

THE AMERICAN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS."—We hold that all men are Americans who swear allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation.

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FACTS ABOUT

"OLD GLORY."

It Has Not Always Been the
Pattern Americans
Now Love.

Also, An Excellent Article Regarding
The Roman Catholic Church
In Mexico.

Facts and Fancies of Old Glory.

As a nation we are the most pictorial in the world, and we began early to read from symbols, our first standard of independent rule being the design of a rattlesnake cut in thirteen pieces, representing the thirteen colonies, bearing first the motto "Unite or Die," and later the significant warning, "Don't Tread on Me," the rattlesnake being typified in an attitude prepared to strike. Rude as the device was, it had a terrible significance, but one in which science, history and power held formidable parts, and it was a motive of wise statesmanship that gave it as a warning to foreign pressure, when that pressure developed into tyranny.

Dr. Franklin, seeing the emblem one day, wrote of it in this admirable explanation:

"On inquiry and from study I learn that the ancients considered the serpent an emblem of wisdom, and in some attitudes of endless duration. Also that countries are often represented by animals peculiar to that country. The rattlesnake is found nowhere but in America. Her eye is exceedingly bright and without eyelids—emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack and she never surrenders—emblem of magnanimity and courage. She never wounds even her enemies until she generously gives them warning not to tread on her, which is emblematical of the spirit of the people who inhabit her country. She appears apparently weak and defenseless, but her weapons are nevertheless formidable. Her poison is the necessary means for the digestion of her food, but certain death to her enemies—showing the power of American resources. Her thirteen rattles, the only part which increases in number, are distinct from each other, and yet so united that they cannot be disconnected without breaking them to pieces, showing the impossibility of an American republic without a union of states. A single rattle will give no sound alone, but the ringing of the thirteen together is sufficient to startle the boldest man alive. She is beautiful in youth and her beauty increases with age. Her tongue is forked as the lightning, and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

This magnificent apostrophe to a rattlesnake reads like an improvisation from the Book of Job or the Psalms of David, and, connected as it is with every epoch of American liberty, it should be as immortal in its sentiments as the Declaration of Independence.

It will soon be the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the American flag, or rather its adoption by Congress, George Washington being chairman of the committee which gave the order for the thirteen stars and stripes. The patriotic women of that day did not immortalize themselves by making the flag with their own hands, but the expert needlewoman who drew the threads and did the fine stitching on George Washington's shirts made our first national banner, and within late years her house, which is still standing, has become a resort for the patriotic. It has long been designated "the Betsey Ross flag," so it goes down to posterity with a woman's name attached as a factor in its being.

It was succeeded by the flag of fifteen stars, which will come to be known as the "Francis Key Flag," our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," having been written under its folds, or rather it was the flag which Key saw while idling his poem.

POSITIVELY THE LAST CALL.

All persons who have not paid their subscriptions to THE AMERICAN for 1898, and previous years are hereby notified that on July 1st, 1898, all unpaid subscription accounts will be placed in the hands of our attorney for collection. If you owe anything save yourself and us trouble by paying up immediately, as this is positively the last request we shall make to delinquent subscribers. Remember the date---July 1st, 1898 We will not wait on you after that date. We have treated you right, and you must treat us in the same manner. It is right that you pay us what you owe us.

I have had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of one who knew the history of the name given to our flag in recent years, "Old Glory," the incidents of the occasion. The narrator, George W. Bates of Detroit, Mich., a gentleman of unusual information on all topics, and an ardent patriot, says that it was applied to the flag of the United States for the first time by Captain Stephen Driver, an old sea captain who was living in Nashville, Tenn., in 1862. In order to keep the flag, which had been presented to him while abroad by American friends, he hid it in a quilt and slept under its folds without its enemies being any the wiser. On awaking in the morning he would ascribe his good sleep to the concealed flag, which he called by the pet name "Old Glory," and when the federals entered Nashville he flung "Old Glory" to the breeze and told the story everywhere. The name is now as national as the flag.

The respect which is accorded to the American flag abroad may be exemplified by a conversation held a few years ago between a daughter of President Tyler, an aged lady now living in retirement, and a Chicago woman who is bluntly patriotic and doesn't care who knows it. The Chicago woman was calling on her southern friend when in Washington, and noticing a small flag framed and given a place of honor asked what flag it was.

"That is the flag of my country," said the proud gentlewoman, who at 15 years of age had presided at the White House.

The Chicago woman had intuition and wisely kept silent, and soon forgot the incident in listening to her friend's brilliant recital of a foreign tour which she had made while the country was disturbed by war. She particularly alluded to the kindness which was shown to her as a daughter of a former President of the United States, and to the courtesy of officials who forwarded her trunks without disturbing their contents because the first one they opened had an American flag spread over the inside lid.

"As soon as they saw the stars and stripes they closed the trunk and handed me the keys," Mrs. Semple remarked with appreciation.

