the King's life and death. The Bishop furnishes the evidence that for two years prior to the Massacre, the King and the Queen-Mother were intent upon it.

However, this particular point is of minor importance: the vital question is, Did religious hatred growing out of papal teachings, papal law and papal instigation, cause this awful and promiscuous butchery of Protestants?

That's the point! All else is secondary.

* * * * *

Let me here quote from No. 29 of The Knox Club Publications, of Edinburgh, Scotland:

Lord Acton, much too shrewd as well as much too honest to suggest that the Pope

was deceived by the fabled plot against Charles, thus deals with that point:

"The story that the Huguenots had perished because they were detected plotting the King's death was known at Rome on the 6th of September. While the sham edict and the imaginary trial served to confirm it in the eyes of Europe, Catherine and her son took care that it should not deceive the Pope. They assured him that they meant to disregard the edict. To excuse his sister's marriage, the King pleaded that it had been concluded for no object but vengeance; and he promised that there would soon be not a heretic in the country. This was corroborated by Salviati [the Papal Nuncio at the French Court]. As to the proclaimed toleration, he knew that it was a device to disarm foreign enmity, and prevent a popular commotion. He testified that the Queen spoke truly when she said that she had confided to him, long before, the real purpose of her daughter's engagement. He exposed the hollow pretence of the plot. He announced that its existence would be established by formalities of law, but added that it was so notoriously false that none but an idiot could believe in it. Gregory gave no countenance to the official falsehood."

Some of the "facts" invented at a later period to clear the Papacy, are enumerated by Lord Acton:—

"The victims were insignificant in number; they were slain for no reason connected with religion; the Pope believed in the existence of the plot; the plot was a reality; the medal is nictitious; the massacre was a feint concerted with the Protestants themselves; the Pope rejoiced only when he heard it was over. . . . Such things will cease to be written when men perceive that truth is the only merit that gives dignity and worth to history."—(North British Review, ut supra).

In Dr. Lea's History of the Inquisition of Spain we find the statement—

"Such were *the lessons which* the church inculcated and such was the *training it gave* to Spain the *auto da fe* (burning a heretic to death) came to be regarded as a *spectacular religious entertainment*, on the occasion of a royal visit, or in honour of the marriage of princes."

In other words, the teaching and the practice of Popery had brought the Spaniards to believe that the killing of a fellow creature, *by fire*, was not only a duty, but an act which should be

enjoyed as a grateful spectacle to men and to God.

Auto da fe!—act of faith—come all ye good Catholics and make ready to enjoy yourselves! There is to be a royal entertainment: a prince of the blood is our guest and must be shown pleasing sights! Or, a marriage in the reigning family is to be celebrated with pomp, circumstance and religious display! The crowning exhibition, the climax, of the appropriate festivities will be the burning of half-a-dozen heretics, on the public square!

The King, the Queen, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Princes, the nobility will occupy the grand gallery especially reserved to God's elect! The common herd will find ample room lower down, in full sight and hearing of the Act of Faith, in which we burn to ashes sundry accursed rebels against Christ's vice-gerent on earth, "our Lord God, the Pope!"

European literature bears along on its current, from age to age, the dreadful phrase which sums up modern indignation at pagan enjoyment of human strife, pain and death—

"Butchered, to make a Roman holiday."

But a still more hideous phrase is inspired by the diabolism of Popery, *not* its accidents, not its occasional brutalities or irresponsible fanatics, but its written law and orthodox practise—

"CHRISTIANS BURN'T, TO MAKE A POPISH ENTERTAINMENT!"

* * * * *

In the forty one articles of Luther which the Pope condemned as "pestiferous, pernicious and scandalous," the thirty-third is, *the declaration against the burning of heretics*. The German monk had maintained that it was un-Christian and wrong to burn those who could not see religious truth with the Pope's eyes.

The earthly vice-gerent of the kind Mediator who came to save rather than

to kill, denounced this Lutheran doctrine as "pestiferous, pernicious and scandalous."

The real spirit of popery breathes in the official prayer-book of the Romish clergy, where Ferdinand III. King of Castile is selected as a model Christian, model ruler, model saint. Of Ferdinand, the Vicar of Christ says—

"He manifested that especially in persecuting heretics"—that is he manifested his "zeal for the Catholic faith" by persecuting those miscreants who believed something else.

"Suffering these (heretics) to remain nowhere in his realms, he used with his own hands to carry wood to the pile for burning the condemned" heretics!

Thus speaks the Pope in the *Breviarium Romanum*, the official prayer-book of "the holy ones of God."

"The royal virtues shone conspicuous!"

He persecuted those who rejected popery, and would not suffer them to remain in his realms. He used to carry wood, with his own royal hands, to freshen the fire in which these poor persecuted fellow creatures were being burnt to ashes, by the one true church, and for the greater glory of the Virgin Mary, and our Lord God, the Pope.

O most glorious Ferdinand! O most Christian Church!

If Hell were visibly organized into sacerdotalism, it would look like, AND ACT LIKE, the twin-brother of Popery.

Pope Pius V. declared that he would rather release a criminal guilty of a hundred murders, than to release one obstinate heretic.

The murderer, in such a case, had broken the law of Nature, the Ten Commandments, the law of God: the heretic had been guilty of no crime known to the Bible, nor to the law of

Nature. Yet, because he rejected *popery*, no mercy whatever must be shown so accursed a creature.

Pius V. admonished the King of France (Charles IX.) to hold no intercourse with the Huguenots, to make no terms with them, and not to keep the promises he had already made to them.

The Pope required the King to pursue these heretics to death, that no one should be spared under any pretense, and that all heretic prisoners be killed.

Popery held *then*, and holds *now*, that "No civil power may enter into engagements which impede the free scope of Church's law.

It is a part of the punishment of heretics that no faith is to be kept with them.

It is even a mercy to kill them, that they may sin no more."

(Lord Acton, in *North British Review*.)

Before the Massacre, our Lord God, the Pope was teaching the King that heresy must be wiped out, by conversion or by death.

After the Massacre, the Pope assured the King that—

"It was a great consolation to himself and an extraordinary grace vouchsafed to Christendom.

But he desired, *for the glory of God and the good of France*, that the Huguenots should be *extirpated utterly*."

That word "extirpate" was deeply bedded in the law of Popery, *then*: it is so deeply bedded in it, *now*, that our three so-called Americans, who paid ten thousand dollars apiece for their red hats, had to sign and swear to a pledge binding them, as cardinal princes of Rome, to "persecute heresy, to the utmost."

To wipe out heresy, it is necessary to exterminate heretics: and popery requires that her highest officers shall swear to do it.

They *do* swear to do it, and they would use, at this day, the rack, the dungeon, the sword, and the stake, *if they had the power.*

* * * * *

In the year 1572, there was printed at Rome, a tract of four pages, giving the program of the papal thanksgiving service, ordered by the Pope after having received the glorious news from Paris. (A copy of this booklet is in the Bodleian Library, England.)

First, on the title page, we read—

“Order of the most solemn procession made by the Pope in the august city of Rome;

When the most happy news came of the destruction of the Huguenot sect.”

Not a word about rebels and civil war. Not a word about plotters who were conspiring to overthrow the government.

Next, on the title page of the tract—

“With the inscription placed over the door of the Church of St. Louis, *in letters of gold.*” &c.

Next on title page, appears an ornamental device with the Pope's three-storied hat, and the keys, which the Pope borrowed from paganism.

Last, on title page is the printers' name and date—

“At Rome, by the Heirs of Anthony Blado, Printers to the (Apostolical) Chamber, 1572.”

This little book was therefore the official account of what took place in Rome, “when the most happy news came of the destruction of the Huguenot sect.”

No matter what else may be doubted, *this* story may be taken as true, for it was approved by the Apostolical Chamber, and there was, at that time, no motive for suppression of facts—nor for “the invention of facts.”

Let us read the papal story of that historic and most solemn procession, “which was ordered by the Vicar of Jesus Christ,” when the most happy news came of the slaughter of men,

women and children, who were Christians, but not papists:

As soon as the Pope received the news of the death of the Admiral and other chiefs of the Huguenot sect, before ordering a general procession, he requested the Cardinals then present in Rome to assemble in a solemn consistory, where letters from the Papal Nuncio at the Court of France referring to the destruction of the Huguenot sect were read. Immediately afterwards his Holiness with all the cardinals in most beautiful order went to the Church of St. Mark, where the best singers sang a most beautiful *Te Deum Laudamus*. This done, the Pope solemnly consigned the cross to the most illustrious Cardinal Ursini for the French Legation, and ordered that on Monday next, the Feast of the Nativity of the most glorious confraternities, companies, and the clergy should meet together in St. Mark's, in order to begin therefrom a most solemn procession. On the appointed day the procession was opened by the confraternities and companies; then followed the religious orders, then the parish priests, then the canons, each one taking that place to which the importance of his church in the good city of Rome gave him right; afterwards followed the members of his Holiness's Court, all wearing long robes suitable for such a solemnity.

Immediately after came the golden cross of the Pope, followed by the most reverend protonotaries, auditors of the rota, bishops and most illustrious cardinals, all clothed in pontifical robes, and surrounded by the Swiss Guards. The ambassadors of the foreign powers to the Papal Court came next, and last of all the Pope under a canopy of silken velvet all embroidered with golden figures, which was carried by several of the principal gentlemen. Such a crowd of common people filled the streets, to see and accompany the said procession, that the Swiss Guards of the Pope could scarcely keep back such a concourse. Finally, the procession was closed by a magnificent and gallant body of light-armed cavalry.

But the most gorgeous and wonderful spectacle of silk, of gold, and other most beautiful things, requisite for such a function, was to be seen in St. Louis', the church of the French nation, [to which the procession betook itself]: all under the charge of Cardinal Ferrara, the titular of the Church. The most illustrious Cardinal of Lorraine, together with the French ambassador, received the Pope at the door of the Church, with a most joyful look on his face, and gave him the cross to kiss, with other due ceremonies. After which, the Pope, the cardinals, and the most reverend bishops having taken their appointed places, the most illustrious French Cardinal lanses (?) sang High Mass as a thanksgiving for the great favour the

French nation had received from our Lord God. The mass was responded to by the musicians of our Lord the Pope, who sang so sweetly and beautifully that the hearts of all who were present and the city of Rome were filled with great joy, thereby making known how greatly this city was attached to religion and to the kingdom of France.

Outside of the Church and over its door, there was a most elegant inscription, in golden letters, emblazoned on a violet silk cloth, with the colours and figures of the arms of France, which for the pleasure of readers is here transcribed.

To God the Best and Greatest.

To the most Blessed Father Gregory XIII. Supreme Pontiff.

To the Sacred College of most Illustrious Cardinals.

To the Senate and People of Rome.

Charles IX., the Most Christian King of the French, filled with zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, almost all the heretics and rebels of his kingdom having been suddenly removed as by a smiting angel divinely sent, never to be forgetful of so great a benefit, himself now greatly abounding in most solid joys, sends congratulations for the truly stupendous effects, the perfectly incredible results, the completion in all respects, abounding with divine favour, of the counsels given for that end, the assistance sent, the prayers, supplications, vows, tears, and sighs, of himself and all Christians for the past twelve years, to the Most High God.

This great happiness—which has happened at the beginning of the pontificate of the most Blessed Father Gregory XIII., not long after his admirable and divine election—together with the continuation of that most unflagging and prompt Eastern expedition, foreshadows the restoration of ecclesiastical affairs, and the vigour and flourishing state of religion which was languishing.

For this great favour the King of France, absent in body but present in spirit, here in the Church of his ancestor St. Louis, thanks Almighty God and suppliantly beseeches his mercy that such a hope may not fail.

Charles of Lorraine, Cardinal Priest of the title of Saint Apollinaris, of the Holy Roman Church, has willed that this should be made known to all. A.D. M.D. LXXII. 8th of September.

After high mass was over in St. Louis the following versicles and prayers were said by our Lord [the Pope].

Let us pray.

Almighty and eternal God, who resistest the proud and givest grace to the humble, we give thee devout thanks and sing unto thee songs of praise; because, regarding the faith of thy servants, thou hast granted to the Catholic people a glorious and joyful victory over treacherous nations. We beseech thee mercifully to continue what

thou hast faithfully begun to the praise and glory of thy name, which we thy servants suppliantly invoke. Through Christ our Lord, &c.

(End of the Booklet.)

Voltaire diligently searched the Old Testament to pick out those frightful prayers in which the distracted and infuriated Children of Israel, often enslaved and barbarously treated, called down Jehovah's vengeance upon the enemies of the Chosen People.

Some of those prayers are savage enough to satisfy a Zulu, and to fresco the walls of the Inferno where Satan broods on his fall and dreams of revenge.

But no Voltaire can find in any religious cult contemporaneous with Charles the Ninth, Catherine de Medici, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and Pope Gregory, a prayer like that which the Apostolic Chamber ordered the official printers to put upon record, and which accordingly went to permanent record, a few days after the hierarchs of Jesus Christ had finished their memorable Scalp dance in Rome.

Old Woden was supposed to smile, when the skin-clad warriors of barbaric Germany drank fire-water from the skull of *foes slain in fair fight*.

That was long before the coming of the Nazarene.

Christ came, taught his gospel of Love and of the Brotherhood of man, calling himself, *not* a ravenous wolf, but a *Good Shepherd*; and he was murdered because he imperilled the organized prejudices and interests of the day.

He passed, and in the long evolution of time, the Pope came, saying, "I am the Vicar of Christ: I am Jesus, again, veiled in the flesh, even as he was incarnated of the flesh."

And in this year of 1572 after the birth of the Prince of Peace, here at Rome was the Vicar of Him who said to Peter, *put up thy sword!*—here at Rome was the Vice-gerent of this

Christ who loved good men, loved pure women, loved the little children,—here at Rome was this Vicar of the Good Shepherd dancing a savage Scalp Dance, in commemoration of the cowardly slaughter of unsuspecting and unarmed men, roused out of their beds to be slain!

Here was the Vicar of Him who begged his people to love one another,

the Sacred College, the Christian ambassadors, the human paraphernalia of a Babylonian papal court should not only execute this elaborate Scalp Dance, but proclaim it by cannon salutes, by the lighting of bonfires, by gorgeous ceremonial in the churches, but should indelibly place upon infamous record, for all time, by the casting of medals, the placing of inscrip-

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POPE'S MEDAL. THE ANGEL SLAYING THE HUGUENOTS OF PARIS.

who never laid his hands upon a human being save to dry a tear or heal a wound, or to give back sight to the blind—here was the Vicar of *this* Christ virtually drinking blood out of the skull cups of foes slain, not in open fight, but the blood of old men, helpless women, prattling children, innocent babes, and sucklings, butchered in cold, premeditated, cowardly malice!

Great God! To think that the Pope,

tions, the painting of interior walls, and the printing of an official book.

Sadly wrote the preacher, "There is nothing new under the sun." Even the riotous celebration of victory in the halls of heathen gods: even the wild frenzies of the naked Red men of America, celebrating the atrocities they had committed on the latest war path, seem crude, incomplete and pardonable in comparison.

"Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

Those naked savages did not know any better than to exult and celebrate, when they had butchered the enemy—men, women and children.

Those red savages had heard no angel message, heard no Christ, heard no Sermon on the Mount. Living like tigers, they were tigerish.

But what of the Pope? And the Pope's law? And the Pope's regular practice? And the Pope's public jollification. "when the happy news came" that even the woman soon to become a mother, and the child that smiled in the eyes of the man who meant to dash its brains out, had been victims?

What must we say of *these*?

* * * * *

As we reflect upon the jubilations in Rome, let us try to have before us a general view of the events which thrilled the souls of Pope, cardinals, choristers and papal ambassadors with such a delirious joy.

"*Glory hallelujah!*" shouted the Pope, the cardinals, the choristers, the papal ambassadors—and their yells of frenzied exultation resound in the pages which they ordered the printers to publish.

"*Glory Hallelujah!*" cried the "Christ veiled in the flesh;" and he commanded the artist in bronze, the artist in music, the artist in painting to commemorate the event so enduringly that mankind should never forget.

And mankind has never forgotten, cannot forget, never will forget.

All other church-bells may lose their tongues, and speak no more; but the bells of the church of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois will never lose their tongues, nor cease to ring.

Only a few weeks ago, an American priest—D. S. Phelan by name—the Romanist priest and editor who is particularly endorsed by Pope Pius X.—the reigning God-on-earth—*taunted*

the Protestants, in a written reply to a question about these bells of the St. Bartholomew.

Father Phelan gloated over the memory of those bells which signalled the assassins to begin the slaughter of sleeping civilians and Christians—Christian men, Christian women, Christians boys and girls, Christian babes at the breast.

Father Phelan, of St. Louis, Missouri, wrote me that these bells of the St. Bartholomew "*were ringing yet.*"

Father Phelan wrote specifically—in answer to a direct question,—saying, that *the Church of Rome claimed the same right to punish heretics, that the State had to punish criminals!*

Popery has as much right to imprison and destroy the non-believer in the Pope, as the State has to penalize the robber, the rapist, the murderer.

The officially endorsed Phelan said so—and I published his statement in The Jeffersonian, months ago. (This is Dec. 6, 1913.)

None of three Irish cardinals of America have disclaimed what the pope-endorsed Phelan wrote.

NO CATHOLIC PRIEST HAS DARED TO DISAVOW PHELAN! Therefore his answer to my question stands.

And that answer was, that the bells of the St. Bartholomew Massacre *still ring*, and the Pope still has the same right to kill heretics!

The same right to ring church bells as the signal of indiscriminate murder: the same right to butcher fellow-creatures guilty of no crime save rejection of popery: the same right to inspire the host with the rage which sacrifices the invited guest; the same right to dissemble, deceive, lie, and entrap, in order that the slaughter may be perfectly safe, and the ensnared game killed before it has even suspected the snare.

In effect, so wrote Father Phelan, editor of *The Western Watchman*, an officially endorsed organ of popery.

In the year 1904, the Rev. Father Vincent republished his book, *Theologie de Clermont*, doing so with episcopal sanction and approval. The work is therefore orthodox, as well as recent. Father Vincent says—

"The church has received from God the power to reprove those who wander from the truth, not only by spiritual but corporeal penalties, such as imprisonment, flagellation, mutilation and death."

