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OMAHA, NEB., JUNE 17, 1898.

Awake ye anti-Romans! Heed the Greeting of Col. Henry F. Bowers.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, ex congressman, of Massachusetts, and a wide awake and loyal American, is dead.

Have you grown somewhat indifferent in this great fight? Think of the work now being accomplished by our enemy.

Romanism does progress a little. It now accepts service on its representatives who appear in the civil courts to defend its acts.

Are YOU doing your whole duty in this great cause for "Liberty"? Stop! Think! Reason! Now act and act with your whole heart.

The pope is supreme in Spain. His word is law. The queen regent has sent him word that if he wishes it she will abdicate—throw up her job.

Out of town Americans when visiting Omaha can save money and get a pleasant room by applying at this office. Room can be secured in advance by deposit of \$1.

Rome has sprung another fraud on the world. She claims to have photographed the "Holy Shroud" in which a perfect outline of Christ appears. Bah; a false christ!

Now they have discovered a nest of Spanish spies in Mark Hanna's town, Cleveland, O. Are they the fellows who sent those peace petitions to Congress two months ago?

What must have been the treatment accorded the natives of the Philippines by Roman Catholic priests and nuns, that said priests and nuns flee in terror at the approach of the armies under Aguinaldo? It must have been most inhuman and cruel! May they meet the fate they richly deserve.

Col. H. F. Bowers of Clinton, Iowa, was on May 13th, 1898, elected Supreme President of the A. P. A., and has made Clinton, Iowa, the headquarters of the supreme body, where communications will reach him. He desires all state and subordinate councils to write to him at once. Important information.

The Boston Citizen says out of the eight men selected to sink the Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba three were of Irish descent. Their names are Montague, Burke and Kelly. The other five were Hobson, of Alabama; Phillips and Clausen, of Boston, and Charette, of Lowell, Mass, and Deignan, of Iowa. All honor to the brave crew.

Henry F. Bower's first message to all the state and subordinate councils has the right ring. He says organize; organize to defend your homes from a foreign foe which he believes has determined upon another St. Bartholomew massacre, and you will do well to heed his suggestion. The wise man prepares when no man openly opposes him.

Maurice McKeag filed a petition in the circuit court asking that Thomas R. Ahearn be required to show to the court why he should not have a curator appointed for his children, Mary and Ellen Ahearn now in St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, and Louis and Walter Ahearn, who are in St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. The plaintiff relates that the children are entitled to one-fourth interest in the estate of Walter Keegan.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Maurice might have also related that the Roman church, in whose asylums they now are, wants their money.

A friend has sent us a clipping that purports to be a pastoral letter issued by Archbishop Gross of Portland, Ore., in which Spain, France, Italy and other Roman Catholic countries are repudiated and their Catholicity denied. In this alleged pastoral Gross also says the pope has condemned the bull fights which have helped make Spain famous for its cruelty. The pope has trafficked a good deal in bulls; he has sent them

against the Masons, against the Odd Fellows and against all Protestants. He may have sent one against those Spanish bulls, but if he did it is not a matter of revealed history. Probably the archbishop didn't believe what was written, and did not expect any one else to. In any event he failed to furnish any proof to substantiate the assertions set out in the letter.

Where are the patriotic lecturers? Has Rome grown so good that they are not needed, or is it because we are too wondrously wise to need the assistance of such grand men as, Rev. Charles Chiniquy, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Rev. J. G. White, Rev. O. E. Murray, Rev. Joseph Slattery, Bishop J. V. McNamara and many other good and noble fellows who are always ready to answer to your beck and call?

There are a great many little things happening throughout the world today which convince the political student that there are troublous times ahead for all established governments, and that there will be a complete readjustment of national boundaries, social conditions and political alliances, before the world wears itself out and settles back to peace. Before this comes to pass, however, internecine strife and riots will wrack and distract all Protestant countries, or those under Protestant government, while those subservient to the papacy will amaze the world because of their unity and their stability, yet their end must follow, and they must disappear wholly before the march of Protestant armies and Protestant civilization. We shall not attempt to show how the different nations will line up, but natural ideas, and policies would suggest that the United States, England, Japan and possibly the Scandinavian countries, together with the Protestant part of the German empire will be pitted against the rest of the world. And yet it is barely possible that all this may be avoided by a masterly retreat, under jesuitical direction, by the powers of the papacy, that have up to this date aided Spain surreptitiously while professing to be strictly neutral. At any rate there is no necessity for any one fearing the war will end before they get a chance to fight, for it is our opinion that it has only just commenced, unless the jesuits pull their fellows down, then this country would have to stack arms and demand an indemnity and the independence of the islands occupied.

Priests In It, Certainly.