Then the overburdened feelings of her friend gave way. She rose in severe dignity and pointing to the "Bonnie Blue Flag" framed on the mantel cried:

"And yet you call that the flag of your country!"

For a moment there was danger of another war, but the two women compromised by a flood of tears, and a reconciliation with their arms about each other, but there was almost a national significance in the incident.—M. L. Payne in Chicago Times-Herald.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Mexico and the Papal Church.

The following article was contributed to the April number of the Altruist by L. K. Washburn:

Less than forty years ago the Romish church was all-powerful in Mexico. It had acquired vast possessions until two-thirds of all the property in the republic was held by her bishops. Cathedrals, churches, monasteries, nunneries filled the land. Did this wealthy power establish schools and educate her children? No! A more ignorant, degraded people could not be found outside of another Romish country. The priest was supreme.

But the hour came when the greed of the church could no longer be tolerated. The church was stripped of its property, and the idle, lazy drones, who had lived upon the industry of the people, were driven from the land. In Mexico today no religious institution can acquire real estate; the law does not recognize monastic orders, nor does it permit the sister of charity to wear her robes and beg for the church on Mexican soil. It is a fact that the people of Mexico after 300 years of Romanism are chiefly distinguished for illiteracy, superstition, and moral degradation. This is the legacy of Roman Catholicism to every nation.

Dr. McGlynn said a few years ago: "It is not risking too much to say that, if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and the children, for all the churchmen would do for them, would grow up in brutish ignorance of letters."

It might be queried whether this priest would tell the truth about Romanism, but it is safe to say that he would—before he went back to the church.

The state should say to every citizen within her borders: If you cannot support our public institutions you had better emigrate. I do not believe that this government was founded to give aid and comfort to enemies of political or religious freedom. I do not believe that any organization that is opposed to the education received in our public schools has any business in this country.

We do not need and we do not want people here who demand the liberty to establish a despotism. We have no room for a church that is afraid of knowledge, that declares that the secular schools of the United States "cannot be frequented with a safe conscience," that they are full of "deadly peril."

I agree fully with the late Mr. Corrigan of the Massachusetts state board of education, who said: "Our institutions are purely American, and those who object to them we can well afford to lose." But the difficulty is, you cannot get rid of them.

Archbishop Williams, in an address to the clergy of his diocese a short time ago, urged them to establish Catholic

schools in every parish. He should have urged them to see that their parishioners sent their children to some school and save the state of Massachusetts from the disgrace of having one hundred and twenty-one thousand persons ten years of age and over who are unable to read and write.

It is a fact that nearly the whole nine thousand persons in Fall River who are unable to read and write in any language are Roman Catholics or children of Roman Catholic parents. The Romish church knows that the effect of right education is to make man independent of priestly control. For this church to educate her subjects in any fair sense of the word, would be to commit suicide.

Roman Catholicism has confessed its fear of popular education and popular knowledge. It had confessed that if it keeps up with civilization it must leave behind its theology. It knows that science is its executioner. Every natural fact is a witness against it. It has to hope only in prolonged darkness. It dies at the sunrise of truth in the soul.

The whole stock in trade of Romanism is superstition. It has nothing else to preach, nothing else to teach. It is a dead religion, and fitly reads its prayers in a dead language. Instead of letting in the light of the future it shuts out the light of the present. None of its products are worthy of this age. Its dogmas, instead of being guide-beards on the road of life, are only scarecrows. One teacher is worth a thousand priests; one wife and mother a thousand nuns; one husband and father a thousand monks, and one man a thousand Roman Catholics.

The Romish priest makes a pretentious use of the word morality today, and lays particular emphasis upon the necessity of moral education for the young. The moral trimming on the religious gown of the Roman Catholic church is very scant and narrow. There are nine parts of theology to one part of morality in its creed. The noblest life that ever left its splendor in the memory of man, unless it were united with faith in the empty superstition of the church, would not receive one word of praise from the consecrated lips of bigotry that speak for Roman Catholicism.

THE NEW AMERICA.

We here give a notice of the New National Ode as sung for the first time at a patriotic meeting in San Francisco about a year ago, as reported in Light of that city:

"Last Sunday's meeting at Metropolitan Temple was one of the most successful of the series commenced and carried on by Ex-Priest Ruthven. A large audience began to gather as early as 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the large auditorium was well filled, as Prof. Werner, the eminent and popular mu-

sician, stepped on the platform to open proceedings with a grand organ voluntary. As the last chord died out Mr. Ruthven introduced Mrs. Pittsinger, the talented and well-known poetess, who recited her latest literary production, "New America." This is a poem of great merit, and Mrs. Pittsinger's effort met with a hearty burst of applause. New America is set to the music of a popular German air, entitled "Andreas Hafer"—and it was magnificently sung by Prof. Dubois, a baritone of rich timbre and great compass, who was again and again encored."