By the words, "the Church," he means, of course, the one true Church, that of the Pope.

By the words, "the truth," he means the truth, as Roman Catholicism understands it. Therefore, all those who have wandered from *this* "truth" are heretics, subject to corporal penalties to be inflicted under orders from the Pope.

The wanderers from "the truth," are Lutherans, Calvinists, Waldensians, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Adventists, Campbellites, Christian Scientists, and all other execrable bipeds whomsoever that reject "our Lord, the Pope."

These miserable wanderers from the Pope's monopoly of truth and Christian goodness may be punished by our Lord God the Pope, may be cast into prison, may be flogged, may have their limbs struck off from their bodies, and may be put to death.

That is what popery has always taught: that is what popery has always done, where it got the upper hand.

That is what popery teaches now in the 20th Century; and that is what popery will do again, if it ever succeeds in regaining its lost power.

In numberless ways, the spirit of intolerant and murderous popery is in full operation in these United States, applying the St. Bartholomew spirit to the more modern methods of slander, libel, social proscription, political outlawry, commercial boycotts and malicious criminal prosecutions.

In the year 1900, at lectures delivered in Paris, there were cries of "*Vive la Saint Bartholomy!*" and a prominent Roman Catholic openly declared, "St. Bartholomew's Eve was a splendid night for our church and our country!"

In America, there are prominent priests, approved by the Pope, who in their sermons and in their newspapers practically repeat the cry—"Hurrah for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

There would be no especial reason for dwelling upon this terrible episode in the history of France, if it did not teach some lesson vitally important to the human race. Whether the victims of the massacre numbered 10,000, or 100,000, the butchery would count for less than the recent Balkan war, if the tragedy of St. Bartholomew were not a frightful example of what can be done by the monomania which sometimes calls itself "religion."

Does Roman Catholicism claim the right to "extirpate heresy?" Does Popery identify itself with God, and proclaim that it has the same prerogatives that Jehovah would have, were He on earth? Was it the law of Popery in the 16th Century, that Protestants, Huguenots, Jews, Calvinists, Waldenses, Albigensians, Anabaptists and Lutherans might be put to death? Is that the law of Popery, *now*? Does the canon law of the Roman Church necessarily make it intolerant, persecutive, murderous, an enemy to liberty of speech, of conscience, and of worship?

Does the fixed and permanent law of the Roman Church inevitably and eternally make that sacerdotal establishment the deadliest menace to democratic institutions, popular sovereignty, freedom of the press, unshackled education, independence of the human mind, unfettered action in matters of faith, and the absolute right of every human creature to settle *for himself*, his religious principles?

If the Massacre of St. Bartholomew

was nothing more than a butchery of one faction by another, then it sinks into insignificance. If it was a mere,

or like that which almost destroyed England during the Wars of the Roses, then the Massacre of St. Bartholomew has already received far more attention than it deserved.

If *that* was all, the Pope wasted his ammunition which he fired those joyous salvos from his Castle of Saint Angelo: misapplied his exultation when he lit bonfires in the streets of his city of Rome: and gave too much honor to one episode of civil war, when he proclaimed a jubilee and went in solemn ceremonial to his churches to render thanks to God.

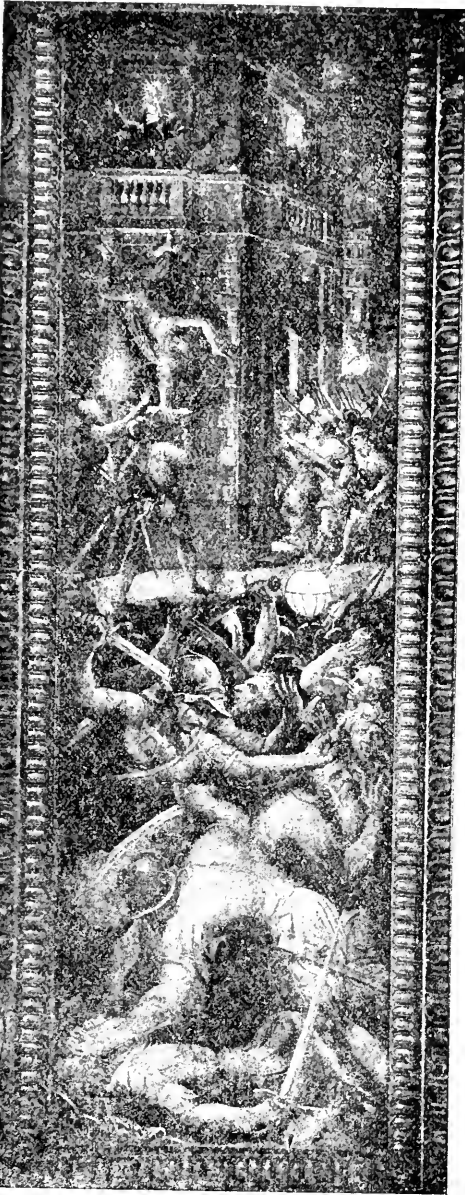
If *this* Massacre was but another reeking chapter of internecine fury, what was the use of those medals, struck by papal orders, representing the angel from heaven, sword in hand, slaughtering Huguenots?

Why was the artist Vasari set to painting those frescoes upon the walls of the Pope's palace, glorifying the cowardly and perfidious murder of *the King's invited guests*?

Why that haste and zeal to commemorate the ruthless butchery of unsuspecting sleepers in Paris—the family of the noble, of the merchant, of the scholar, of the poor artisan?

Why the quick employment of every known means of handing down to posterity the murders of *that day*—the hewing to pieces of pregnant women, the pitiless slaying of little children, the choking of the streets, the wells, the cellars and the river with the mangled bodies of the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young, the soldier and the civilian, the youth who had come there to study, the counsellor who had come to advise his King, the judge who had come to administer the laws, and even the man-servants and the maid-servants who had come up to Paris, in the train of *the Huguenot bride-groom chosen by the treacherous King to marry his own sister*?

Why these utmost efforts of the Pope



Painting on the wall of the Pope's palace: representing assassins breaking into Coligny's house, Coligny's dead body flung out of the window and the popish murderers at work in the streets.

repetition of civil strife, like that which had drenched France with blood in the days of Armagnacs and Burgundians:

and his cardinals to immortalize *that* Massacre wherein the host betrayed the guest, the friend slew his friend, the mistress surrendered her lover, the pupil destroyed teacher, the monarch fired upon his own unarmed subjects, and the priests cheered the butchers, as huntsmen cheer the pack?

In *this* massacre, the lines between innocence and guilt were *those of religious sect*. In *this* massacre cradles were desecrated and the utterly helpless exterminated. In no other massacre did authorized assassination riot through the palace of the King, shooting down the associates of the King, *piercing with merciless swords and spears, men who had sat late into the night playing cards with the King; splashing with blood the night-garments and the bed-clothes of the King's sister when a wretched fugitive from the murderers clung to her for protection!*

This marriage of Henry of Navarre to the King's sister, was "a mixed marriage;" the groom, a Protestant; the bride, a Romanist. Besides, they were related to each other within the prohibited degrees, being second cousins. But the Pope had granted the necessary permission; and therefore the nuptials of the King of Navarre and the Princess Marguerite were solemnized with the express sanction of the Roman Church. By the Cardinal of Bourbon, the ceremony was performed. Nevertheless, the bride-groom was seized in his private room, was hurried by armed men to the presence of his royal brother-in-law, and was sternly told by that crafty and frenzied monarch that unless he promised to become a Catholic, he, also, would be killed.

The invited guest of Charles? Yes. The chosen husband of Charles' beloved sister? Yes.

Was there any accusation hurled at his head? Yes: one, and only one: *he was an accursed heretic*, a Hugue-

not, and unless he surrendered, *then and there, THE RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS IN WHICH A HEROIC MOTHER HAD REARED HIM*, his fate, *then and there*, would be the same as the doom which had suddenly, appallingly and universally come upon the other Huguenots of Paris.

No one who imparitally weighs the admitted facts in the case, can have the faintest doubt *why* the Pope and his cardinals made Rome the scene of wild enthusiasm and rejoicing when the courier spurred into the city and delivered those memorable dispatches. No one can doubt *why* the courier was given a thousand golden crowns for his good news. Nor why the cannon boomed, the bonfires blazed, the bells clanged and jangled, the cardinals paraded the streets, the choirs chanted *Te Deum*, the worker in bronze was set to cast the medals, and the worker with brush and oil was assigned the task of illuminating the panels of the Vatican with *glorified murder!*

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was a carrying out of the papal teaching, an illustration of papal policy, an object lesson to unbelieving heretics, a fruit of well-settled canon law, a harvest of orthodox sowing! It was because of *this*, that the Pope was filled to overflowing with such a holy joy. It was because of *this*, that Philip II. of Spain actually unlocked his saturnine face and laughed, when he was told of the godly work that Catherine, Charles, and Guise had done in Paris, on the Saint's day.

* * * * *

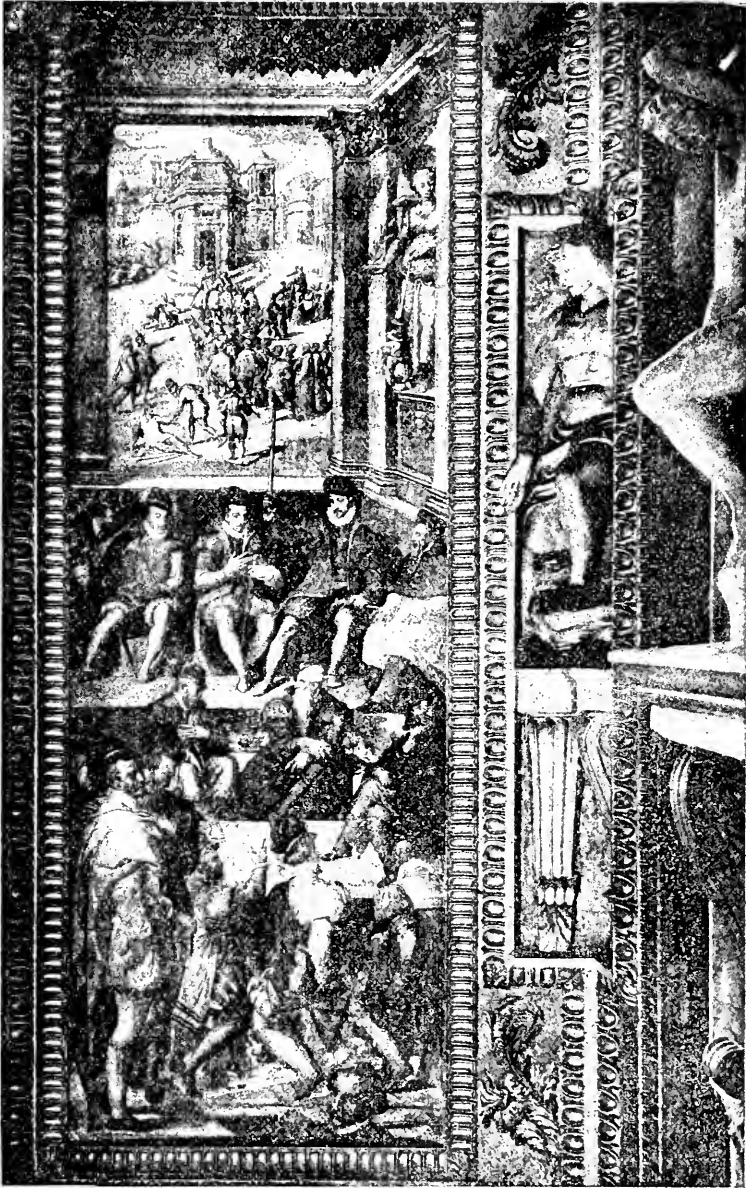
"Always the same!" is the motto of Roman Catholicism. In practice, no creed is more adaptable and time serving. But there is *one* law of popery that *is* always the same, and that is the law on the subject of civil and religious liberty.

Rome always reserves the right to use the sword on heretics, for these

accursed people are "rebels against our Lord God, the Pope!"

If St. Bartholomew is one of Rome's

Rome burnt Joan of Arc as a witch—she the dauntless peasant girl who had inspired and redeemed France. The



THE KING, CHARLES IX, SITTING IN PARLIAMENT, WITH NAKED SWORD IN HAND. A PRIEST AT HIS SIDE APPROVING. ABOVE IS SEEN RELIGIOUS PROCESSION ENTERING CHURCH TO RETURN THANKS FOR KILLING OF THE PROTESTANTS.

proudest achievements, will a study of the Massacre itself ever become unprofitable?

good sense and the conscience of Roman Catholicism grew ashamed of this horrible murder of the national heroine;

and she has at length been canonized as a *Saint*.

Thus Rome, after several hundred years, reverses herself in the matter of poor burnt Joan. But popery has never regretted St. Bartholomew: popery sees in that indiscriminate massacre of heretics the holy handiwork of "the one true Church:" and all genuine papists, *to this very day*, exult over the colossal Crime which Vasari painted into the cherished splendors of *the Pope's own home!*

In whatever country Popery gains the upper hand, persecution is inevitable, bloodshed in religious strife is inevitable, suppression of free speech is inevitable, the overthrow of democratic principles and institutions is inevitable.

When Romanism boycotts and kills *a business*, the spirit is the same as that which hounded on the slaughterers in the streets of Paris.

When Romanism persecutes and prosecutes American citizens for telling the truth about the deviltries of popery, *the spirit* which actuates the papist bigots is precisely the same as that which *choked the life out of William Tyndale for translating the New Testament into English*.—the same as that which sent hyenas to the grave of Wycliffe to dig up his bones and cast them into the river,—the same as that which tortured and burnt "heretics" in the Pope's palace at Avignon,—the same as that which *LAI D A POPE'S CURSE UPON THE GREAT CHARTER OF ENGLISH LIBERTIES*.

Woe unto that nation which shuts its eyes to the damnable record of popery! Woe unto that people which listens too long while Jesuits tell propitiatory lies, *today*, as they lay the fatal train for *TOMORROW!*

That nation is doomed which believes what popery professes to be, *while papists need toleration. THAT PEOPLE IS DOOMED, WHICH*

REFUSES TO JUDGE POPYERY BY ITS PAST, THE TREE BY ITS FRUITS.

* * * * *

William Heaford, in the *Truth Seeker*, March 1912, tells of the Bartholomew spirit working in papal siefs, in the glare of the 20th Century. Needless to say, our daily papers do not publish these occurrences: the pope's censors of our alleged free press will not allow it.

From Surrey, England, Mr. Heaford writes:

ECUADOR, SPAIN, AND THE INQUISITION.

The Spanish newspapers (El Radical, El Progreso, El Liberal, El Motin, and others) give the most heart-rendering details of the terrible events in Ecuador. From the fuller, and almost incredible, details with which we are now furnished we may learn an object-lesson not only in religious intolerance but in the dangers which await civilization from the triumphant arms of Mother Church. We shall see what turpitudes are possible even in the full blaze of twentieth-century enlightenment when the priest holds the reins of power in his hands; for there, in Ecuador, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we shall witness the most sanguinary atrocities—the worst excesses, in fact—of the Spanish Inquisition, reproduced by the present-day fanatic in the streets and prison dungeons of modern Quito and Guayaquil, without the saving grace of cold-blooded solemnity and decorous, formal, well-ordered brutality which, to say the least, dignified the murderous processes of the medieval Inquisition.

In Guayaquil, after the capitulation of the defeated revolutionary forces, the populace, egged on by the ultramontane party, devoted itself to the assassination of the prisoners. General Montero, a well-known Radical, the president of the dissolved Revolutionary Junta, was dragged out of prison and taken to a public street. A huge fire, already lit, awaited him, and the General was flung into it, despite his desperate resistance and cries of horror. When he was already half burnt alive he was fished out of the fire, and flung into a vat full of water. He was then dragged out and thrown back into the fire. His martyrdom, before the end came, lasted more than an hour. No wonder Lucretius of old—in the presence of a less horrifying form of crime—exclaimed: Such were the evils that religion can work!

In Quito, the progress of religion and murder was ever more appalling. We

read (and our account is based on *El Progreso* of February 22) that the multitude, no doubt under "religious auspices," penetrated into the prison, and, with savage refinements of cruelty, killed more than a hundred Radicals detained as conspirators against the dominant clericalist government. Four generals and the *Freethought* editor, Corral, were brought to the cemetery of San Diego. It was then and there that the horrible mutilations—the cutting out of the tongue of each of the five unhappy men, and their taunting invitation to make speeches, referred to in my last article—took place. They were afterwards tortured by a number of wounds carefully inflicted on the most sensitive parts of their bodies, a detail which suggests the clericalist refinement of Montjuich. Their hands and feet were then hacked off, and, continuing the hellish (or heavenly) work, the victims were suspended to high beams set up in the ground. When they were half strangulated the cords were cut, and their bloody members were saturated with petroleum and set fire to. When the poor wretches were half dead the fire was damped down, the bodies were wrapped up and carried away, and then the heads of the five unhappy men were cut off. The head and the heart of General Eloy Alfaro, were afterwards fixed on pikes and paraded through the city. From later information, published in *El Motin* of March 7, it appears certain that the murderous proceedings in Quito were provoked by the clergy. The proof of their complicity is shown by the fact that the hordes that attacked the prison were led by the priests and by elements under their inspiration.

My friend, Francisco Gicco, writing on February 15 of these events in his paper (*El Progreso*, Buenos Aires), declares that the outrages were organized by the reactionary government in order to get rid of the veteran general, Eloy Alfaro, the *Freethinker* ex-president of the Republic, and his brother, Gen. Flavio Alfaro, who at the time of his murder in the cemetery at Quito, was the president of the *Freethought* Ligue in Ecuador.

The reign of terror is not over yet. On March 5, General Julio Andrade, the military commander at Guayaquil, was assassinated—as the euphemistic telegram tells us—"by his own soldiers." Thereby hangs a tale. Andrade, though he was the political enemy of Alfaro and his party, was opposed to the defeated men being sent for incarceration at Quito, and, together with Plaza, did all he could to prevent the perpetration of these horrors. This murder marks the vengeance of the dominant Clericalist faction in Ecuador. No wonder Mr. Cunningham Graham, writing to me from Rome, declares that "Ecuador is a disgrace to humanity." Other people think so, too. I learn that already in Peru, in the Argentine, in Chili,

and in Panama a movement is on foot to demand that the governments of these Republics should break off all diplomatic relations with the savages of Ecuador, whose piety is apparently only equaled by their ferocity.

