

THE AMERICAN.

WHAT ROME TEACHES

The Year 1900 Rome Will
Take This Country and
Keep It—Hecker.

**SHE BOADS THAT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IS ONLY
ENFORCED UNTIL THE OPPOSITE SIDE CAN
BE PUT INTO EFFECT WITHOUT IN-
JURY TO THE ROMAN CHURCH.**

Education outside of the Catholic Church is a damnable heresy.—Pope Pius IX.

Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, even to war and bloodshed.—Catholic World.

I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools.—Father Phelan.

I would as soon administer sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to public schools.—Father Walker.

The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blightguards.—Father Schaefer.

It will be a glorious day in this country when under the laws the school system will be shivered to pieces.—Catholic Telegraph.

The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are godless and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country.—Father Walker.

We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain integrity of the public schools.—Clokey.

The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell.—Chicago Tablet.

The time is not far away when the Roman Catholic Church of the Republic of the United States, at the order of the Pope, will refuse to pay their school tax, and will send bullets through the breasts of the government officials rather than pay it. It will be quickly at the click of a trigger, will be obeyed, of course, as command from Almighty God.—Mgr. Capel.

"I hate Protestantism; we detect with our whole heart and soul"—Scholle's Visitor.

No man has a right to choose his religion.—Arenousay Hughes in Freeman's Journal, Jan. 29, 1862.

"Catholics ever gain sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end."—Catholic Shepherd of the Valley, Nov. 23, 1851.

"Protestantism, of every form, has not, and never can have any right where Catholicism is triumphant."—Dr. O. A. Brownson's Catholic Review, June, 1851.

"We have taken this principle for a basis: That the Catholic religion with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort, that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."—Pius IX. in his allocution to a Consistory of Cardinals, December, 1851.

"Protestantism—why, we should burn and quarter it, and hang up the men's meat. We would tear it with scythes and fire it with hot irons! Fill the world with mottled lean and sink it in hell like one hundred fathoms deep."—Father Phelan, Editor Western Watchman.

"Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite side can be carried into effect, without peril to the Catholic Church."—Bishop O'Connor.

The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country.—Father Hecker, in the Catholic World, July, 1870.

"Undoubtedly it is the intention of the Pope to possess this country. In this intention he is aided by the Jesuits and Catholic prelates and priests."—Brownson's Catholic Review, July, 1864.

When a Catholic candidate is on a ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents."—Catholic Review, July, 1894.

"In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail over the state."—Pius IX, Syllabus 1864.

"We hold the state to be only an inferior court, receiving its authority from the church and liable to have its decrees reversed upon appeal."—Brownson's Essays, p. 282.

We do not accept this government, hold it to be any government at all, as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is the government by the people), and the acceptance of the Catholic principle, which is the government of the pope."—Catholic World, September, 1871.

"I acknowledge no civil power."—Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the Pope, S. R. S., 1873.

"The Pope, as the head and mouthpiece of the Catholic Church, administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic under pain of sin must yield obedience."—Catholic World, of August, 1868.

"In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—Priest Hecker.

The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."—Archbishop Ireland.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of the world's plot to take this country by the word. Ten for 20 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2. 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They did not sleep longer.

Like L'onde, Mich., Feb. 21, 1898
Dear Sirs:

I received your Atlas of the World

and I am well pleased; far beyond my expectations.

JOHN COLLING.

Man's influence is so small but that he could make it tell agains

CLEVERNESS OF THE RAVEN.

Some Entertaining Stories of the Well-Known Sagacity.