A special cablegram from Madrid to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, dated June 13, says:

A source of great anxiety to the government and to the dynasty, as well as in fact to all the well-to-do people here, is the activity of a secret society known throughout the country as the "Black Hand," which in importance and completeness of organization only can be compared to nihilism in Russia. But little is apparently known about it abroad, or even by strangers here, but there are few of the metropolitan or provincial authorities who are not in great dread thereof. It originated about twenty years ago, no one seems to know how, and equal mystery prevails with regard to the peculiar name of "Black Hand." It proclaims after the style of the Nihilists that it puts all the rich, the land owners and the government officials "outside the law," and that all means to fight them are good, not excepting assassination and fire.

In many respects it resembles the Mafia of Sicily, and the Camorra of Naples, in that it finds means to intimidate the judges and provincial authorities, and while it occasionally works in unison, and makes use of the members of the latter, yet it is an entirely distinct organization, and far more feared by the government, which it aims to overthrow with the object of dividing up the entire country into a utonomous commune, where all would share alike. It only differs from anarchy and nihilism in that it does not deny the existence of the divinity. In fact, it is alleged that a large number of parish priests are affiliated therewith, and that it has its agents among all ranks of society save the rich.

Ask the newsdealers in your town for this paper. Have your friends also acquire. Help spread the truth.

Romanism in Colorado, U. S. A.

Altman, Col., June 10, 1898.—Editor THE AMERICAN.—Always filled with a very great love for the holy (?) Roman church and possessed with an intense desire to help advance the great and glorious principles of the said church, I, with a friend, Mr. Lee Kellum, who has symptoms of love and admiration similar to mine for the most holy church, on learning that the Mexican Roman Catholics hold a peculiar religious service twenty miles east of Pueblo, Col., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before Easter Sunday each and every year, and that said services were very holy and inspiring, we concluded to attend the next service held there so we could tell our friends of the greatness of the pope and his followers.

We arrived at Boone a small town on the A. T. & S. F. and Mo. P. railroads, five miles from the scene of the religious rites on the morning of April 7, 1898, one day late for the first day's glorifying of the pope.

On arriving at the place we found, situated on a high plateau on the banks of the Huernano river, a doxy penitent house about twenty by sixty feet and eight feet high. About three-eighths of a mile east of the penitent house on the plains was to be seen the emblem of ignorance and superstition—the Roman cross. There were quite a number of greasers present but as the heretics, of late years, have frequently amused themselves at the expense of the pope's faithful by such innocent sport as assailing them, they now hold most of their services early in the morning or late in the evening, even late into the night, there are not so many heretics present to see them go through their ceremonies.

We were too late the first day to see anything more inspiring than a fellow dragging a cross made of timber eight inches square, the upright piece being about fifteen feet long, around over the plains, down the steep bank of the Huernano and back; and when he got back to the penitent house he was so near exhausted he had to be supported by two other men, but he never laid down the holy cross. What a holy man he must have been when he got through! During this, as well as during all the rest of the performances we saw, there were quite a number who accompanied the penitent, chattering some kind of a song which was similar to the idiotic performance at high mass. They had a flute and an old horse fiddle, such as Missourians used to use to scare crows out of their corn fields. They kept the fiddle and flute going all the time. We were told by those who were conversant with their way that they believed the fiddle would scare the devil away; and in the hands of such creatures I don't doubt but what it would.

While they were in the penitent house they—or two of them—would come out every fifteen or twenty minutes with the flute and fiddle and go around the house to keep the devil from getting too close.

We were told by some of the heretics present that on the first day of the holy doings, a Mexican, with more muscle than brains, put a cross on his shoulders and ran with it until he became exhausted and fell. Then they set up the cross for future glorification. On the morning of the eighth we arrived on the grounds early, and that day we saw some very surprising things.

I will first describe the whips they used, as well as I can. I was unable to get hold of one to send you. They were made of soap weeds plaited together. The soap weed is a plant with long, slender blades with sharp edges which cut like a knife. When the Mexicans plaited the weeds they left the small ends loose which formed a kind of a tassel which lacerated the flesh terribly.

The penitents were nude, excepting the parts covered by drawers. They would bring those whips down on their shoulders and onto their backs and the blood would flow freely.

When we got to the penitent house on the 8th one of the faithful was walking on cactus with his bare feet and whipping himself with one of those cruel soap weed whips. He was bleeding dreadfully, but he never flinched, so full was his heart of love for the pope.

Soon after he got through purifying himself there were four came out who took crosses on their backs and started

to walk to the cross which was set up on the plains. They were followed by eight others who were vigorously chastising themselves with those terrible soap weed whips. These were surrounded by about forty chasters with the indispensable flute and horse fiddle. The leading or head man of the chanters carried a wooden christ, about three feet high, cut out of backed cottonwood tree. It was bow-legged in one leg and knock-kneed in the other. It represented Christ about as well as their heathenish practices represent christianity.