These unspeakable acts were perpetrated by a Catholic populace educated in the holy fear of God, by men consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, who had read no other literature than the Christian Catechism. The Catholic authorities in Quito, like modern Sauls, consented to the crime, and the men of law and order applauded its commission. As *El Radical* bitterly declares, no Jesuit, no priest, and no high ecclesiastical authority did aught to prevent these *autos-da-fe*. Our contemporary wants to know what the Catholics and Conservatives of Spain, and elsewhere, have to say about these events? Let them compare these excesses with the paler events of the "tragic week" of Barcelona and the recent excesses in Cullera, and declare on their conscience if the barbarism is on the side of Christian religion or of the Secular School.

We agree with *El Radical* that religious fanaticism produces the same fruit in all countries and in all times. The fanatic of the twentieth century is the spiritual contemporary of the cave-men. The Catholic of Ecuador, is the barbarous and inquisitorial brother of the Spanish Catholic who executed the orders of Torquemada.

Quite recently, the Spanish nation was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Absit omen! If the people of Spain want to emulate the virtue of the Ecuadorian bigots, let them bring back Maura and the Catholic reaction, which is striving so hard to quench in blood and terrorism the salutary ideas of the *Escuela Moderna*. But it is not from the Spanish people that the evil is to be apprehended—it is from the children of Torquemada who chaunt the services of God in the churches, cathedrals, and monasteries of Spain, and use their influence to shut out the light of secular education from the eyes of the toiling masses.

In view of that modern miracle, the revival of the Inquisition under a twentieth-century republic, our Spanish friends living under the monarchy of modern Spain do well to take alarm at the audacity and ferocity of the common enemy. *El Motin* declares that if the Catholics were to regain power in Spain they would put into the shade the abominations of Ecuador. Acting on the defensive against the eternal foe of human freedom, our brave Madrid co-worker continues its exposures of the Holy Inquisition.

Its relation in the number for February 22 of the cruel martyrdom on May 30, 1554, of a young Jew, as recorded in the cold-blooded legal diction of the Inquisitorial notary, reads quite humane as com-

pared with the recent outbreaks in Quito, and its excellent cartoon, which exhibits Pope Damasus, hatchet in hand and the papal tiara on his head, directing the murder of the heretics, takes the mind back to days when the decencies of ecclesiastical assassination were better observed in the Basilica at Rome than in the streets of Quito.

Nakens is not disposed to submit without resistance to the installation in Spain of the modern methods of the Inquisition. He has returned again to the charge with another damning exposure of the Holy Office, in his new book, entitled *El Santo Oficio*, showing the germs of the Inquisition: its establishment in Spain and its inner legislation. The work will be uniform with *El Almanaque*, recently reviewed in the *Freethinker*, and I am waiting to receive this fresh fruit of the joint labors of Jose Nakens and Pey y Ordeix, in order that our readers may know more about the beauties and brutalities of the Inquisition. The work now lanuched is to be followed by another similar volume in this month of March, an announcement which I make merely to indicate in some faint measure the serious substantial literary output of our enterprising and industrious Spanish co-workers, and their deep sense of the serious dangers to civilization lurking in the church and creed which in Quito have again made the name of Christianity synonymous with barbarism.

WILLIAM HEAFORD.

Surrey, England.

In Conclusion:

It was in the year 385, that the Roman Catholics forced the Emperor Maximus to murder Priscillian and five other Christians of Spain, after those believers in Christ had been summoned to Rome, by the Pope, had been tried for "heresy," and had been condemned.

Ever since that fatal day, popery has been killing men and women wherever there were independent Christians whom the Pope could murder.

The annals of history drip with the blood shed by the "Vicars of Christ."

In their march to universal power over manhood, these popes have halted at no crime.

That there has been a revival of popery, no one can deny.

What it will mean, if it moves onward without repulse and wins the upper-hand again, the law of popery warns us, the record of popery tells us, AND THE GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS REMIND US.



Additional Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

Chapter II.

IN the olden time, the keeping of fire was a matter of the utmost importance. There were no easy methods, such as we now have, of re-kindling the flames. Hence, the preservation of the fire, so that the city, or the tribe, or the whole nation should not be left in darkness, was made a religious function.

To let the light go out, was a public calamity: hence officials were appointed, supported and rewarded, for the sole purpose of guarding and renewing the sacred flame. The punishment of neglect, was death.

The Romans copied the Albans, who entrusted the fire to *four virgins*. The Alban system was the forerunner of all the nunneries which have since existed in Europe.

Servius Tullius, the Roman King, increased the number of the Virgins to six. In the fourth century of our Christian era, the number of Vestals was increased to seven, and so it remained to the end.

To insure the selection of virgins, no girl was chosen who was more than ten years old. The term of service was thirty years. After that period, the Vestal could leave the temple, freed of her vows, and at liberty to marry.

Although the number of required virgins was so very small, and the rewards of their station so rich and regal, it was with the utmost difficulty that the Roman world could supply six maidens who would undertake the vows of chastity. And in spite of the fact that the doom of the erring Vestal was *burial alive*, it was found that even this frightful punishment could not restrain the natural, irresistible sex-inclination of those six women.

Yet, the Roman Catholic Church

asks mankind to believe that it expected hundreds of thousands of women to keep the vows, when they were secluded in convents to which the priests had freedom of access!

Does not the history of the Roman Church drip with the slime of celibacy and the Confessional?

Paul had dwelt upon the scandals of the unmarried state, and had roundly declared that young widows should marry. No reason could be given in such a case that would not apply to young bachelors and young widowers.

The earliest church writers express their horrors of celibacy, and describe conditions which decent language avoids.

Irenæus, Epiphanius, Cyprian, and Chrysostom bewail the widespread, cankerous vice, writing of the licentiousness of the priesthood as universal; and *this* was prior to the discipline which made celibacy obligatory.

What Irenæus says of the practical results of bachelorhood, is corroborative of what Paul implies in his letter to Timothy.

What Cyprian says, is so very literal and shocking that it cannot be printed. *Unnatural indulgence was always the result of denying nature her rights.*

What Chrysostom says corroborates Cyprian, and paints a filthy picture of the bachelor priests of the third century.

“Alas, my souls!” cries the golden-mouthed Christian:

“Our virginity has fallen into contempt: the veil is rent by impudent hands, that parted it off from matrimony. * * * That which was once held in reverence, (celibacy) as far more excellent than matrimony, is now sunk so low, as that one should rather *call the married blessed.* * *”

Nor is it the enemy that has effected all this, but the virgins themselves."

This admission is made by one who had warmly advocated the celibacy of the priesthood.

At the Council of Nice in 325, when a decree was about to be introduced, enjoining celibacy of the clergy, Paphnutius, an unmarried bishop, testified against it on the ground that such a prohibition would produce great immorality, and was contrary to Scripture.

Udahric, bishop of Augusta, wrote a letter to Pope Nicholas I. in which he says concerning Pope Gregory the Great, who reigned in 603, "That Gregory the Great, by his decree, deprived priests of their wives; when, shortly after, he commanded that some fish should be caught from the fish ponds the fishers, instead of fish, found the heads of six thousand infants that had been drowned in the ponds. When Gregory ascertained that the infants thus killed were born from the concealed fornications and adulteries of the priests, he forthwith recalled his decree, and purged the sin with worthy fruits of repentance, extolling the apostolic command: 'It is better to marry than to burn,' and adding from himself: 'It is better to marry than to be the occasion of death.'

Bernard, who died in 936, utters the following complaint in his sermon to the clergy on conversion: "If, according to the prophecy of Ezekiel, we could look behind the partition, that we might see the horrible things in the house of the Lord, perhaps the foulest things would appear on the inside of the partition. Nay, besides fornications, adulteries, and incests, there are not wanting among some of the most shameful ignominious conduct. Would that the apostles never had written such things, that it would not be necessary for us to speak of them, so that no credence would be given to those

who mention what sometimes occupies the human mind—what abominable lust! alas! the enemy of man has defiled the body of the church with the execrable ashes of the Sodomites; and indeed the most filthy and abominable crimes have defiled some of its very ministers also.

Many, not indeed all, but many, it is certain, cannot be concealed on account of their multitude, nor do they lament, by reason of their impudence, and many are seen to have employed this licentiousness for an occasion of the flesh, abstaining from the nuptial remedy, and hence using this liberty of theirs for perpetrating every crime. Would that those who cannot contain would fear to give their course the name of celibacy. It is better to marry than to burn, and to be saved in the humble grade of the common people, than to live worse, and to be judged severely in the sublime rank of the clergy.

Take away from the church honorable marriage and the bed undefiled, and do you not fill it with concubines, incestuous persons, onanists, male concubines, and with every kind of unclean person?"

In the Eleventh century, the secular or parochial clergy kept women generally in their houses, upon more or less terms of familiarity, by a connivance of their ecclesiastical superiors, which almost amounted to a positive toleration. The sons of priests were capable of inheriting, by the laws of both France and Castile.

The third Lateran Council, held in 1179, speaks of the detestable custom of keeping concubines, long used by the English clergy.

Innocent III., who died in 1227, declares: "That certain Latin priests had concubines in their houses, and some were not afraid to betroth or marry them."

Nicholas de Clemangis, about 1400,

says: "In many dioceses the rectors of parishes, for a certain stipulated sum to the prelates, generally and publically have concubines."

The University of Oxford, at the king's command, drew up forty-six articles stating abuses that needed reformation, to be laid before the Council of Constance, which sat in 1414. The thirty-eighth article represents: "That the carnal and debauched lives of the clergy in our days, and their public fornications which are never punished, except with a small fine in private, set an evil example before others; it would, therefore, be a holy thing, and contribute to the reformation of the church, if priests of every rank and order, who were public fornicators, were obliged to abstain from saying mass for a limited time."

The following picture of the Roman clergy in Scotland is given by M'Crie in his *Life of John Knox*. "Inferior benefices were put up to sale, or bestowed on the illiterate and unworthy minions of courtiers; on dice players, strolling bards, and the bastards of bishops." "Again, the lives of the clergy, expected from the secular jurisdiction, and corrupted by wealth and idleness, were become a scandal to religion, and an outrage to decency. While they professed chastity, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any of the ecclesiastical order from contracting lawful wedlock, the bishops set the example of the most shameless profligacy before the inferior clergy; avowedly kept their harlots, provided their natural sons with benefices, and gave their daughters in marriage to the sons of the nobility and the principal gentry; many of whom were so mean as to contaminate the blood of their families by such base alliances, for the sake of the rich dowries which they brought." To make out the above statement of M'Crie, there is no need of going to the testimony of the

reformers, or to satirical poems published at the time. The truth is registered in the acts of parliament, in the decrees of their own councils, and in the confessions of their own writers.

In an act of parliament passed in England, on February 19th, 1548, it was stated: "That great filthiness of living, with other inconveniences, had followed on the laws that compelled chastity, and prohibited marriage; so that it was better they should be suffered to marry, than to be so restrained." (Elliot on Romanism.)

Religious zealots, possessed of the idea that marriage was unclean, that woman was the original cause of the coming of Sin into the world, and that Heaven must be won by the sacrifice of all earthly enjoyments, consecrated themselves to the life ascetic, monastic, useless, unnatural, fantastic, monomaniacal.

These fanatics imagined that they pleased God immensely by surrendering to the Devil all the good things of life. Even personal cleanliness, enjoined in the Bible, was tabooed by the monomaniacs of monasticism.

Anything that pleased the senses, was to be shunned. It was a cunning snare of the Evil One. God made the flowers—but the monk did not love them. God made the beauty of the landscape, hung the purple haze around the mountain top, colored the rainbow in the sky, built vast and gorgeous tabernacles amid the clouds, spread marvellous carpets and tapestries along fallow fields and furzy heaths and hill-side slopes—but the monks must not gaze with eyes of rapture upon the evanescent scene.

God made the melody and the magnificence of the woods, the mingled songs of streams and birds, the blended beauty of vine and leaf, of pine and oak, of rock and water, of sunshine and shadow at play over limitless stretches

of sea and forest—but the anchorite must be deaf to the music and blind to the beauty, while he stiffened his thought into moody meditation on the ultimate destiny of what he conceived to be his soul.

God made the woman, and fashioned her wonderfully, indeed. If ever the Almighty exhausted the utmost of His powers, it was when He made the helpmeet for Man.

Dainty where he is coarse; tender where he is rough; strong where he is weak; weak where he is strong; round and plump where he is square and spare; made for Love and Leisure as he is made for War and Labor.

Her hands were made small, to be held in his: her feet were made small, to follow his. Her arms are soft, to embrace—not to fight. Her voice is low and sweet—not pitched to the battle-cry, but to the song which woos the lover and soothes the fretful babe. Her neck is the flower stem—not the short column meant to bear a warrior's helm and bear a foeman's blow. Her bosom swells with the loveliness that maddens the male—ready to cradle the child that shall lay its little head there, and smile up in its mother's face, as it draws its life from hers.

Built for Love, fashioned for Maternity, meant for male companionship, her glory of dimpled cheek and flowing hair and dancing eyes were given her to allure the King. The Woman's smile, before it was fixed on her rosy lips, was bathed in the crystal streams that still flow through the Eden from which erring humanity was expelled, in the old, old days: and the light that was put in her eyes, and the infinite tenderness that comes into her speech, were taken from across the space which divides the spheres.

Against this heaven-sent mate, the anchorite steeled his acrid heart: she was a syren, born of Sin and ministering to Beelzebub. To look at her was wickedness: to listen to her, was hell

itself—an extremely black, dismal, disagreeable Hell!

So, the holy hermit shut his eyes to the splendors of Nature, shut his heart to love of women, shut his mind to the glories of learning, and went off, like a mangy dog, into the wilderness to encrust his body with dirt, and his thoughts with what he called religious contemplation.

If he could find a cavern in some desolate mountain side, he chose this hole in the ground for his habitation. If there was a spring of pure water near by, he immediately imagined a miracle. This holy man, having shirked duties and responsibilities, fancied himself growing into perfection. If he had deserted his family, so much the more glorious was his conduct. Some wicked, worldly person would no doubt be prompted by Satan to perform the natural services which the Saints had advised the hermit to abandon. If an old mother had been left in "the world," the world would, or should provide for *her*. If the hermit, in forsaking "the world," had left his creditors in the lurch, so much the greater his merit. Had he remained in "the world," and supported his family and paid his debts, worldly pride might have seized him, and puffed him up. In which case, he would have incurred mortal Sin, and might have lost his soul.

Dwelling in his cavern, apart from his fellow man, the holy hermit lived a frugal life. He might depend upon charitable folk to bring him a few simple necessaries of life, in return for his prayers; or he might cultivate a small plot of ground, for his subsistence.

Visitors were not encouraged, and few came. Naturally, a cave in a desert is not apt to attract company, especially if the hermit is said to be a person who seldom speaks, and who much prefers solitude. As to women, they were not to be suffered anywhere about the premises. If by the rarest

chance, a daughter of Eve tresspassed upon the sanctified habitat of the anchorite, he started up in wild alarm, and made a desperate dash for remote fastnesses and undiscoverable hiding places.

In those olden times, people knew what humanity IS.

They knew what a man *had* to do, to stifle the voice of *Nature*. They knew what he *had* to do, if he were determined to preserve his *virginity*.

The man himself knew it—he, best of all! He knew what his raging passions were. He knew the power of those innate, unavoidable, inextinguishable longings for a *mate*.

Therefore, he fled the temptations. He fled the sight of woman. He did not dare to trust himself where he could hear the frou-frou of her flowing garments; smell the perfume of her abundant, glossy hair; and feast his eyes upon the voluptuousness of her form, or his ears upon the witchery of her voice.

He fled the scene, knowing that to stay was to surrender. He fled the scene, poor, poor fanatic! insulting the

God who mercifully made the Woman for the Man!

Even in his cavern, he knew he was not safe. His enemy dwelt within himself. This enemy was intrenched in his throbbing heart, coursed through every burning vein, lurked in every vagrant thought.

This enemy must be combated, must be watched, must be mortified, must be starved out. The heat of the blood must be cooled. The lust of the flesh must be chilled.

The hermit must avoid meat: must banish wine: must eat sparingly of watery vegetables: must not wear soft clothing; must not sleep on a warm bed.

The physical man must be reduced to skin and bones; and the blood must be made as thin and scant as possible. Never a hermit-virgin, anchorite-monk had a fair round belly, with fat capon lined: never a virgin monk had a red face, bulbous lips, bulging eyes, and thick neck with a fold at the base of the skull, *never!*

In the olden time, *people knew what human nature IS.*

Crusaders

Ralph M. Thomson

*He does not live who shuts himself within
The narrow confines of a city street,
In whose tried ears forever sounds the din
of prodding strife, and tread of nervous feet;
He may entice his heart to smile at woe,
And teach his lips to hymn that cares will cease,
But in the glamor of an arc light's glow
How fitful is the interlude of peace!*

*He does not die who plods his way along
The woodland paths, or over fragrant hills;
Whose soul is moved to tune a spirit song
In cadence with the symphonizing rills.
He may not vie in glory with the sun,
Nor twinkle greatness, as the fortune blessed,
But in the hushes, when all toil is done,
He walks apart with God, and sleep means—rest!*

History of the Popes and Papacy

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

Bloody Persecutions Begin: Convent Slavery Commences: The Pope of Rome Makes War On Images: Barbarians Conquer the Eternal City.

WITHIN less than a hundred years, the religious toleration which the Roman Catholics had been rejoiced to get from the pagan emperors, Constantine and Licinius, underwent such a change that bloody persecutions broke out. The bishops of Rome first made war upon the tolerant pagans, *who had magnanimously tolerated Christianity*. The magnificent temples were closed by law, the ceremonial rites of other creeds were prohibited: no longer should sacrifices be made at the altars: time honored festivals were abolished: sacred images, holy water, the burning of incense, the votive offerings to the demi-gods—all were forbidden.