The copy of the poem as furnished to us by Mrs. Pittsinger is as follows:

Speed on, ye Sons of Freedom!
Gird on your mighty shield!
There is no time for halting;
Your foe is in the field!
Our watchmen stand upon the wall,
To arms, to arms! their bugle call!
Speed on, ye brave and free,
Our fleets are on the sea!

Beware, ye valiant Freemen,
Your foe is ever near!
He sounds his brazen trumpet,
That all the land may hear!
He sounds his trumpet, as he stands
Behind the heathen Romish clans,
Whose trail is like a brand
Of terror in the land!

Be gone, ye meddling traitors;
Your pledges are in vain!
Your criminals and paupers
Should breed beyond the main—
They are a burden and a curse,
A deadly stench, and what is worse
Their hungry maws are fed
Upon our children's bread!
To arms, to arms, ye soldiers!
March on, ye loyal braves!
Ye never shall be conquered
While our Starry Banner waves!
Ye never shall be conquered while
Its welcome hues upon us smile,
Whose charms shall crown the dawn
Of Freedom's golden morn!

O, Freedom, golden Freedom,
Thou art our crown of light!
Through all the coming ages
Thy glory shall be might!
Thou art our helmet and our shield,
Our hope upon the tented field;
The Star in whose bright ray
Our heroes find their way.

PROTECTION IS THY WATCHWORD,
It is the magic charm!
It nerves us for the battle,
Prepares us for the storm!
It is our Nation's bugle-call!
Speed on, ye Freemen, 'tis her call!
O, gird your armor on!
The victory shall be won!

Orangemen Endorse Offer of Troops.
Minneapolis, Minn., May 30.—The State Loyal Orange Lodge completed its annual meeting last week. A resolution was passed endorsing the action of the Supreme Grand Master in offering

to President McKinley 200,000 Orangemen to help maintain the honor of the country.

The annual reports show that there are at present seventy-two lodges in Minnesota with a membership of 6,792. The cash balance on hand is \$1,275.67.

The Orangemen are in favor of free Cuba and endorse "Dewey's Pills" to bring it about. Major General Lee sounds well to them and so does the same title for Joe Wheeler. Many Orangemen are already enlisted.

ZAMBOTT.

Anti-Roman Works by Gladstone.

Following is a list of the books which the Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone wrote in contravention of the arrogant and preposterous pretensions of the Romish church: "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Political Allegiance" (1874); "Vaticanism" (1875); "Speeches of the Pope" (1875)—which three works were published together, with a preface, in 1875, under the title "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion." Mr. Gladstone committed to writing powerful and unanswerable arguments against the extraordinary claims of the Church of Rome and against any union of church and state, demonstrating himself to be a practical and able antagonist of political Romanism.

A. B.

Knowledge kills many papal myths, no matter how old they may be.

Bigotry is the mirror of credulity.

True religion is out of place in a mass house.

Truth may be put in the grave, but it won't stay there.

When the forces of patriotism are divided treason comes out ahead.

If Rome does a charitable act it is to gain favor with those she can afterwards rob.

Remember that bruising the serpent's head is safer than pinching his tail.

Give Rome use of our politicians and she will soon control our government.

There can be no real love for America when the pope is the ruler.

All papists are bigoted no matter how liberal they may make out to be.

Rome makes it a religious duty to oppose the public schools.

Rome finds slander a better weapon than a bowie knife.

Those who would lead men to oppose Rome must look up her record.

Take up any of your great world problems today and you will find the pope has his finger in the pie.

There isn't much patriotism in the heart of the man who aids Rome in gaining power in this country.

The best remedy for national apathy is to let Rome introduce some of her old methods of persecution.

The papal praising college professor is one of the pope's best workers in this country.

It is much easier to be contented with party pandering to Romanism than to steadfastly oppose it.

A narrow headed bigot is the pope's idea of a first class man. Thinkers always give the pope trouble.

The man who lives only for himself is always opposed to reform measures.

When a man has a heart big enough to love all mankind without respect to creed, he is too good for the pope.

The politician who is always on the hunt for votes instead of feeling the patriotic pulse will never fight political corruption.

No man is living up to his political duties who fails to oppose the enemies of national peace, purity and prosperity.

Public Notice.

The Northwestern Line Daylight Special now leaves the U. P. Depot at 6:40 A. M., arrives at Chicago 8:45 same evening. No change in the other trains. Overland Limited 4:45 P. M., and the Omaha-Chicago Special at 6:45 A. M., arrives at Chicago 7:45 and 9:30 respectively, next morning. The most advanced Vestibuled Sleepers, Diners and Free Parlor Chair cars—of course—What else would the "NORTHWESTERN" have? 1401-Farnam st.

Miss Florence Nathan, one of the handsomest young ladies in San Francisco was on Sunday last chosen as the "Daughter of the Regiment" by the Nebraska boys now at Camp Richmond waiting to go to the Philippines.