We had a kodak with us and when the procession started we undertook to get a snap shot, although we had been told we would not be allowed closer than two hundred yards. It was our intention to take some pictures and send them to THE AMERICAN, but we were met half way and told we could not come any nearer, were threatened with the law and, in fact, opposed until we gave up trying to take pictures and contented ourselves with looking on from a distance. The procession went straight to the cross. Those who had the soap weed whips struck themselves stinging blows at every other step. When about half way to the cross they got down on their knees for awhile but the whipping never ceased. Then they arose and staggered on, bleeding at almost every pore and almost ready to die from exhaustion, so terrible had been the flagellation. At the base of the cross they sank down more dead than alive, yet the lashes fell with alarming regularity if with diminished force. The return trip was soon commenced, and was but a repetition of the outward. They appeared more like demons than like alleged christians—their hair disheveled, their faces pale, their single garment flecked and bespattered with blood and their feet and ankles covered with gaping wounds from cactus thorns on which they trod. It took one hour and three minutes to make the round trip.

We were at least a half mile from the cross, yet we could hear the strokes plainly as the blood-soaked whips fell on their naked, bloody backs.

Other processions were formed which went through the same barbarous performances, all of which horrified and disgusted us with Romanism, generally regarded as a religion and protected by the constitution.

By talking to persons who had lived in the neighborhood for a number of years we learned that at different times there had been persons who died while doing penance, and that two crippled themselves for life then applied to the county for support; but it happened that the officials were not sufficiently Romanized to overlook the manner in which the injuries were received, consequently their applications were rejected.

We were also told that in the early sixties they even went so far as to crucify some. That is Roman Catholicism in its natural state.

If you ask their priest, a Spaniard, why they practice such heathenish rites he answers "it is because they are ignorant and know no better." In making that statement he acknowledges he knows better; then why in the name of God and the name of reason does he not teach the laity better? We know they do exactly what their priest tells them to do. But if he taught them to do different it would be a counterfeit brand of Romanism.

Oh! how happy they would be if they could degrade the entire people of the United States to the level of those poor Mexicans!

If this should fall into the hands of Father Carr at Altman, or any other burly follower of the old Dago on the Tiber, I would like him to explain through some of our local papers why it is the Roman Catholic church is such a champion of parochial school education, yet leaves those poor Mexicans in such hopeless ignorance and they less than fifteen miles east of the second largest city in the great state of Colorado, where are practiced religious rites which would put to shame the Indians who inhabited this country when the pilgrims landed.

If my friend and I were full of love for the Roman church when we went down to Boone we came back overflowing with indignation. Americans should see to it that Romanism never gets the upper hand in this country even though it takes rivers of blood to

keep the poisonous fangs and slimy coils from our beloved country and her free institution; but who would not rather shed his blood for his country than have it ruled by the Ireland, Phelans, Corrigan, Yorks and the rest of the t-e-kissers.

Yours in F. P. P.

W. B. BUTLER.

Spain Has One Friend.

Washington, D. C., June 13.—Information reached Washington today that Spanish residents of Uruguay are raising money and enlisting volunteers to go to Cuba and assist the Spaniards in the war between Spain and the United States. Gen. Fortunado Flores, a General in the Uruguayan army, is the leader of the movement, which has caused some excitement in Montevideo, the capital of the republic. Gen. Flores is of direct Spanish descent, and all his sympathies are pro-Spanish. He is bitterly opposed to anything favorable to the United States.

He at first sought permission of the President of the republic and endeavored to secure the passage of a measure to send a portion of the army of the republic to the aid and support of Spain in the war against the United States. Failing in this he resigned his commission in the army and notified the President of the republic that he was then an individual citizen and could do as he saw fit. He issued a call for volunteers to go to Cuba. The report received here is that he succeeded in securing a considerable sum of money, and claims to have equipped 2000 men with arms, ammunition and supplies. Having tendered the services of himself and three regiments to the Queen Regent of Spain, he now announces that he is in receipt of a telegram from the government at Madrid stating that he and the officers of his command will be received on equal footing and with the same rank as the regular officers of the Spanish army. The regiments Gen. Flores claims are in readiness to depart and are only awaiting orders from the government at Madrid. He also states that there will go 2000 volunteers from Buenos Ayres, so that his full command will consist of 5,000 men who will fight for Spain.

In an interview Gen. Flores is quoted as saying that he is not surprised or disappointed that Spain is suffering defeat at the beginning of the war. He believes that in the future she will win. He says that he is eager to join in the conflict against the United States and make his own name as much dead as the Yankees as is that of Weyler.