This having been done, the Christians took possession of the temples: adopted the altars into their worship: discovered that holy water was a valuable liquid: suddenly realized the efficacy of incense and tapers: encouraged votive offerings, and found a holy rapture in street parades where images led the procession.

That all of these things did not happen at once, you need hardly be told. They came gradually, one by one, the taking over of the heathen temples and altars being the first great step.

In Rome, at this day, you will be shown the Pantheon, as one of the glorious sights of the Eternal City. It is a Christian Church, but was built by a pagan emperor, to be used as a pagan temple, and was so used until the Christians "took it."

Before worshipping there themselves, the Christians chased away the invisible pagan spirits, demons, &c., by

sprinkling water on the walls and floors, and by singing, praying and marching around and around, in a truly exorcising manner.

So fond were the Christians of taking what belonged to the pagans, that they seized upon the Emperor Hadrian's tomb, and renamed it the Castle of Saint Angelo: they put a new head upon the heathen statue of Jupiter, and, having christened it in the name of Saint Peter, set it up in the church, and tutored the Christians to kiss the same brass toe that the pagans had been licking with their lips for centuries.

The very coffin-lid of Hadrian's sepulchre was stolen, and carried into Saint Peter's, where it was used as a baptismal fount, and is so used to this very day!

But these Roman Christians were not satisfied with the suppression of pagan worship. Having driven away the votaries of Mithra, (whose religion in many important principles closely resembled Christianity), and having penalized the old Roman gods, the bishops of the meek and lowly Jesus resolved that every Christian must profess the same faith, or get off the earth.

No difference of opinion could be tolerated among the followers of Christ. They must all look alike, from the standpoint of orthodoxy.

And yet there was evidently much room for individual construction of Scriptural books.

In the first place, the Gospel had long depended upon human ears and

tongues and memories, before it had been put in writing. The writing itself had so multiplied, that the Fathers found it necessary to meet in Council and decide upon a Bible that should exclude all others.

With extreme difficulty, they had agreed upon Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. They had thrown out many books which had previously been used in the churches by the Fathers themselves. They must have been sorely perplexed by the hopeless contradictions which appear in Matthew, Mark and Luke. They must have realized the profound difference between the Gospel of John, and those of the other three. They could not have been blind to the fact that the doctrine of Original Sin is not to be found in these four Gospels, at all. They were bound to have seen that the final chapter in John, could not have been written by John himself, but was obviously a supplement, added by an honest compiler, or by a knavish forger.

(See Strauss' *Life of Jesus*, p. 244.

Also, Watson's "Forged Chapter in the Bible," in his volume of *Miscellaneous Sketches*, No. 2.

Also, Reinach's "Orpheus," p. 216.)

But, aside from all this, loomed portentously the question of the true meaning of the God-head. Jesus being the Son, was he of the same substance and power, and eternal pre-existence with the Father? Was the soul of Jesus that of a man? What was the nature and the mission of the Holy Ghost?

It will be seen that honest Christians might honestly differ in opinion about these stupendous mysteries. The problem was all the more complex *because* Matthew, Mark and Luke appeared to be so very much less definite than the Gospel named after John.

So it came to pass, naturally and inevitably, that sincere Christians *did*

hold different opinions, even as they do in our day.

But the Bishop of Rome wielded the imperial power of the sword, and he determined to lop off those members that offended. Heresy was to be cut down, and cast into the fire.

So it came to pass, in the year of our Lord 385, that Priscillian, a *Christian bishop* of Spain, was condemned and murdered—he and six of his fellow Christians—because his faith was not in accord with that of the bishop of Rome.

No other fault was alleged against these Spanish believers in Christ. Using their own minds, with a conscientious desire to arrive at the truth, these Christians differed in opinion from the Roman prelate. Therefore, he caused them to be tried as accursed heretics, *and put to death*, for no other reason than they read the Scriptures *in their own way*.

Strange to relate, the rigorous laws against heretics, under which those seven Spaniards were the first victims, originated with Theodosius, a Spaniard, and were enforced by Maximus, another Spaniard, both emperors being completely under the spell of the "spiritual arm."

So rapidly did this savage intolerance grow and intensify that Pope Leo I. (in 441) declared that all laws, human and divine, would be at an end, if heretics were allowed to live—the heretic being, of course, the miscreant who couldn't, or wouldn't, see religion with Roman eyes.

How much desolation this hellish doctrine entailed upon Europe, will appear in the progress of this narrative.

* * * * *

The successor of Siricus in the bishopric of Rome was Anastasius, the First. A. D. 398.

After passing four years in fussing with his fellow-Christians, on matters

of theological dogma, Anastasius went to glory.

Next in the illustrious line of Roman bishops, comes Innocent, the First.

Louis Marie de Cormenin, a French historian, of great orthodoxy and candor tells us:

"Many decisions of the celibacy of priests are attributed to this holy father, prohibiting ecclesiastics from living in carnal intercourse with their wives, and ordering monks to live in continence. But nature is stronger than the laws of men; and the bulls of the pontiff, like the decrees of his successors, will be always impotent in arresting the disorders of ministers and the debaucheries of convents.

In his rules, Innocent prohibits ecclesiastical orders from being conferred on the officers of the emperor, or on persons filling public charges. He orders priests to refuse penitence to virgins solemnly consecrated to God, when they should be desirous of engaging in the bonds of matrimony. 'If a woman,' says the holy father, 'during the life of her husband, espouse another man, she is an adulteress, and is repulsed by the church. Observe the same rigour with respect to her who, after having been united to an immortal spouse, shall pass to human marriage.' It is to a decision so ridiculous, that we owe the slavery of the convents.

Nevertheless, the pontiffs admit of reclamations from vows extracted by violence. But the unfortunate victims, in order to be unbound from their oath, must offer to the holy father, presents and money. Complaints the most legitimate were then admitted or rejected, in accordance with the amounts of the sums sent to Rome. Now, nations more enlightened have learned that the vows of celibacy could be broken, even without the authority of the pope; and the example of our priests prove that no one can dispense with obedience to the laws of nature."

Image worship had made such headway in the Christian churches that Innocent determined to stamp it out, before it became a revival of paganism. He caused all the idols to be taken out of the houses of worship and broken to pieces, fondly believing that they would never be restored. In this, he was painfully *fallible*: the images came again, and came to stay.

The Emperor Theodosius having

died, the Roman world was partitioned between his two sons, Honorius and Arcadius, weaklings both. They were little more than puppets, controlled by priests, women, eunuchs and generals. The empire was so distracted and weakened by internal struggles that the Goths, under Alaric, easily captured and sacked Rome itself.

During this period of stress and calamity a very peculiar thing happened:

The Roman senate grew doubtful about Christianity, and superstitiously feared that these terrible times had come upon them, *as a judgment*, because they had forsaken the ancient gods of Rome!

It was as devotees of these ancient deities that the Roman legionaries had conquered the world. As long as Rome had remained true to her own religion, her empire had been invincible. But now the gods were angry. They had been deserted: their sacrifices had been denied them: their temples had been closed: they themselves had been relegated to the realm of things in limbo. No wonder they were wrathful. No wonder the Roman legions could not win victories. No wonder the half-naked savages from the North were trampling upon the Roman standards and writing Ichabod thereon in large letters.

The Roman senate was emphatically of the opinion that these angry gods must be propitiated, else all was lost.

Yet, they were afraid of Innocent, the Christian bishop. He, also, must be reckoned with. Otherwise, he, also, might lose his temper, just as the pagan gods had lost theirs. To subject Rome to the wrath of both these spiritual forces, at the same time, was not to be thought of by any sane Roman.

Therefore, the senate consulted Innocent on the matter; and this infallible Pope actually consented that sacrifices might be offered, publicly, to the ancient gods of Rome!

As who should say—

The times are squally: calamities are piling up: the Goths are coming: the Christians have done all they could to avert the catastrophe: everything else had failed: as a last resort, let us see whether the ancient divinities can do anything for us.

Alas! The ancient deities could not, or would not come to the rescue.

Miraculous methods failing, the bishop and the senate got down to the practical, and bribed the Goths to go away. They gave to Alaric 5,000 pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver, 4,000 silk gowns: 3,000 skins dyed red; and 3,000 pounds of pepper.

To pay the ransom which Alaric demanded for raising the siege, the Romans found it necessary to melt down many of their images of silver and gold. If the idols that *now* cumber the churches of popery were cast into the furnace, together with all the barbaric display of precious metal about the altars, and the whole of the molten mass were coined into *money*, for the use of mankind, it would double the world's supply of currency, and vastly lighten the load of usury-cursed nations.

(It is said that there are *thirty tons of silver* used in the gaudy and vulgar embellishment of the papist Cathedral, in the city of Mexico: and throughout that weo-begone realm of fat priests and lean peons, the Romish churches in every province make a similar exhibition of senseless misuse of the precious metals. Mexico, like Italy, fattens the priest, starves the laborer, and lays up idle wealth in the deserted temples. When we Christians see the heathen religions do this, we preach sermons against it.)

After calling off his hosts from Rome, the Gothic leader began to treat with the emperor Honorius for a lasting place. But those who represented the weakling son of the great Theodosius bungled the business, and Alaric, furiously angered, broke off negotia-

tions, laid siege to the city, took it, and gave it up to his soldiers, who for three days pillaged it at pleasure. (August, 410.)

The Bishop of Rome had fled, leaving the sheep to the wolves.

After the Goths had taken as much loot as they could carry away, they departed, and then the Christian bishop returned and straightway began a stern persecution of his fellow Christians—those who were bowing down to such images as had not been thrown into the melting pot.

Those believers in Christ who were called Novations, were driven out of Rome and pursued by the Bishop with the characteristic rigor of ecclesiastical hatred. (See *De Cormanin*, Vol. I., p. 74.)

The reader should bear in mind that the emperors no longer lived in Rome. Not only were the Western and Eastern empires separate, but the ruler of the West made his capital at Ravenna, because of its greater security from military attack.

A natural consequence of this was, that, *in Rome*, the Bishop overtopped everybody else. His was the conspicuous figure: *his*, the present, visible authority: *his*, the contact with the people.

The Emperor, hidden in his palace, amid the marshes of Ravenna, became a shadowy personage, not known by sight, and not felt excepting as his military commanders might develop strength. When Alaric could defeat the legions and trample upon the Eternal City, all men had reason to despise the Emperor who crouched inside the walls of Ravenna, playing with his white doves and dawdling with his soiled ones. Even the Bishop had not been afraid to face Alaric and talk with him, in the effort to save Rome from being sacked.

Although the shepherd had run away, at last, and left the flock to shift for itself, he had come back, and

he made up for lost time by asserting himself against the "heretics." Plundered by the barbarians, and persecuted by the Bishop, these heretics were surely in great straits. They couldn't expect sympathy from the heathen, for they were Christians; they could not hope for mercy from the Christians, for they were heretics.

Remember that a Sacred College of pagan priests had been holding office in Rome, during all the years of the Christian era, down to the last quarter of the 4th century. A Pontifex Maximus, as of old, had been regularly chosen, as chief priest of the pagan religion. The functions of the pagan

worship had gone on, simultaneously with those of the Christians. One of the churches was so near to one of the temples, that the hymns chanted in the service of Vesta may have mingled with those sung in the worship of Jesus Christ!

These tremendously important facts are not mentioned in any of the Ecclesiastical histories, so far as I know. Yet, they are prodigiously significant, *when we are studying the evolution of a Christian bishop into a pagan pope—*THE EVOLUTION OF A DEMOCRATIC CHRISTIANITY, INTO A DESPOTIC SACERDOTALISM.

In my next chapter, I will go into this matter, fully.

Single-Taxism: Old Straw Rethrashed

To the Editor:

IN the editorial notes in your November issue you quote a letter from the New York World, written by a Brooklyn man, who argues that the \$273,000,000 of ground rent in New York City should be taxed into the public treasury. In criticizing the letter referred to you attempt to convey the impression that improvements have made the land values in New York City. The presence of population gives value to land, and improvements are not made until the presence of people call for the erection of buildings.

From the trend of your criticism I am inclined to believe that you favor the private pocketing of values that landowners do not create, for you assert that if you guarantee to a man what his labor produces he will do about and kill bears.

The single-tax principle will assure to all persons that they will reap where they have sown. The present system of taxation violates that idea, for the more industrious and thrifty a man is the more he is taxed. Which virtually means a fine on labor products.

Henry George put thusly the doctrine advocated by single-taxes: "We would simply take for the community what belongs to the community—the value that attaches to land by the growth of the community; leave sacred to the individual all that belongs to the individual."

The necessity for government and the value of land are both the result of population, and the revenue of ground rent from the one should be used to pay the cost of the other.

Land was created by God for the use and wants of all mankind, and the only just way to establish the equal right of all to the use of the earth is to tax into the public treasury the value of land.

W. L. CROSMAN.

Boston, Mass.

(ANSWER.)

May the good Lord forgive me for having *again* galvanized a slumbering Single-taxer into irritated wakefulness.

(1) I do not deny that God created the land for the use of all mankind. Please understand me as hastily accepting *that* proposition.

God not only created the land for the use of all mankind, but created plenty of it, such as it is.

He also created the germs, microbes, bacteria, bacilli, spiders, snakes, poisons, malarial insects, ingredients for Soft Drinks, adulterants of pure food,

sewer gas, fatal drugs, crazy theorists, vaccine fiends, homicidal doctors, and the *principle* that disease, instead of health is contagious.

This being true, we may be reasonably certain that it was the plan of creation that there should always be enough of the land for that portion of mankind which can escape the germs, microbes and so forth.

To prove that *my* conjecture is safe and sane, I point with pride to the fact that there always has been enough land for mankind. There have always been vast regions unoccupied, just as there are now.

Ungrateful mankind has never colonized those regions, does not at present crave them; and apparently, never intends to do so.

This puts the Creator in the embarrassing position of not having known beforehand what sort of land mankind would be satisfied with.

Of course, the same acre of land cannot belong to 10,000 men at the same time, without causing high prices and fierce contentions. If a number of men eagerly and intelligently compete for the occupancy of the same piece of land, than was the case during the Indian times, that spot of ground will become more important and valuable than during Indian times.

It is my firm belief that God created Woman for the use of mankind. The supply has always been sufficient. But if I chance to see seventeen men going after the same woman, at the same time, I don't have to consult an oracle

to know that something bad is bound to happen.

Why does a cracked and dingy old painting, by one of "the Old Masters," full of absurdly drawn angels, and humans, and of a family-circle donkey, cows and sheep, fetch such monstrous prices?

It is because so many rich fools compete for the vanity of owning those dingy old daubs.

Yet the world is full of painters and paintings, and always has been. But when many men want the same painter, or the same painting, up goes the price.

Density of population does not of itself create *land* value. It is much more apt to create *food* value.

Fill Manhattan Island with Igorotes, and Digger Indians, and Poncas and Piutes for 50 years—and what would become of those land values?

The land value would be gone, but the *food* value would remain.

Shall we apply the Single-tax idea to bread and meat?

Then why not apply it to bank checks, to promissory notes, to mortgages, to stocks and bonds, to jewelry, statuary and paintings?

Whatever genius, energy and success puts value into land, *anywhere*, puts value into everything else, *in proportion*.

My contention is, that *every* value should bear *its proportional share* of the expense of maintaining the system of government *under which those values were created*. T. E. W.



How Does South America, and Central America, and Catholic Europe Understand the Attendance of Our Government Officials Upon the Pan-American Thanksgiving, in Washington City?

FOR several years, Mr. John Barrett, of the Pan-American Republics has been co-operating zealously with Cardinal Gibbons and "Monsignor" Russell to give the Thanksgiving services, at St. Patrick's Cathedral *an official character*.

The President of the United States, the Cabinet officers, and the Justices of the Supreme Court have been formally invited, *as officials*, to attend in their official capacity.

They have done so.

This year, the Protestant ministers of Washington made a written protest against this official misrepresentation of our Government.

"Monsignor" Russell was mightily offended by the Protestant protest, and he caused an interview with himself to be published in which he declared that there was nothing "official" in the character of the Thanksgiving.

According to Russell, no significance was to be attached to the *official* attendance of our Government *officials*, at a Roman Catholic religious function.

Fortunately, we can easily get at the truth of the matter.

The construction which was put upon this formal Thanksgiving, *before* the protest was filed, ought to be convincing, provided those who did the construing acted officially.

The Pan-American Bureau in Washington has for several years been publishing a sumptuous Magazine, devoted to the interests of the South American and Central American Republics.

Mr. John Barrett is the Editor and Manager of that magazine.

Now, what construction did Mr. John Barrett place upon the annual Thanksgiving at St. Patrick's, which he, Cardinal Gibbons and "Monsignor" Russell have been intent upon making a regular official function?

In his Pan-American Magazine, for December 1912, Mr. John Barrett says, *editorially*:

THE PAN AMERICAN MASS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

With the usual impressiveness and solemnity, the Pan American Mass which has now become a prominent feature in the program of Thanksgiving Day at the Nation's capital was duly celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, on Thursday, November 28, 1912. **This makes the fourth successive year that the Thanksgiving service at St. Patrick's Church has been consecrated to Pan America.** The ready and appreciative response which has come from the diplomatic representatives of the Americas, as well as from the high officials and dignitaries of the United States, has made these exercises particularly notable, while the dignified and official character which the occasion has now assumed renders them unusually effective and inspiring.

As has been the custom in the past elaborate preparations were made to create an atmosphere peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The mass having been graced with the title "Pan American," it was most fitting that the interior of the church should be decorated with the brilliant colored flags of each of the Pan American countries. These were strikingly mounted on the pews which had been assigned to the respective diplomats from these countries, while about the pillars and arches of the auditorium were draped the colors of the Latin-American Republics with those of the United States, presenting an harmonious blending of colors significant of the good feeling existing between the nations and of the noble spirit of the occasion.

In addition to the patriotic sentiments reflected by the multi-colored national

emblems, the religious significance of the solemn services found its expression in the gorgeous decorations of the altars so characteristic of the traditions of the church, and in the wealth of music beautifully rendered by the orchestra and choir.

Invitations had been issued to the guests several days in advance, and special pews were reserved for the distinguished worshipers. The principal guests of honor were the President of the United States and Mrs. Taft, and the list of those invited included the members of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Latin-American ambassadors and ministers with the members of the staff of the respective embassies and legations. For each diplomat and his staff a pew was assigned adorned with the flag of his country.

In the sanctuary on a scarlet throne to the right of the altar sat his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the highest Catholic prelate in the land. The altar itself was aglow with lighted candles, while various symbolic clusters of electric lights above it made that whole body of the church brilliant and radiant.

Before the actual celebration of the mass commenced, soft strains of sweet music from an orchestra in the rear of the auditorium pleasingly intermingled with the subdued whispers and quiet movements of the guests who were assembling and taking their places.

Shortly before 10 o'clock President Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft and his military aid, Maj. Thomas L. Rhoads, reached the church. Right Rev. William T. Russell, the official host and rector, met them at the sidewalk and escorted them to the pew they were to occupy. By this time the majority of the members of the Diplomatic Corps and other invited guests had been seated. Then began the solemn procession of altar boys and priests, marching in advance of Cardinal Gibbons, and as they entered the auditorium of the church the orchestra and combined choirs rendered the processional. This march has always been one of the effective features of the services, and this year proved no exception to the rule. Led by the altar boys, the distinguished group of prelates, attired in their magnificent robes, marched solemnly down the center aisle toward the sanctuary. The priests and dignitaries wore vestments trimmed with gold, and pages bore the trains of the prelates. The congregation remained standing all the while, and as soon as the cardinal and

papal delegate, accompanied by their attendants, had taken their positions on either side of the sanctuary the officers of the mass took their places before the altar.

The sermon was preached by his grace, Most Rev. James J. Keane, archbishop of Dubuque.

The officers of the mass were: His eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons; Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., assistant priest to the cardinal; Very Rev. James A. Burns, Ph. D., and Rev. John T. Whelan, chaplains to the cardinal; His excellency, Most Rev. John Bozano, D. D., apostolic delegate; Very Rev. George Dougherty, D. D., and Rev. J. A. Floersch, chaplains to the apostolic delegate; His grace, Most Rev. James J. Keane, D. D., archbishop of Dubuque, preacher. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. John J. Murray; deacon of the mass, Rev. Charles W. Currier, D. D.; subdeacon of the mass, Rev. Charles M. Bart. Master of ceremonies were Rev. Thomas E. McGuigan, Rev. James A. Smyth, Rev. John N. McNamara, and Rev. William J. Carroll; assistant master of ceremonies, Mr. Charles Fisher; and Right Rev. Wm. T. Russell, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's Church.

Not one Protestant clergyman was invited!

Everybody there was Roman Catholic, excepting *the official representatives of the U. S. Government!*

(One full page is given to a picture of Cardinal Gibbons, diked out in his official haberdashery.)

You can see for yourself that the Romanist celebration of this Pan-American Thanksgiving *is* official.

The purpose is, to make it appear to the European world that our Government is giving official recognition of *popery*, which claims to be the only true religion!

Monsignor Russell did not tell the truth: John Barrett *did*.

The celebration *was* official, just as he stated in the official "*BULLETIN OF THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLICS.*"

High Priest of Sun-Worshippers Found Guilty in Chicago Court.



(Courtesy Macon, Ga., Telegraph.)

PROSECUTED and convicted for sending obscene book *by Express*. His book deals with sex problems and relations; and it is by no means so obscene as the Roman Catholic books going through the mails.

Here Is Where I Try to Gain a Reward of \$11,000

AT Huntingdon, Indiana, is published a weekly paper which claims 183,150 circulation.

To these figures, one John F. Noll made solemn affidavit before one H. E. Rosebrough, N. P. Rosebrough, a most law-abiding soul, apparently, adds to his jurat attestation the runic formula, "Commission expires March 20, 1915."

The name of the paper is "Our Sunday Visitor."

I for one, never did like Sunday visitors, and the more I glance at this one, the gladder my feelings are that it lives out in the wild and woolly regions of Indiana.

To prove that his paper is no mere journalistic tramp, John F. Noll puts "Rev." before his Oliver Cromwell sort of a name, and prints a testimonial of sanctified encouragement from Johannes Bonzano, the Pope's delegated organ grinder at Washington, D. C.

Rev. Noll also flies at his masthead a warm testimonial in his favor signed by one H. J. Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind. The Bishop flatters Noll in the most delicious manner, and says that Noll's ability to furnish a weekly paper for only 50 cents a year subscription price, "appears to me to be more than remarkable."

(More remarkable than what, Bishop?)

Yet, the Rev. Theo. Walker's ability to furnish a weekly paper for only 50 cents, fails to elicit any delicious flattery from Bonzano and Alerding. The name of Brother Walker's paper is, *The Menace*.

Even so ineffective a creature as the writer of these lines furnishes a weekly paper for 50 cents, provided as many as 10 men at the same place want it at

the same time. The name of my paper is *The Jeffersonian*; and instead of being deliciously flattered on its account, I have been "took with a warrant," bound over, and indicted. In shaking loose from this criminal prosecution, I certainly got no help from Bonzano, Noll and Alerding.

But, to come to the point, in his issue of Nov. 9, 1913, Rev. John F. Noll conspicuously places on his front page the following:

This is a miniature fac-simile of a card which we shall supply to any priest, who might wish to frame it and hang same in the vestibule of the church. It will be a telling argument against the charges which some people in his locality, as well as anti-Catholic lecturers and papers everywhere, persist in leveling against the Catholic Church.

WE stand good for the money offer.

\$1,000 REWARD!

Is Offered by "Our Sunday Visitor" for Proof of Any of the Following Charges Frequently Made Against the Catholic Church:

- (1) Catholics cannot be loyal to the United States government;
 - (2) The Pope seeks to control American politics;
 - (3) The Catholic Hierarchy controls a political machine;
 - (4) Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible;
 - (5) Catholics worship images and statues;
 - (6) Immorality is common in monasteries or convents;
 - (7) The Jesuits teach that "The end justifies the means;"
 - (8) The document known as the "Knights of Columbus Oath" is genuine;
 - (9) The so-called "Jesuit Oath" is genuine;
 - (10) Girls are forced into the Sisterhoods or retained there against their will;
 - (11) Catholics seek to destroy the public schools.
- Price of large cards, including carton and postage, 10c.

By reading the above, closely, you will see that no reward is offered! It is another example of Rome's bluff.

The Rev. Noll says that he will furnish *the priests* with cards which they can frame and hang in the vestibule of their churches.

This card, so framed and hung "will be a telling argument against the charges which some people, &c., persist in leveling against the Catholic Church."

Oh, indeed! The card will be the argument!

The Rev. Noll, adds—

"*WE* stand good for the money offer."

Who are the "we?"

And where is the money?

Now, I respectfully "call" the bluff of the Rev. John F. Noll.

I challenge him to put up the money! Let him, as a starter, place *One thousand dollars* in the hands of Senators Ransdell of Louisiana and Bacon of Georgia, to be paid over to any charitable institution that the arbitrators may agree upon.

Senator Ransdell is a Roman Catholic and a Knight of Columbus. Senator Bacon is a non-Catholic: let them choose the umpire, in case they disagree.

I propose to offer testimony to prove that the law of the Roman Catholic Church, has forbidden, and does now forbid Catholics to read the Bible, *by themselves and for themselves*.

My evidence will be the official utterances of the Popes and the Councils: also, the practise of the authorized agents of the Roman Church: also, the indisputable historic evidence that

Rome murderously persecuted *Catholics* for reading the Bible, for having a Bible in the house, for circulating Bibles, and for translating the Bible out of a dead language into living tongues.

As an earnest of my own good faith, I will put a certified check for \$100 in the hands of these Senators payable to them, although the Rev. John Noll made no such condition in his pretended Reward.

Let Mr. Noll forward to the Senators his certified check for \$1,000. I will cover it with my check; and the whole \$1,100 can go to the uses of charity, if the arbitrators decide in my favor.

Should they decide against me, charity gets my \$100.

If this plan is not satisfactory to Rev. Noll, and to his Catholic Publishing Company, and to his endorsers, —Bonzano and Alerding—let him suggest a better one.

PUT UP, OR SHUT UP, "FATHER" NOLL!

One step enough for me, as Cardinal Newman sweetly sung, before he became a Catholic: after having disposed of the Bible reading challenge, I will most assuredly tackle the others.

"*WE* stand good for the money offer," says Father Noll.

Do we? Let's see if we do.

I am waiting on you, Father Noll.

Come right along with that certified check, dear bluffer!

(My references: The McDuffie Bank, Thomson, Ga., The Georgia Railroad Bank, Augusta, Ga., Ramsey & Legwen, Cotton Factors, Augusta, Ga.)

A Coward

Nellie Mackubin

OUTSIDE the July sunshine was blazing down upon the bare parade ground, the low frame houses, and the rough defenses which make up the unpicturesque ensemble of a fort in Montana; but inside the Colonel's quarters Evelyn Blake, though it was only a month since she had joined her father, had managed to make her home as dainty and as pretty as if civilization and upholsterers were not two hundred miles away.

"She is a woman like her mother, who would make an Indian 'dug-out' cozy if she lived in it for a week," her father said to himself, gazing fondly at her over the lunch-table. "When one thinks, too, that the little witch lost half her boxes on the way, and that the piano had so many narrow escapes that its safe arrival seems, as Jack Peyton says, a miracle vouchsafed to the prayers of the whole regiment

—"

"Papa," said Miss Blake, lifting her blue eyes from the tea-cup she had been meditatively regarding, "suppose we ask Mr. Fleming to dine with us tomorrow?"

"Fleming?" repeated the Colonel, his beaming countenance clouding a little. "I think not tomorrow: we have asked Frost, you know, and they are not particularly good friends."

"We really should not put him off any longer, though he seems as difficult to arrange with the other officers as the fox, the goose, and the basket of corn. You must see, papa, that if we are to keep to your rule of asking each of the unmarried officers in turn to dine with us on Sundays, we cannot make an exception of Mr. Fleming."

"But we do not know Fleming as well as the other fellows."

"Shall we ever know him any better

if we are so pointedly rude to him? Papa," cried Evelyn, folding her pretty arms upon the table, and confronting her parent quite judicially, "I am afraid that you have a prejudice against Mr. Fleming; and I have often heard you say that a commanding officer should not permit himself such a luxury."

"Oh, my dear! I have said a great many wise things in my time that I find impossible to practice."

"But what makes him so unpopular? One never sees him except at parade; his brother officers never speak of him; he has never even been to call upon me but once, and that evidently as a matter of duty," said Evelyn, announcing this climax of peculiarity with all the well-justified surprise of the only young lady of a garrison, who had possessed a monopoly of the time and devotion of the unmarried officers of the regiment ever since her arrival. "What has he done?"

The Colonel pulled his gray mustache thoughtfully.

"You will be sure to hear the story sooner or later," he said rather ruefully. "And I dare say, prejudiced though you think me, that I shall tell it to you more fairly than one of those youngsters, who understand nothing between their own reckless courage and downright poltroonery."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"I mean that for three years Fleming has lived under the stigma of cowardice—that there is not a man in the regiment who does not believe that his cowardice cost a comrade his life." Then, in a voice that grew very stern as he proceeded, he told her the story.

Three years before the regiment had been stationed in Arizona, where the Indians had for several months been

giving a great deal of trouble. Toward the end of the summer, however, everything had become quieter, and detachments had been sent from post to post without meeting with any attempt at hostility, even when their numbers were imprudently small. In the latter part of August Fleming and another officer named Lawrence, with ten soldiers, were sent to the west fort for some purpose, and had nearly reached home on their return, and, fancying themselves in security, had somewhat relaxed their vigilance, when from behind some rocks a band of Indians, three or four times their number, rushed upon them with a discharge of musketry. Two soldiers were killed instantly, and Fleming, who was in command, ordered his men to put their horses to the gallop. As they did so, Lawrence's horse was shot, and the Indians dashed towards him as he struggled to free himself, crying to his comrades to help him. The soldiers declared afterwards that, had Fleming given the word promptly, there would have been time to mount Lawrence behind one of them, and that any of the horses would have been equal to the double load for the short distance necessary to put them beyond the reach of the Indians, who did not dare to follow them very near the fort. But Fleming had heeded neither Lawrence's cry for help nor the appeals of the soldiers nearest him, ordering the latter to be silent and save themselves, while he put his own horse to such a speed that the others could scarcely keep up with him. They arrived at the fort within half an hour, the men in such a state of indignation that every one in the garrison was soon acquainted with the story, and Fleming a disgraced man. The only reason that he had not been court-martialed at once was that there had been no officer with him to bear testimony, and it was considered too dangerous a precedent to allow soldiers to witness against an

officer. Fleming had therefore kept his rank, shunned by his comrades, who felt that in so doing only could they avenge Lawrence's death, and treated, so far as he could govern his manner, with impartiality by Colonel Blake, who in his own gallant heart despised the man he considered a coward even more utterly than the younger men, who showed their contempt so plainly.

"Have you ever spoken to him about it, papa?" Evelyn asked when the story was ended. A little of her pretty color had faded, for the Colonel told the story well, and it had seemed to her almost as though she had seen the Indians sweeping around Lawrence as he fell, and heard his last cry for help drowned in the gallop of his comrades' horses as they deserted him.

"Yes, child, once. He asked to take charge of a scouting party which, after consulting the Major, I had given to Jack Peyton."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him the story as I had heard it, and that, believing it as I did, I could not trust my men to an officer who lost his self-possession in a moment of danger; and further, that the men, having no confidence in him, could not be relied upon to do their duty under his command as they could under any other."

"Was he angry? Did he deny?"

"Angry?—deny?" repeated the Colonel gloomily. "He put his head down on the table and cried like a child. Presently he said that no one could blame him more severely than he did himself, and that he should have resigned at once, feeling his unfitness for the service, and realizing the reason why he had not been dismissed by court-martial, but that in so doing he must have told the story to his father (you have heard of what a brave old soldier General Fleming is), and that it would have broken the old man's heart. So he asked my patience while his father lives, promising to resign

upon his death and that in the mean time, in any duty for which I might think him fit, he would prove to me that he could at least work."

"And has he kept his word?"

"Perfectly. No men are better drilled or cared for than his; and when the regiment was ordered here two years ago, he proved that he had more organizing and executive ability than all the other youngsters together; while as regards the attractions at the post-trader's, where cards and drink ruin some of our best fellows, he is an example to his comrades—an example which will, however, have no good effect upon them while they consider him a coward."

"A coward! Poor fellow, he has moral courage enough for a hero! To do his duty for three years, and live solitary and despised among you all, for the sake of saving his brave old father's shame!"

"You are the first woman I ever knew who found an excuse for cowardice," the Colonel said, rising vexedly, for Fleming was rather a pet grievance with him, and he had been sure of Evelyn's sympathy in it.

"I cannot believe that a man who is so brave morally can be an utter coward physically. There must have been some reason for his conduct," she cried, rising too, and clasping both hands over her father's arm.

"He gave none."

"Because he was overwhelmed with regret. I have heard that even the bravest men have confessed to a moment of panic. Dear papa, give him another chance!"

"The Major would like to see you, Colonel," said an orderly entering. "And, Miss Blake, I showed Lieutenant Fleming into the drawing-room just now."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Colonel aghast, for the drawing room adjoined the dining-room, and the door between was ajar. With a lamentable lack of

the moral courage his daughter so much admired, he rushed into the hall, where he could be heard eagerly ushering the Major into his own particular den, while Evelyn, pale with sympathy, entered the drawing-room.

Fleming came to meet her with a smile that made her eyes fill with tears.

"I do not add eavesdropping to my other faults usually," he said in a voice which trembled a little. "But the first words I heard were yours in my excuse, and I could not help waiting to hear what you could say for me—I who can say nothing for myself!"

"It was a moment's panic," faltered Evelyn. "If you had realized the consequences—"

"I realized nothing—I was mad with fear," Fleming said with a bitterness all the more intense for its quietness. "If my horse had been shot and Lawrence in command, there would have been no moment's panic with him."

"They should give you another chance. It is not just to spoil your life for one fault."

"It was a fault which cost a life worth infinitely more than mine; and if your father were to give me the opportunity I asked for, it might cost more lives than one. No! he is right."

"It would never happen again!" cried Evelyn, carried beyond remembrance of conventionalities by keenest pity for the hopeless regret in his eyes and voice; and, clasping Fleming's strong brown hand in both of hers, she said:

"You have suffered so deeply, and have done your duty so faithfully in spite of this injustice, that I believe the dear God, who is so much more forgiving to us than we are to each other"—with a reverent lowering of the tender voice—"He will give you a chance of redeeming your fault, if only you do not lose patience."

With an inarticulate exclamation, Fleming pressed his lip to the pretty

hands which held his so kindly, and hurriedly left the room.

From that afternoon it became evident to the garrison that Fleming had joined the ranks of Miss Blake's courtiers, and that she had relaxed in his favor her hitherto rigid impartiality. As her favor was just then the boon most highly prized, and as human nature is no more faultless in a frontier post than in wider circles, it followed naturally that she was several times told Fleming's story far less justly than she had heard it from her father. Her invariable reply, that she considered him most unjustly treated until he should have an opportunity to retrieve his reputation, was set down as a proof that, for the sake of his handsome melancholy eyes and his utter devotion to herself, she had forgiven him a fault which a woman usually finds as difficult to pardon as a soldier; and every one was prepared to hear of an engagement between the most popular and the most disliked persons in the regiment. That this did not add to Fleming's favor with his comrades was also most human; and Colonel Blake, when he saw Evelyn grasping every occasion of showing her preference, felt his heart also harden still more against the man whom of all others he would most object to seeing his only child marry.

"My little girl," he said one August evening when Evelyn had returned from a long ride in which Fleming had been her escort, "do not give me a coward for a son-in-law."

"Papa, you are a goose," she cried most disrespectfully, leaning over his arm-chair as she stood beside him, and kissing the top of his gray head, where a much-lamented baldness was beginning to appear.

"Oh, my dear! if your mother had lived, she would have known how to say to you the wise things that mothers understand and that girls need to hear," the Colonel said with an

unwonted tremor in his cheery voice. "But though I do not know much about girls, I do know men; and I tell you that an officer who thinks only of himself in a moment of danger and forgets the lives under his care—that man is not the husband a woman should trust with her future."