In outlining his plans, he states that there are several states of the union that are dissatisfied with the war and opposed to it, and are anxious and willing to withdraw from the union. He declares that they are dissatisfied with the government, and advises that Spain land from 150,000 to 200,000 in such states. He believes that they will form a union with Spain to fight against the United States Government. If that could be done quickly he believes that Spain's triumph would be sure. He further declares that the people of the United States are too busily engaged in business to make good soldiers, and says Spain could destroy the union of states and make each state an independent republic of itself.

Gen. Flores is 56 years of age. He won his way to the presidency of Uruguay by wading through blood, and was the most inhuman ruler that the little republic ever had. His house is the headquarters of adventurers of all kinds, and he is known for his wild exploits and hazardous undertakings. Over his residence floats the Spanish flag. Through the streets of Montevideo and even Buenos Ayres, among the Spanish sympathizers, especially the ignorant class, who have been excited by the utterance of Gen. Flores, the cry, "On to New York," which is the only port in America known to them, is heard. The United States Consulate at Montevideo is guarded by extra police, and the Consul has been advised not to go out upon certain streets, where the Spanish residents congregate, at night.

Big guide to Omaha and Exposition at Omaha mailed for 10 cents. Agents wanted everywhere. E. P. Walker, 710 N. 40 St., Omaha.

Try Sawyer's Soap.

Aguinaldo's Stormy Career.

A special dispatch from Washington to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

Pancho Aguinaldo, the native dictator of the Philippines, is a very picturesque personage. He is the son of a prominent native chief. Anxious that his boy should be educated, the chief confided the lad to the Spanish priests, who thought that Aguinaldo's influence when he grew up, would help to maintain Spanish authority among the Malay population. The father is rich, for a native, and Pancho Aguinaldo, after being taught in the local schools, was sent to Madrid to study theology and qualify for the priesthood. After a year or two of study the young man boldly declared he would not be a priest, but a soldier. So he was drafted into one of the native regiments, in which a few of the subalterns are Malay men, but all the Captains and field officers are Spaniards.

Nearly two years ago Aguinaldo and a compatriot named Alexandro, also a Lieutenant of native troops organized a revolt in the native corps. Aguinaldo's regiment one morning while on parade, shot all its Spanish officers, except a few Lieutenants, and took to the savannas—great trackless prairies, swampy, with occasional high bits of land called "mattes." Here Aguinaldo made his headquarters. At one time he must have had 4,000 or 5,000 men under arms of some sort hidden in these fastnesses, raiding the rich settlements whenever they felt like it. The political Governor General of the Philippines, Senor Don Basilio Augustin y Davila, offered a reward of 20,000 pesetas (about \$4,100) for the head of Aguinaldo. Within a week he received a note from the insurgent chief saying, "I need the sum you offer very much, and will deliver the head myself."

Ten days later the southeast typhoon was raging. The hurricane—for it was one—was tearing things to bits, and it was raining as it can rain only in the Orient, a sheet of black water flooding the earth. The two centres at the Governor General's gate made the usual reverent sign as a priest passed in, who asked if his Excellency was within and unengaged. They answered yes to both questions. Don Basilio did not turn his head as some one entered. It was his secretary, he supposed, come to help prepare an eloquent statement upon the condition of the colonies. It was not the secretary, but a priest, who said, "Peace be with you, my son."

The cleric locked the door, and, dropping his cloak, said:

"Do you know me?"

Don Basilio did know him. It was Aguinaldo, also a 20 inch bolo, a native knife, sharp as a razor, carried by every Malay in the time of stress. They can lop off an arm with one blow, as though it was a carrot.

"I have brought the head of Aguinaldo," the chief said, touching the edge of his jewel-hilted bolo to ascertain its condition, "and I claim the reward! Hasten, else I shall have to expedite the matter myself."

Don Basilio was trapped. He had to open his desk and take out the sum in Spanish gold. Aguinaldo punctiliously wrote a receipt, coolly counted the money and walked backward toward the door. He suddenly opened it and dashed out, just ahead of a pistol bullet that cut the locks on his temples. Capt. Gen. Polavieja offered him and Alexandro a free pardon and \$200,000 each to quit the colony. They accepted it and got the money, only to learn that they were both to be assassinated the next night at a festa. The two men who had undertaken the job were found dead, stabbed to the heart, in their own beds. On the kris handle was a bit of paper with a line saying, "Beware of the Malay's vengeance."

Polavieja resigned and returned to Spain, being succeeded by Gen. Augustin, formerly Captain General of Barcelona. Aguinaldo is about 38 years old. He and his comrade, Alexandro, hold the future of the Philippines almost in their hands.

Do you know that Sawyer's Soap is the very best in the market? Ask your grocer for it. Insist on having it and no other.

Is your subscription to THE AMERICAN paid for this year? If not you should send in \$2.00 by the very next mail. Do not delay.