"Try to keep your thoughts from matrimony, you absurd old dear, and take my word that nobody is thinking about it but yourself," Evelyn cried gayly, and unblushingly meeting her father's anxious eyes. Then she added gravely, "If you could have seen how well Mr. Fleming managed Sultan, who really has rather a nasty temper. There is not another officer in the regiment who can manage a horse so well—he is so firm and so quiet."

"Nonsense! Jack Peyton is as much his superior in horsemanship as he is in courage and every other quality that one would expect a woman to admire."

"There is no question of Mr. Peyton," replied Evelyn with a sudden rush of color. "However, as you choose to compare the two, papa, please believe that I infinitely prefer Mr. Fleming as my friend to Mr. Peyton." And with another light kiss she left the room.

As Fleming came out of the officers' mess-room that same August evening, the beauty of the cloudless moonlight tempted him from an immediate return to the books which had been his society and friends for three years, and he walked slowly to a portion of the fort which overlooked the Yellowstone River. Six or eight of the trees planted in the open space there four years before, when Fort Barton was built, still survive their struggles with arctic winters and tropical summers; and as there were a couple of benches within their scanty shade, and the view from the bluff was wonderfully grand, this end of the parade was a favorite resort among the younger officers in fine weather. On this evening there was only one figure on the most distant

bench, and he, apparently, had come neither to encourage the trees, admire the view, nor smoke a cigar: for with his elbows on his knees, and his head resting on his clasped hands, he certainly was not indulging in any of those amusements popular among the frequenters of the place.

At the sound of a step he raised himself and stared silently at Fleming.

"Good evening, Peyton."

"I beg your pardon: I was half asleep and hardly knew you," Jack Peyton said mendaciously, for he had never been more keenly awake, and he had recognized Fleming with that quickness with which we all recognize the subject of recent disagreeable thoughts. "Just returned from your ride with Miss Blake?"

"Half an hour ago."

Peyton rose, and picking up a couple of small loose stones from the rampart, he flung them singly into the river far below.

"When is one to congratulate you and Miss Blake?" he asked abruptly and with his back to Fleming.

There was a pause—a pause in which an iron hand seemed laid on Fleming's heart, so absolutely physical was its pain; a pause through which, somewhere in that innocent consciousness we call a soul, he heard a whisper that the merest hint would keep proud Jack Peyton from Evelyn Blake, and that well as he knew the hopelessness of his own love then, yet in time —

"I am not much in the line of congratulations," he said hoarsely at last. "As for Miss Blake—God bless her!—do not you see that she is only sorry for me? Do you think that so true a woman as she is would publish her kindness to me through the whole regiment as she does, if she had any deeper feeling for me than the wish to show you all that I have one friend who trusts me? When she loves she will not begin with pity," And, having

uttered these last words with a bitterness Peyton never forgot, he walked away to his quarters.

A week later the announcement of Miss Blake's engagement to Jack Peyton paralyzed the garrison with another proof of the inscrutability of woman's purpose, and established the Colonel in his rather shaken belief that her mother's daughter could not do a foolish thing—especially in the choice of a husband. As for Fleming, he went about his duties with the same quiet absorption in them which had been his chief characteristic for three years, and the friendship between him and Evelyn continued as warmly eager on her side, as gravely grateful on his, as it had been before her engagement, though at the cost of many remonstrances from Peyton, who fully shared the general opinion of Fleming.

The winter came unusually early even for Montana, and with certain peculiarities in its advent which made those of the officers most familiar with the climate predict a very severe season—a prediction of gloomy portent where winter at best meant nearly six months' isolation, with infrequent and irregular mails, brought by half-frozen carriers on horseback, for their only link with the world beyond the vrainies; for, though there were telegraph lines to Chicago, as well as to the neighboring forts, the winter "blizzards" were apt to destroy their efficiency for weeks at a time. Between Christmas and New-Year's the marriage of Miss Blake was to occur, and every one looked forward to that event as to the only oasis in the long desert of winter dullness, because, if the weather proved endurable, two or three young ladies from their largest neighbor, Fort Bryan, had promised to come over for a week under the chaperonage of the commander's wife; and the prospect for several pretty bridesmaids sustained the spirits of the younger officers, who had found it hard to forgive

even so popular a man as Jack Peyton for his monopoly of Miss Blake.

A few days before Christmas the weather which had been stormy for some time, cleared encouragingly; and having telegraphed Fort Bryan that they were on their way, Peyton with Fleming (whom, as a great concession to Evelyn, he asked to go with him), and accompanied by two orderlies, set out to meet the ladies at Fort Bryan and escort them across the prairies. After a cold, bright ride of nearly six hours they arrived at a ranch half way between the two forts, where they were to pass the night. They were met by the ranchman with a telegram from Fort Bryan, telling them that the road beyond was impassable for the ambulance, in which the ladies had intended to travel, and asking them to proceed no further, as more snow might be expected, and they had with great regret given up their plan of coming to the wedding.

It was vexatious, but Peyton found some rather malicious amusement in picturing the blank faces of their expectant comrades when they should behold him and Fleming returning without the long-desired bridesmaids on the next day. The next day dawned, however, on a heavy snow-storm, which endured without intermission for three days, and kept them prisoners at the ranch, while, to add to the contrariety of events, Fleming's orderly became ill with pleurisy.

The fourth day was Christmas Eve, and they woke, not indeed to a storm, but to heavy laden clouds which meant more snow presently. The ranchman shook his head rather gravely when Peyton at breakfast announced that he and Fleming had decided to return to Fort Barton, leaving his orderly to take care of his comrade.

"Well," he said, tilting his chair comfortably, "I guess I should stay here if I was you. I have been in Montana about as long as any white man, and

ought to know this cussed climate pretty well, and I reckon on the worst kind of a blizzard inside of four hours—which I would not start in the face of a blizzard unless I was more tired of life than I have been yet!"

"Tomorrow will be Christmas," began Peyton, looking doubtfully at Fleming.

"If the snow commences again, it may last a week, and you are to be married in three days," Fleming said with a grave smile.

"It is right down hard, gentlemen," said the ranchman with a sympathetic twist of his hard features, "but——"

"There can be no 'buts' about my going; I shall start at once," said Peyton, rising. "For you, Fleming, of course it is different—you are not to be married in three days."

"Nevertheless I have every desire to spend Christmas at Fort Barton," Fleming replied, rising also, with a sudden flush on his dark face. "If we lose no time in starting and our horses behave well, I think we shall get there before the blizzard does."

The ranchman shook his head again, but he liked pluck, and even his rough heart was stirred by that interest in a wedding which is as wide as the world; so he wished them good luck, and remonstrated no more.

Within half an hour the two officers started, so wrapped up in their buffalo coats and caps that their own mothers would not have recognized them. It was not very cold,—that is, as two winters of Montana had taught them to appreciate cold,—and in spite of the drifted snow, which had obliterated the road, they kept close to the telegraph poles as certain landmarks; and their horses being in excellent condition, they made rapid progress during the first half of their journey. They lunched on two huge smoked venison sandwiches, and drank cheerily from the brandy in their pocket-flasks to the quantity and quality of their supper

at Fort Barton. But scarcely had they started again when the first flakes of snow began to fall, the wind rose in sharp squalls, and though it was not yet three o'clock, the day rapidly darkened. The men drew in their horses as if by one impulse, and looked fixedly for an instant at what was visible of each other's countenance between the tops of their fur collars and the edge of their caps.

"I am sorry to have brought you into this," Peyton said abruptly. "This is certainly the beginning of a blizzard, and if it at all resembles the rest of its family, there is nothing more uncertain than whether you and I will see the end of it."

"You can have no responsibility about me, for you would have left me at the ranch this morning if I had consented," Fleming answered, meeting all the doubtful pity in Jack's gaze with eyes full of pained comprehension, but quite as unflinching as his own. "As for our seeing the end of this, it is a question of endurance. I believe. If our horses hold out and the wind should not prove too strong for the telegraph poles, we shall do very well."

Then, agreeing to let the horses take their own pace, they set out again. Two winters of Montana had made them both aware that the blizzard is the most deadly of prairie dangers, and they had heard many a ghastly story of the victims it makes every year among the hardy and weather-beaten frontiersmen, who alone dare expose themselves to the chance of being caught in its bitter and breathless embrace; but it required a very brief experience to prove to them that the reality was far more terrible than their worst anticipations. The snow was hurled in their faces with a force blinding both to them and to their horses, by a wind which rushed over the prairies with the uproar and violence of a storm at sea, while the darkness increased and

the cold grew more intense with every moment. They came to another pause presently, and decided that one should wait at one telegraph pole until the other riding on, should call that he had arrived at the next—a manoeuvre which, though it cost much time and tried the patience of the horses sorely, was made necessary by the darkness, and their knowledge that it would be fatal to wander from the telegraph poles, their only landmarks in that waste of whirling snow. Peyton's horse, was young and nervous, and his rider had been having much trouble with him for some little time, when Fleming, whose turn it was to wait while Peyton rode on, heard a heavy crash, and then, after an instant, the sound of a horse rushing off at speed.

"Peyton!" he cried, making a trumpet of his hands; but there was no reply—no sound but the shriek of the wind; even the gallop of the escaping horse was swallowed up. A great horror of desolation sank down upon Fleming in the darkness and bewilderment of a chaos almost as utter as that which covered the face of the world before the word of God had made it fair. Close by, Peyton was lying dead or senseless. Why should he, who was unwanted, unlooked for, seek to save himself to endure more such years as these last three, when the other and happier man had perished? How could he meet Evelyn Blake,—the one soul that had had pity on him,—and tell her that he had left the man she loved to die in the snow? Better let himself drop from the frightened horse trembling beneath him and die with Peyton. Suddenly a strange thrill shot through his heart. Out of the darkness two pitiful woman's eyes looked into his, and through all the roar of the tempest a tender woman's voice seemed to utter again the words that had been a revelation of hope to him months since—"God himself will give

you the chance of atonement that men deny you!" Fool—coward, that he was! God had sent him the chance, not only to redeem his past, but to save her happiness, and he had been about to let it slip from him forever, because he had not courage to grasp it.

"O God!" he cried passionately, turning his face up to the sweep of the storm, "if thou art merciful as she believes, help me to save him—for her!"

Then he dismounted, and leading his horse walked slowly forward, bending over the snow at every step, and calling Peyton's name.

"Fleming!" The voice was faint, but it was near, and in another instant he was kneeling beside his comrade.

"My horse fell on my leg," Peyton murmured. "He is off across the prairie. My poor Evelyn!"

"Can you help yourself at all?—or shall I lift you on my horse?" said Fleming.

"What will become of you if I take your horse?"

"I shall lead him."

There was a moment's silence. It cost so happy a man as Jack Peyton a moment's struggle to give up his last hope of life, even though he knew that Fleming was offering it to him at the risk of his own.

"Thank you, Fleming," he said presently, feeling for the other's hand in the darkness and clasping it. "You are a noble fellow, and I beg your pardon for many things. But to take your horse would be your death as well as mine. Leave me and go on. They say it is an easy death, and I dare say it will be over quickly. Tell my poor darling I ——" His voice died away, and his head sank against Fleming's shoulder.

The passionate resolve which had come to Fleming in the moment of his wild prayer did not falter even then. Peyton's voice calling his name had seemed to him God's answer to his

appeal, and with the conviction that he should succeed he worked over the insensible man, until with brandy and rubbing he brought him back to consciousness, in spite of the cold and the wind and the darkness with which he felt he was fighting inch by inch for Jack's life.

With an effort of which only his excitement made him capable, he lifted Peyton to the saddle, and supporting him with one hand, while with the other he led the patient horse, which long years of habit had made obedient to his lightest touch or tone, they started again. On and on they went, through what seemed to Peyton an eternity of pain, cold, and tumultuous darkness. Again and again he sank away into partial insensibility, only to be roused by Fleming's hand pressing the brandy-flask to his cold lips, and Fleming's voice sharp and strained, but insistent with resolute courage, bidding him keep his hold on life for her sake who loved him. He may live to be very old, he may endure all that life holds of sweetest or bitterest, but neither time nor joy nor sorrow will dim the memory of the man whom he felt rather than saw walking beside him through those terrible hours.

As for Fleming, his purpose filled all his thoughts. He would save Peyton's life, and so make some atonement for that other comrade's life lost by his fault, and he would preserve for the woman he loved the happiness so nearly lost. Every faculty, every nerve was strained to the utmost, as he passed on through a cold that benumbed him, in the face of a wind that made every breath an effort. The brandy which kept Jack alive he dared not touch, for fear that, half frozen as he was, the liquor might bewilder him, so that he should forget the number of paces which he calculated must bring them from one telegraph pole to another. When, because of some swerving from the direct line forward, the paces failed

to bring them to the next pole, they retraced their fast-filling tracks to the last, and started again with desperate patience.

So through the rush and surge of the blizzard they struggled—the wearied horse, the half-conscious rider, and the strong, patient soul who kept, by his mighty purpose, exhausted body and overstrained nerves from sinking—until close at hand the lights of Fort Barton flashed upon his dizzy eyes.

It was between seven and eight o'clock that the garrison was aroused from its comfortable firesides by the report of the arrival of the two lieutenants and of their half-frozen condition. It was nearly two hours later that Evelyn Blake left Jack Peyton asleep after the setting of his leg, her heart full of deep thankfulness for the surgeon's assurance that his escape without serious harm from such a storm was almost miraculous, and that all he needed was rest and good nursing. There was deep thankfulness in her heart, but the keen ache of regret and pain too, for the surgeon had also told her that all efforts to restore Fleming from the stupor into which he sank immediately after his arrival had failed, and that he was paralyzed and dying. Jack had managed, weak as he was, to tell something of that four hours' march through the blizzard, and they knew at last how strong and unselfish a heart it was that cold and exhaustion were stilling forever. Very softly Evelyn entered the hospital room where they had carried Fleming. Colonel Blake and the surgeon were standing beside the bed, and her father put his arm about her as she came close to him.

"You understood him, my dear," he said tremulously. "You are the only one of us who does not need to beg his pardon for the harsh judgment of these three years!"

As if these words possessed a power beyond all the surgeon's restoratives, there was a quiver of the white face they were watching, and the dark eyes opened suddenly. A look of utter content came into them as he saw Evelyn.

"He is quite safe?" he murmured.

"God bless you for it!" she cried with a rush of tears. "But oh, my dear friend! you ——"

"What is the matter with me?—I cannot move," turning his gaze from her to her father.

"You saved his life at the cost of your own, my brave boy," the Colonel said gently.

"*Brave?* You say that?" A faint, faint color, even in the grasp of death, came into his pale face at this word from the gallant old chief, whose hardly concealed contempt had been so heavy a part of his burden of shame.

"We have been very hard upon you, Fleming,—all of us!" began the Colonel falteringly.

"Thank you," moving his hand feebly to the Colonel's grasp. "Tell my father the best you can of me!" His voice faltered in a gasp for breath, and the Colonel, raising him, laid his head on Evelyn's shoulder.

Presently Fleming opened his eyes again, and looked up into the tender face bent over him.

"You have been God's own angel of mercy to me!" he murmured, "and I—Jack will not mind if I say before I go—I love you!"



EDITORIAL NOTES



WHEN the Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909 went into effect, the cost of living rose, immediately. The bill was framed by the monopolists, for the benefit of themselves, and they reaped their harvest without delay. That infernal "law" has taxed untold millions of dollars out of the pockets of merchants, wage-earners, professional men and farmers. The Government acted as the irresistible robber that pillaged many to endow the few.

Without the help of 23 Democrats in the House of Representatives, the Stand-pat Republicans could not have railroaded the "law" through Congress.

Speaker Cannon, in a speech to the Knife and Fork Club of Kansas City, gave to these 23 Democrats the credit for the Payne-Aldrich bill which nearly doubled the expense of supporting an American family.

President Wilson rewarded one of these Democratic deserters by appointing him Governor of 3,000 Islands, the Philippines.

* * * * *

When in opposition to Taft, the Democratic leaders in Congress passed up to the President a number of tariff bills which he vetoed. Great wrath expressed itself among us Democrats because of these vetoes.

Then we Democrats went into power, and framed a tariff bill of our own. Did it resemble the bills which we had passed up to President Taft? Not enough to hurt anything. The monopolists are still monopolizing. The cost of living is about as high as the traffic will bear.

We Democrats did not have the same eagerness to embarrass our man, Wil-

son, as we did to make trouble for *their* man, Taft.

Hence, the tariff bill that *we* framed and passed up to Wilson, was not nearly so disturbing to Big Business, as would have been those Free list measures which Taft declared would unduly agitate the monopolists.

* * * * *

When President Roosevelt went crazy on the subject of Militarism, we Democrats used all the language that was fit to print, denouncing Roosevelt's military madness. That man actually wanted to commit the Government to a fixed policy of two battleships a year!

It was outrageous, and we roared our protest.

But since we Democrats have carried everything before us, and are in control of the Universe, we see things in a different light.

We want two battleships a year!

Admiral Dewey was persuaded to say that we need *four*: by dropping to *two*, the country will see our moderation.

* * * * *

Touching the Philippines and their promised Independence, I understand President Wilson to say, in his annual Message, that if ever our Big Business bleeds the Islands as thoroughly as the J. P. Morgan banks bled the New Haven Railroad system, Big Business will be acquiescent while the Government lets go the Islands.

But, even then, those Jesuit missionaries whom the Pope sent, at the request of Wilson and Bryan, might not have completed the conversion of the Filipinos: wouldn't we be duty-bound to hold the natives until the priests saved their immortal souls?

* * * * *

In his Message to Congress, personally delivered, our President says a great deal about the higher moralities, and loftier altruisms. He also speaks favorably of the nomination of presidential candidates by direct primaries.

He evidently forgot to mention anything about re-election, for a second term.

Bryan may stay in Washington long enough next year to remind Wilson of this point.

* * * * *

At this writing, (Dec. 5) Mexico continues to be her old self. It reminds me of the classic adage—"When Oil Trust meets Oil Trust, then comes the tug of war."

The Standard Oil is in it, the Pearson Company of England is in it, the Waters-Pierce Company is in it, John Hays Hammond is in it, William Randolph Hearst is in it, the Morgan banks are in it, the Pope is in it.

Even Huerta, Villa, Carranzas, John Lind and President Wilson are in it.

I wouldn't wonder if Bryan quit preaching and lecturing and Chatter-quaying, for awhile, and levelled his statesmanly attention upon Mexico.

In the meanwhile, I'd like to know who is paying John Lind's salary, and how much it is, and what it is for.

* * * * *

"Pindell, of Peoria," is the way the case sounds.

(Somehow, Peoria reminds you of Duluth.)

It seems to be admitted that Pindell runs a newspaper in Peoria, and that he was the first man of Illinois who saw that Col. George Harvey, late of Harper's Weekly, was barking on the right track when he opened up in favor of Woodrow Wilson for President U. S. A.

Owing to the success with which an instructed Champ Clark delegate, from Nebraska, laid snares for the Missourian, and then fiercely assailed him at

the Baltimore Convention, the instructed Clark delegate defeated his own candidate, and threw the nomination to the man that Nebraska had rejected.

Consequently, in a campaign where any Democratic nominee could have beaten the Republicans—they being split all to pieces by the Taft-Roosevelt feud—Woodrow Wilson was elected.

* * * * *

Pindell of Peoria remembered that he was the first Wilson supporter that gave evidence in Illinois. Pindell honestly believed that by listening closely, with ear to the ground, he ought to hear a nice, fat Reward coming toward his domicile.

Sure enough, he soon heard it. The voice was that of Senator James Hamilton Lewis, but the hand was that of Esau, bringing pot-flesh.

Or, to vary the statement, Senator Lewis spoke to Pindell of Peoria, saying—

"Behold! I bring you here a firstling of the flock, tender, savoury, full of nourishment, fresh from the larder of the Great Father, in Washington City."

Grateful were the reflections of Pindell of Peoria. His mutton took the form of an appointment as Ambassador to Russia. The only fly in the savoury mess was the condition that he, Pindell of Peoria, should hold the office one year, only.

But Senator James H. L. hastened to add that Pindell would not be expected to do anything but travel around in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, and have a grand good time, at \$17,500 per the one year.

Senator James H. L. added jocosely, "Think what a glorious thing it will be for your remotest posterity, Pindell, to look back at you through the gathering mists of time, and to say, as they point with pride to your picture on the wall:

"He was my ancestor, and he was Ambassador to Russia!"

* * * * *

A rascally secretary gave it away, and this comical letter leaked out.

Then, there was a burst of coarse laughter—you know how the American people are.

They laughed at Pindell of Peoria: they laughed at Senator James Hamilton Lewis: they laughed at the dilemma of Wilson and Bryan.

But, la! We Democrats know how to climb out of a hole like that. We denied the allegation, we defied the alligator, we told Pindell to sit tight, we asked James Hamilton to be silent for a little while, and we passed the Pindell nomination right up to the U. S. Senate!

So. Now let the heathen rage.

* * * * *

We are told that the railroads are being starved!

Not a doubt about it.

See how the J. P. Morgan banks took \$200,000,000 of the fodder out of the racks of the New Haven merged mules.

No wonder the mules show emaciation.

Whenever J. P. Morgan saw and coveted another house, another railroad, another bank, another magazine, another politician, another daily paper, another painted picture, another painted woman, or another illuminated manuscript, he straightway put his hand in the watered-stock department, and helped himself to more fodder.

Yes: the poor railroads show every sign of having been overwhelmingly Morganized, Harrimanized, Guggenheimed, and Rockefellerized.

* * * * *

To a starving Post-office Department, I would tender this advice—

Make those men who are ablest to pay postage, pay it!

Abolish the "frank," beside which the "tip" is a gentleman and a scholar.

The tip may degrade the poor man who exacts it: it may degrade the rich man who pays it: but the "frank" debases the Government itself and sends its contaminating virus all through the body politic.

Thus, the Sugar Trust complacently confessed that it used Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's frank to steal \$17,000 from the P. O. Department in the sending of free, unstamped literature through the mails!

* * * * *

To the starving railroads, I offer this nugget of wisdom—

Help us squeeze the water out of your paper: help us abolish Morganism: help us destroy favoritism: help us kill dead-headism!

Compel everybody that sends freights and that rides on the cars, to pay the same as everybody else!

La! What a racket there would be, to be sure, if all the priests and priestesses had to pay car-fare!

* * * * *

If a German officer, young and hot-headed, and full of the pride of brass buttons, slashes a lame shoemaker over the head with a sword, the Empire rocks with excitement, the Ministers are bear-baited in the Reichstag, a vote of rebuke is passed almost unanimously, the Kaiser orders the troops removed from the scene of the trouble, and the young officer is ordered to court-martial.

So it happens *in Germany*, which our militarists are straining so hard to imitate.

In this country it has become the constant practise to "declare Martial Law" and shoot down men, women and children who go on a strike because of *starvation wages in the tariff-protected industries.*

Irresponsible officers stick up insolent notices to the effect that "ANYBODY PASSING THIS LINE WILL BE SHOT."

Streets are temporarily confiscated, thoroughfares abolished, freedom of speech denied to citizens, freedom of press prohibited, constitutional safeguards of life are set aside and the arbitrary order of a military officer takes the place of statute law. Constitutional law, natural law and divine law.

Samai thunders

"*Thou shalt not kill!*"

But the military maniacs thunder

"*Kill!*"

And the voice of Jehovah is drowned by that of the military maniacs.

Upon the slightest occasion the civil establishment is overturned, the Bill of Rights ignored, the principles of the Great Charter of our liberties trampled under foot.

Habeas Corpus, trial by jury, immunity from loss of life and of freedom, *save by due process of the statute law*, are all swept away, as though our forefathers had never contended for them, never fought for them, never bled and died for them, never inbedded them in the fundamental law of the land.

No State can nullify the Constitution of the United States—but the military maniacs of a State can do it.

The United States cannot nullify the Constitution and statutes of any State—but the military maniacs of the United States can do it.

Congress can't upset the Bill of Rights; the President cannot; but any military maniac feels at perfect liberty to do so, the moment the troops are called out.

Yet, every State has statute laws directing that when troops are ordered out, it is to *support* the Civil authority, and to *aid in the enforcement of statute law*.

"Martial Law" can only be applied to armies by the army and within the limits occupied by the army.

No military officer has the right to punish a civilian. Citizens may be *arrested* by soldiers, but they must be

delivered to civil authorities for trial and punishment.

Any other conception of the law leads to military chaos, or military despotism.

* * * * *

The Emperor Nero was a Pope: as such, he was encircled by a Sacred College of high-priests, a majority of whom were Romans, like himself.

At present, Joseph Sarto is a Pope: as such he is encircled by a Sacred College of high priests, a majority of whom are Italians, like himself.

There are 58 of these high priests of the Sacred College: 32 of whom are Italians.

The Italian papa appoints these high priests, and these high priests appoint the papa.

Thus, a majority of these high priests are *always* Italians, and they *always* appoint an Italian Pope.

The world never saw a closer little Star-Chamber corporation. It appoints itself: it perpetuates itself: it names the Infallible papa, and through him, *its puppet*, it claims the right to rule all things spiritual, all things temporal, all things in Heaven, and all things in Hell.

These 32 Italians say that they tote the keys, they create and sacrifice Jesus Christ, they bind and unloose above and below; and when they select a 33rd Italian, and call him Papa, all mankind must kneel down and kiss his foot.

These are *not* the Dark Ages, when an eclipse dispersed armies; when weir-wolves carried off children; when mermaids betwitched mariners; and when Peter, in heaven, wrote a letter to a king of France.

This is the Twentieth Century!

Yet, the spooks of Rome and the absurd Papacy hold undisputed sway over millions of Americans who laughed at Elijah Dowie, scoffed at the golden plates of Joseph Smith, and

couldn't be persuaded to swallow the lies of Dr. Frederick Cook.

* * * * *

We detest the little thief, and adore the Morgan robber; we scorn the small faker, and worship the Sarto Pope!

We penalize the fortune-teller and enrich the impostor who prays souls out of purgatory.

We deny the mails to bogus mining stocks, and we send Julian Hawthorne to the penitentiary for wanting to get something for nothing.

Yet, those cheats and swindlers who get money out of idiots by pretending to influence a Saint in the other world to find lost horses, lost pocket-books, lost jewelry, lost health, and lost prosperity, flaunt their knavish business before the world, and systematically plunder the idiots—with the tacit connivance of the best government the world ever saw.

The Louisiana Lottery was a virtuous proposition and a legitimate business, compared to the Saint Anthony game worked by those popish crooks in Cincinnati.

* * * * *

In the case of the Louisiana Lottery, the whole thing was open and above board. Generals Beauregard and Early gave their personal attention to the arrangement of tickets, prizes and drawings. It was a gamble, but a perfectly fair one. You paid your money for a chance to win a prize, and you knew that you might not win it.

If we all knew what horse to bet on, we'd all get rich. If we all knew when cotton was going to go up, we would all buy accordingly. If we all knew which lots in a town were going to be the million-an-acre lots, we would parteen up, considerably, in buying those lots.

But our great and good Government could not stand for the Louisiana Lottery.

It can tolerate Morganism, Rocke-

fellerism, Guggenheimism, and Harri-manism.

It can also wink at the ways of the National Association of American Manufacturers.

It can allow its mails used by the cheats and swindlers who work Saint Anthony, the bones of Saint Eliza Ann, and the keys of whoever is on duty at the sidegate of Purgatory; but when it comes to plain, fair, honest games of chance, our Government just won't stand it.

* * * * *

Many a soul will be made happy by the knowledge that Congress has thrown its benevolent arms around, over and beneath the Migratory bird.

The Migratory bird, is the bird that goes to its winter home, when winter comes, returning, on its lay-over ticket, to its summer home when summer gets back.

Congress derives its jurisdiction over migratory birds from that clause in the Constitution which says that Congress has exclusive power to regulate commerce between Nations and States, powers, potentates, princes and principalities.

Birds that live in the same State, the year through, escape Congressional care and control.

Only those geese, ducks, drakes, cranes, &c., which change their habitats as the seasons change, are legally the wards of Uncle Sam.

Inasmuch as these change-about geese, ducks, &c., are engaged in commerce of the Inter-State and International sort, our legislative Magi—of the Congressional variety—have taken them under the sheltering wing of the Federal Government.

Regulate inter-state commerce; regulate the conduct of mankind toward inter-state geese: regulate the regulations of those to whom the safety of the inter-state geese is committed, &c.

We live in a truly progressive age.

* * * * *

President Wilson advocates the old Populist doctrine of the direct nomination of Presidential candidates.

Thus doth the little busy bee of Populism insert its little stem-winder into every little office-seeker, one by one, like little drops of water, like little grains of sand, until all the mighty ocean and all the mortgaged land, lift up their radiant faces and bless the busy bee.

* * * * *

However, there is a forgotten clause

in the obsolete Constitution, of what was once a voluntary confederation of equal States, which reads as follows—

“Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress.”

It is highly probable that Professor Woodrow Wilson never perused the Constitution.



MISCELLANEOUS



SOME years ago, Anthony Comstock co-operated with Dr. Justin D. Fulton in getting up a book.

The name of the book is—

“*Why Priests Should Wed.*”

The whys, as given in that book, are something terrific.

Anthony Comstock's letter is published in the book.

The letter is written from the office of “The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, 150 Nassau Street, Room 9, New York, Dec. 15, 1887.”

After having quoted Mr. Comstock's letter, Dr. Fulton adds—

“*Today, Romanism cannot be uncovered, unless a man is ready to stand fine and imprisonment.*”

With that prediction, the work of Dr. Fulton went forth on its mission.

That mission was, to arouse America to the pollutions of Romanism, to the vice in the convents, to the pope-endorsed concubinage of priests, to the enslavement of nuns, to the priestly invasion of homes! One of the chapters is headlined—

“*MARIA MONK'S AWFUL DISCLOSURES CORROBORATED.*”

Another is headed—

“*Can we uncover the practices of Romish priests?*”

Another chapter is—

“*THE PRIEST AND THE CONFESSORIAL.*”

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The book of Dr. Fulton has been on sale ever since 1887, and has been going through the mails, continually.

Dr. Fulton is dead: as long as he lived, he stood by the book, and delivered lectures to the same purport.

Mr. Comstock is bound to have known that his name was used to give license to the book, protection to it, and authority for it.

He never lifted a finger against it.

During all these years, his name, as a friend of virtue and official suppressor of vice, has encouraged such men as I to believe that in exposing Romish priests and their practices, we were exposing vice, with the object of suppressing it.

Yet, I have lived to be the evidence

of the truth of Dr. Fulton's statement, that no man can *today* expose Romanism, *without risk of fine and imprisonment.*

But Dr. Fulton could never have dreamed of what actually occurred.

He could never have dreamed that his colaborer in exposing Romish practices would allow himself to be used by *the practitioners*, in the effort to degrade, fine and imprison a fellow citizen, whose book against Romish practices contains nothing so horrible as Dr. Fulton's explanation of *Rome's "substitution for marriage."*

* * * *

Dr. Fulton has a chapter which is headed—

"LIGUORI AND DENS."

Those are the Romish theologians *whose secrets I revealed*, quoting their nasty questions, but keeping the Latin veil on them.

In the table of contents, Dr. Fulton writes—

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* * * *

In 1887, Mr. Anthony Comstock approved the uncovering of priestly vices.

In 1912, the same official suppressor of vice, had me arrested, *as a prelude to intended disgrace and penal servitude*, because I was attempting to pursue the same object that Dr. Fulton had in mind, when he consulted Comstock about the book—

"Why Priests Should Wed."

What change has come over the Comstock spirit, that he should *now* permit himself to be used by the priests who ought "to wed," but who, according to Dr. Fulton's book, enjoy papal immunity for their "substitution for marriage."

According to Dr. Fulton's book, the nuns who have been in convents *long enough to be trusted*, act as the wives of priests who have been in the pope's service *for seven years*.

Into this Fulton-Comstock book, I dare not further penetrate, lest Com-

stock have me arrested again for uncovering the Romish rakes whom he and Dr. Fulton in 1887, believed *should be uncovered!*

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

By agreement with the author we publish the following statement.

RAND AVERY COMPANY.

AN UNPARALLELED PREDICAMENT IN BOOK-MAKING.

Never in the history of printing has a bookmaking house been placed in the awkward position in which this house was placed on the seventh day of December, 1887. On that day we refused to make a book, as printers, which we now issue as publishers.

It is true that we have caused the book to be amended and altered, and that it now appears in a decidedly expurgated form, with plates to indicate the omitted sentences; but, nevertheless, we are its publishers from almost unavoidable circumstances over which we had but little control.

When we as printers declined to fulfil our contract on the ground that the book was obscene, we agreed to allow competent authorities to decide whether or not we were justified in our opinions of its obscenity. Then we discovered that there are decidedly varied opinions as to what is, and what is not, obscene.

We learned that such an authority as Anthony Comstock, the head of the societies for the suppression of immoral literature, would not solidly uphold our position.

We further learned that such a power as the Attorney-General of the State would do nothing to suppress any book until it was actually before the public, on the ground that manuscript in the author's or printer's hands was beyond official jurisdiction.

We found, too, an emphatic portion of an intelligent community insisting that this book must be published, so that the world at large might be the judge as to whether we had rightly or wrongly attached to him the terrible opprobrium of trying to issue an obscene and immoral book.

Thus it is that this book is published by us; for there is no law to protect us, and no sentiment among the people strong enough to sustain us, in the position which we originally took.

Realizing that we were standing in an indefensible position, and realizing, too, that in having taken that position we had seriously injured Dr. Fulton's reputation as a Christian divine, we have agreed with him to publish his book with the utmost vigor at our command, in order that the whole people may decide for themselves, by what remains of the original manu-

script, whether or not we were justified in our attempt to suppress his book, which we feel, in spite of the intent and motives of its unquestionably sincere and devout author, was full of too appalling statements to be read by the American people.

RAND AVERY COMPANY.

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WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED.

INTRODUCTION.

Romish priests are little known, and less understood. Connected with an oath-bound system, run as a political machine, worked for all they are worth to undermine the foundations of the Republic, wreck our school system, and throttle liberty, the average politician resolves to court them instead of fighting them, work with them rather than against them. For this reason, Romanism has been talked about as a power, and not as a plague. Few think of Romish priests in society, because they do not meet them. They are apart and away. They may be a nuisance where they plant and plough; but, as they belong to a so-called Church, false notions regarding religious and soul liberty cause the many to feel that they should be left to themselves, to teach what they like, and to live as they choose. Nothing but a desire to serve the helpless women and girls, enslaved in the Roman Catholic Church, would induce me ever to spell Romanism again. I would retire to a pastorate, seek to win souls to Christ, and lead some church into the green pastures of God's Word, and so relieve those loved at home and elsewhere of seeing the name they honor and love, linked with a work which exposes immoralities of a character so gross, so sensual, so devilish, that a faithful description of the facts would render one liable to be indicted, and tried before the courts, for the violation of the laws concerning obscene literature. This is a terrible charge to be brought against Rome. To shield Rome, history must be belied, and the truth must remain untold. For, be it remembered, I do not make facts, but quote them. Every line in the book, so stoutly opposed as improper, is taken from publications, which, with the usual restrictions, may be obtained in our larger and best libraries.

It is possible to be true, and work inside the lines of the law governing the circulation of improper literature. Because of my desire to convince others of this fact, and yet not betray the truth, I carried so much of the copy as I had in my possession to Anthony Comstock,—that brave and fearless champion of purity,—and asked his opinion concerning it. The interview gladdened and strengthened me. He recognized the purity of my motives, and the honesty and fidelity of my work. He saw that I had left out what would excite the lascivious, and, at the same time, recog-

nized the need of something being said by a man true, strong, and brave enough to face the consequences of being fearless for the right. The following is his letter:—

The New York Society for the Suppression
of Vice,

150 Nassau Street, Room 9, New York,

Dec. 15, 1887.

Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D.D.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—Having examined a part of the MSS. which you submitted to me, I desire to state,—

First, That I believe your motives and intentions are absolutely honest and right.

Second, That the facts which you have collected are absolutely true, as supported by living witnesses. I have taken some of the original works which are published, and now in print, from which you have quoted. I find that much that is gross and infamous has been left out. At the same time, if you will pardon me a suggestion, I would like to call your attention to one or two things. First, the law does not regard your motive in putting forth a book, if the tendency of such work would be to deprave or to corrupt public morals. I do not say that what I have seen would do that. I simply express a single proposition at law: that your motive does not affect the character or tendency of this book, so far as affecting the law of this land. I would suggest that you keep out from your MSS. anything that would be construed as sensational, or any description of the secret doings of either priest or nun. While I would state sufficient to emphasize the evil, I would guard very carefully against any thing of a prurient nature, or that would cater to those who would look for filthy details rather than for the outrages being perpetrated.

Very truly yours,

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

It will be seen by the above that he held the books in his hands. He read what I have not written, and what I do not propose to write. Today Romanism cannot be uncovered unless a man is ready to stand fine and imprisonment. It is a shame that this is true, yet true it is.

To save the country from the devastations of Popery and from its polluting doctrines, they should be made known; and yet such a book is an impossibility while the law exists against literature calculated to deprave and debauch the mind of the person into whose hands it might fall. The courts judge of a work by its probable effect, not at all by the intent of the writer. "Why Priests Should Wed" is no longer a sealed commission. Not a fact has been altered or erased. All has not been told. It will, as far as it can, expose the practices of priests and the errors of Popery. The cup of shame has risen once more, as when Wicliff stirred up the monks by his fearless exposure. Possibly many will cry

out against disturbing so much filth; but the filth is there all the same, and, as another has said, "The scavenger can scarce do all his work at night when men are asleep." If there be doubts concerning these exposures, they can be set at rest by unlocking the pages of history. The celibacy of the religious orders under the papacy has for centuries been a source of infinite scandals, and in the sixteenth century these materially aided the Reformers. They will do a similar work now. Thousands are letting go of Rome, and are taking hold of Christ. The facts in the book deserve a resurrection. They are bound now to have it. It is not an obscene book. A book is obscene which is immoral in purpose, indecent in language, causing lewd thoughts of an immoral tendency. This book does nothing of the kind, but will work the opposite result. The peril in uncovering and describing the corrupt practices of priests and nuns, of detailing the conversation in the confessional, was apparent. For this purpose I made myself acquainted with the law, and have worked inside its restrictions. But it remains true that there ought to be some way devised by which Liguori's and Dens' theologies, so called, might be spread before the people. Millions of women and girls would be shamed out of the Roman-Catholic Church, were this done. It would then be seen that a church that countenances houses of prostitution, that rents places to them and pockets the money, that takes a revenue from every rum-shop, that sends her Sisters of Charity to the race-course to solicit funds, lives a life in her priesthood which the pen cannot write and which the tongue cannot describe.

The wicked one was hidden. Has not the time come to reveal him? Paul said it would come. Three words describe Romanism: "mystery of iniquity." Every one knows of the iniquities of Romanism in the past. The mystery is, that these iniquities should be tolerated in the present. The time is at hand when their undoings shall be unroofed. "And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming."

Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, was separated unto the gospel of God. That was his glory, and is his praise. In him God had a man, from the moment of his conversion to his death, ready to do what was necessary to be done, whether to endure stripes, to have his feet fast in the stocks, and sing with thanksgiving to God, until the earthquake ministered to his needs and opened a path to liberty and to usefulness; or to stand on the deck of a ship, without sun or stars for days, the personification of faith in God's provident care, and so the foremost man about, capable of calmly taking command of ship and crew, and giving orders in the name of God, because he saw Him who is invisible.

The prince of the power of the air tries to match Paul, in devotion and in endurance, with Roman Catholic priests. As in the olden time, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also, so now when the Church of Christ has through ministers and missionaries wrought as never before, Romish priests come, and put forth their counterfeit Christianity, and with it deceive many.

As when Aaron with his wonder-working rod came before Pharaoh, the magicians came in like manner, and threw down rods as long and as lively, and seemed to be able to cope with this man chosen of God. Our hope lies in the sequel. Rome has her papers, her Bibles with notes to deaden or explain away the truth, her Sabbath schools, missions for the unfortunate, and it all looks as if Romanism was a match for Christianity. But "Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." It shall be so again.

Romanism ministers to the ambition of men.

Think of Mons'ignor Capel saying in Chicago, "The time is not far away, when the Roman Catholics of the Republic of the United States at the order of the Pope will refuse to pay their school-tax, and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents, rather than pay it. It will come as quickly as the click of the trigger, and it will be obeyed, of course, as coming from God Almighty himself." The hierarchy of Rome rejoices that the Pope, or the cardinal, his representative in America, can sell the Roman Catholic vote as a quantity, and can keep one party in line through fear, and make the other through love do its bidding.

Romanism is not empty-handed, and men of prominence and seekers after power feel it. They who seek for victory through such means count out God who declares, "Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God, who judgeth her, and judgeth those who bow down to her." Rome's pride is fanned by seeing the dupes that gives up the claims of intellect, of manhood and womanhood, and fall down and worship a cheat and a sham.

Enter a Roman Catholic Church

at vespers. Was there ever a more senseless procedure? Some boys burning incense; the priest, with his back to the congregation, mumbling over prayers in Latin; the choir singing a Latin chant; and thousands of people on their knees, without a thought for the hopper of reflection, and without an inspiration for the soul.

The time is coming when the mists will clear away, and this absurdity will appear; and then good-by to the power and the deceptions of Romanism. Two young

ladies, reared in a convent, heard me describe vespers, went to the church in the afternoon, saw the lie, rose and went out, and called upon a lady, asking for a Bible, and gave up Romanism forever.

Rome not only ministers to the pride of man, and to his ambition, but to the lusts of the flesh.

The substitute for marriage for the priests, which Father Quinn, late of Kalamazoo, Mich., declares to be the invention of Pio Nono, for the purpose of holding the priesthood nominally to celibacy, while the widest door is opened for the gratification of lust, uncovers the depths of infamy quite as much as does the translation of Dens' Theology, a book which every Roman Catholic priest is supposed to understand. It proves Rome to be joined to the Harlot of the Tiber.

Her wantonness is terrible in America at this hour. The natural man has full swing. There is a place for intellect, for the love of power, and for the pleasures of the flesh. Hence the need of sounding out the peril of Romanists. They are in the broad road to hell. They must be warned to flee from the wrath to come, or they are forever lost. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the "Father." So it will ever be. Fifty millions of people, started in the roadway of an infinite purpose to build up a nation that shall be the light-house of the world, will never surrender to the Pope of Rome and his adherents.

The man who crawls into bed with the harlot of the Tiber for political promotion, will degrade and destroy himself in the estimation of thinking men. Truly has it been said, and should be remembered, "No statesman ever trafficked with Rome, except at the sacrifice of his country; no American politician ever intrigued with the papal power, who did not intend to betray some important constitutional privilege, and permit this church to take one progressive step in the direction of dominance over the civil power."

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AN UNFETTERED PRESS.

The few sentences. (remarks Brougham) with which Sheridan thrilled the House on the liberty of the press, in 1810, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon. "Give them," said he, "a corrupt House of Lords, give them a venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical Prince, give them a truckling Court, and let me have but an unfettered Press, I will defy them

to encroach a hair's breath upon the liberties of England." —(Jennings' Anecdotal History of the British Parliament.)

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ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES
ON "MARTIAL LAW."

The fundamental law of our system of government is, that THE MILITARY AUTHORITY IS ALWAYS SUBORDINATE TO THE CIVIL.

This issue has become so vitally important that I beg leave to lay before the reader an opinion in writing, given under memorable circumstances by one of the purest and greatest statesmen our country ever produced—Alexander H. Stephens.

If anybody understood civil liberty as guaranteed in our Constitutional laws, Mr. Stephens did.

He had made it a life-long study, and is recognized as one of the highest authorities upon that branch of jurisprudence.

Letter to Hon. James M. Calhoun, Mayor of Atlanta, on the Subject of Martial Law.

Richmond, Virginia,

September 8th, 1862.

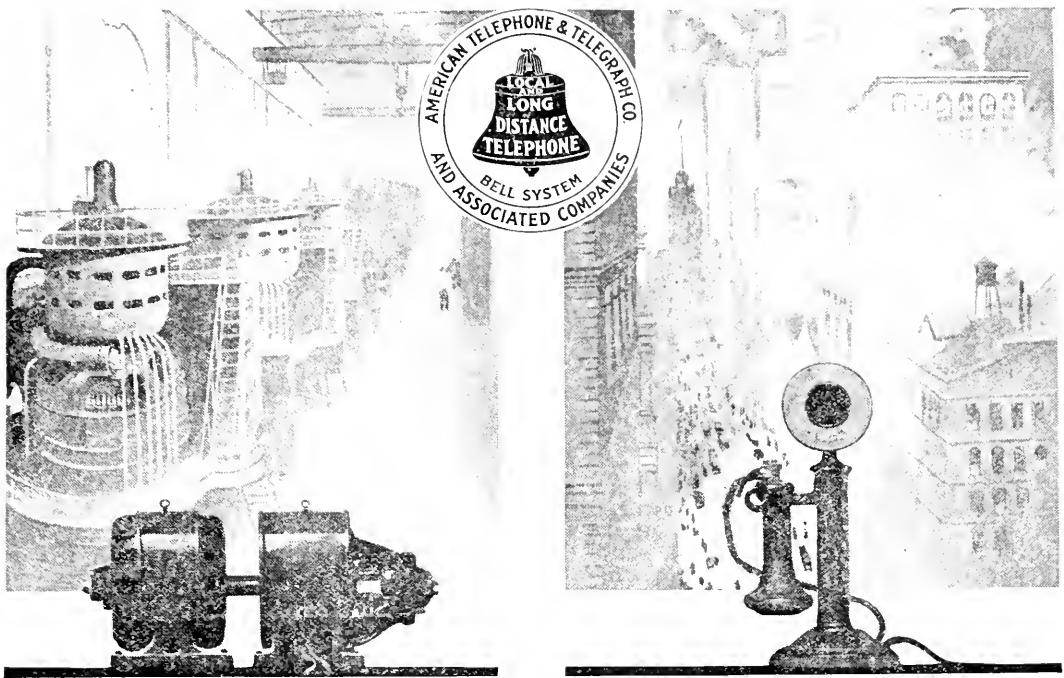
Hon. James M. Calhoun, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 28th ult., to Hon. B. H. Hill, was submitted to me by him a few days ago, for my views as to the proper answer to be made to your several inquiries touching your powers and duties in the office of civil governor of Atlanta, to which you have been appointed by Gen. Bragg. I took the letter with the promise to write to you fully upon the whole subject. This, therefore, is the object of my now writing to you. I regret the delay that has occurred in the fulfillment of my promise. It has been occasioned by the press of other engagements, and I now find my time too short to write as fully as I could wish. The subject is one of great importance, and this, as well as matters of a kindred sort, have given me deep concern for some time past.

I am not at all surprised at your being at a loss to know what your powers and duties are in your new position, and your position, and your inability to find any thing in any written code of laws to enlighten you upon them. The truth is your office is unknown to the law. Gen.

Bragg had no more authority for appointing you civil governor of Atlanta, than I had; and I had, or have, no more authority than any street-walker in your city. Under his appointment, therefore, you can rightfully exercise no more power than if the appointment had been made by a street-walker.

We live under a constitution. That constitution was made for war as well as peace. Under that constitution we have civil laws and military laws; laws for the civil authorities and laws for the military. The first are to be found in the statutes at large, and the latter in the rules and articles of war. But in this country there is no such thing as martial law, and cannot be until the constitution is set aside—if such an evil day shall ever come upon us. All the lawmaking power in the Confederate States government is vested in Congress. But Congress cannot declare martial law, which in its proper sense is nothing but an abrogation of all laws. If Congress cannot do it, much less can any officer of the government, either civil or military, do it rightfully, from the highest to the lowest. Congress may, in certain cases specified, suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, but this by no means interferes with the administration of justice so far as to deprive any party arrested of his right to a speedy and public trial by a jury, after indictment, etc. It does not lessen or weaken the right of such party to redress for an illegal arrest. It does not authorize arrests except upon oath or affirmation upon probable cause. It only secures the party beyond misadventure to appear in person to answer the charge, and prevents a release in consequence of insufficiency of proof, or other like grounds, in any preliminary inquiry as to the formality of legality of his arrest. It does not infringe or impair his other constitutional rights. These Congress cannot impair by law. The constitutional guarantees are above and beyond the reach or power of Congress, and much more, if it could be, above and beyond the power of any officer of the government. Your appointment, therefore, in my opinion, is simply a nullity. You, *U. V.*, virtue of it, possess no rightful authority; and can exercise none. The order creating you civil governor of Atlanta, was a most palpable usurpation. I speak of the act only in a legal and constitutional sense—not of the motives that prompted it. But a wise people, jealous of their rights, would do well to remember, as Belolme so well expressed it, that "such acts, so laudable when we only consider the motive of them, make a breach at which tyranny will one day enter," if quietly submitted to too long. Now, then, my opinion is, if any one be brought before you for punishment for selling liquor to a soldier, or any other allegation, where there is no law against it, no law passed by the proper law-making power, either State or Confederate, and



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where, as a matter of course, you have no legal or rightful authority to punish either by fine, or corporeally, etc., you should simply make this response to the one who brings him or her, as the case may be, that you have no jurisdiction of the matter complained of.

A British queen (Anne) was once urged by the emperor of Russia to punish one of her officers for what his majesty considered an act of indignity to his ambassador to her court, though the officer had violated no positive law. The queen's memorable reply was that "she could inflict no punishment upon any, the meanest of her subjects, unless warranted by the law of the land."

This is an example you might well imitate. For I take it for granted that no one will pretend that any general in command of our armies, could confer upon you or anybody greater power than the ruling sovereign of England possessed in like cases under similar circumstances. The case referred to in England gave rise to a change of the law. After that an act was passed exempting foreign ministers from arrest. So with us. If the proper discipline and good order of the army require that the sale of liquor to a soldier by a person not connected with the army should be prohibited (which I do not mean to question in the slightest degree) let the prohibition be declared by law, passed by Congress, with the pains and penalties for a violation of it, with the mode and manner of trying the offence plainly set forth. Until this is done, no one has any authority to punish in such cases; and any one who undertakes to do it is a trespasser and a violator of the law. Soldiers in the service, as well as the officers, are subject to the Rules and Articles of War, and if they commit any offence known to the military code therein prescribed, they are liable to be tried and punished according to the law made for their government. If these Rules and Articles of War, or in other words, if the military code for the government of the army is defective in any respect, it ought to be amended by Congress. There alone the power is vested. Neither generals nor the provost-marshal have any power to make, alter or modify laws either military or civil; nor can they declare what shall be crimes, either military or civil, or establish any tribunal to punish what they may so declare. All these matters belong to Congress; and I assure you, in my opinion, nothing is more essential to the maintenance and preservation of constitutional liberty than that the military be ever kept subordinate to the civil authorities.

You thus have my views hastily but pointedly given.

Yours, most respectfully,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

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AN OCTOGENARIAN BOOKSELLER.

While in Edinburgh lately, I entered the shop of Mr. James Stillie, bookseller, George street. I had not been in it for over twenty years, and then it was situated in Princess street. I was under the impression that Mr. Stillie had "joined the majority" some years ago, and was therefore much surprised to be waited upon by the bookseller himself.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I was under the impression that you had retired (I put it mildly) from business some years ago."

"No. I have earned retirement by years of labor, but book-selling is not favorable to retirement."

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"Then you knew Sir Walter personally, as well as many of the 'giants' who flourished in Edinburgh then?"

"Sir Walter was very often in my shop, partly because I had been useful in getting some books for him, and partly because he often met Dr. Jamieson there. To hear and see the manner in which Sir Walter and Dr. Jamieson 'carried on' would have astonished you. They were both full of fun, nearly always laughing, and relating the latest good story to one another."

I chanced to put my hand upon a copy of "Rob Roy."

Mr. Stillie immediately said: "When Sir Walter was bringing out the novels with notes, he sent a copy of 'Rob Roy' to Miss Edgeworth; but she returned the novel to him, with thanks, on the ground that, to put notes to novels, besides being novel, was no improvement, and spoiled them, and the notes had spoiled 'Rob Roy.'" "She is right, sir, she is right; for I think Rob in the novel is a hero, but the notes only make out Rob to be a thief," said Sir Wal-

ter; and Dr. Jamieson and Sir Walter walked out roaring. Very little set the two billies laughing."

Mr. Stillie is probably the oldest second-hand bookseller in the kingdom. I understand he is eighty-four or eighty-five, but he skipped across the shop and fetched out volume after volume, with all the alertness and vigor of the time when his shop was "ayont the Tron" in the twenties. I made my purchase, and was gratified by my conversation with a gentleman who had known and served "Sir Walter."—"G. T." in the Bookworm.)

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He does not say that these women should be driven hither and thither by a band of sinful men, for if he did he would advocate a thing that Jesus Himself did not do. "Jesus was unable to organize a band for the condemning of fallen women," says Rev. Elliott; "He failed to find a single man that was clean enough to take a hand in a crusade against unfortunate women."

"God will not bless those who are not working strictly for His glory. It certainly cannot be for God's glory to mercilessly hound a sinful woman, when sinful man is to do the hounding," he says.

Mr. Elliott is the founder of The Southern Rescue Mission and has given six years to rescue work, having entered more than three thousand houses of ill-fame and talked face to face with over fifteen thousand women of the underworld, embracing a territory throughout the United States.

He admits that he helped form the sentiment that resulted in the closing of the restricted district, which he states has done society a grave injustice because these women have been literally spread all over every section of the various cities. Just recently Elliott made a tour of the country as far north as Chicago and west to California, investigating results of the closing of the districts, for the purpose of writing intelligently the final pages of his book "The Cause Of The Social Evil and The Remedy."

The book gives a full and truthful analysis of the causes of the downfall of women as well as a sane method of handling them, and should be read by every person who is interested in the welfare of the young and who believes in justice to all.

Mr. Elliott is a member of The Baptist Tabernacle, Atlanta, Ga.

The price of the book is \$1.00 net or \$1.10 by mail postpaid, but those ordering at once enclosing \$1.00 will receive a copy postpaid.

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