Many stories are told of the cleverness of the raven, a bird that really seems to have reasoning power. One of these stories tells how a raven, by a skillful stratagem, got a young hare for dinner. It had pounced upon the little animal, but the mother hare drove it away. Then the raven slowly recurred, encouraging the mother to follow him, and even pretending that it was afraid of her. In this fashion it led her to a considerable distance from her young one, and then, suddenly, before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick, he rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the young hare in his beak and bore it away. A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the artful birds turned sharply round, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicest bits in triumph. As to the raven's power of speech, the following story—which is given on the authority of Captain Brown, who vouches for its truth—will show how aptly it can talk. A gentleman, while traveling through a wood in the south of England, was fairly startled by hearing a shout of "Fair play, gentlemen, fair play!" uttered in loud tones. The cry being persistently repeated, the traveler thought it must proceed from some one in distress and at once began to search for him. He soon discovered two ravens furiously attacking a third. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he promptly rescued him. It turned out that the victim was a tame raven belonging to a house in the neighborhood, and the cry that it had used so opportunely was one of many that it had been taught to utter.—Philadelphia Times.

MAKING HISTORY AGAIN.

Sailing of the Eastern Squadron Repeats Old Time Doings.

New York Commercial-Advertiser. There is a dramatic side to the sailing of the eastern squadron. It is the first American expedition against a power of Europe. We harried British commerce and punished the Algerians, but those were affairs of frigates. It is the first attack on the coast of Spain since Goliath fell. In the peninsular wars Wellington and the fleet were co-operating with the Spanish patriots and helped protect Cadiz and Barcelona. In its nature this expedition recalls the dazzling traditions of Drake and Elizabeth. We are finishing the work the sea robbers of our race began 300 years ago. We are giving the mercy stroke to the world, giant the fathers of the men of Plymouth and Jamestown defied and crippled. This expedition is part of the performance of the mission of Anglo-Saxonism. This mission has its duties in Europe as well as in America and Asia. Incidentally it is rather a fine answer to the European pretensions to dictate how and where we shall carry on war and to propose its limitation to American waters. Dewey's guns gave the best answer to that pretension. Another will soon be heard near the Pillars of Hercules. Our field of operations is the world, and it has no more limits for us than for the daring spirits who made Spain great four centuries ago.

USED TO SHAVING CORPSES

Why the Unknown Barber Asked His Customer to Lie Down.

New York Sun: "During a trip through Ireland last summer," said a Wall street broker, "I found myself in a small village with no razors. They had been packed in my handbag, which I had left at the hotel where I had stayed the day before. There was no barber shop in the place and I was in a quandary as to how I might get shaved. The innkeeper told me that there was a man in the village who occasionally shaved people and I determined to risk a cut or two and send for him. The amateur barber arrived with his razor, and after a little haw-haw he said to me: 'Will you please, sir, lie down? Lay on your back while I shave you, sir?' Thinking that it was probably a custom of the country, I stretched myself comfortably on my back and nearly went to sleep while the fellow shaved me, so light was his touch. When he had finished I arose and said: 'I am curious to know why you asked me to lie down to be shaved?' 'Because, sir,' was his ingenuous reply. 'I never before shaved a live man, sir.' I may add that I sent for no more amateur barbers to shave me during my trip in Ireland."

Hard to Suit.

Upon returning to Owenton a gentleman who had been away for some time met an old friend and in order to celebrate the reunion asked him to take a glass of beer. "Beer?" said he, with perfect disgust, "why, I'd rather drink hemlock." "Well, then," urged the returned friend, "let's take a glass of lemonade." "Great Scott! man, I might stand paroxysm, but lemonade, never." Not to be thwarted in his expression of good-fellowship as a last resort soda water was next suggested. Our teetotaler would probably have taken coffee had it been offered, but soda water was a little too much for him. Said he, evidently from the bottom of his heart: "Soda water, did you say? Why, I'd as lief have the hydrophobia!"—Owenton (Ky.) Herald.

JOHN COLLING.

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WHEELWOMAN'S ERROR.

Some Entertaining Stories of the Well-Known Sagacity.

It is that **Wife Costumes Is Always the Main Point of Observation.** Many women will, of course, tell their own stories in dressing for their pictures, and many of them—a wonderful misapprehension appears—writes Mary Katherine Howard, describing "Costumes for Outdoor Sports" in the Woman's Home Companion. Especially is this true of the wheelwoman, many of whom seem to go on the plan that nothing shows to better effect in motion on the velum than a galloping horse, and that when the wheel is in motion one remains almost her clothes. But right here comes a mistake. Whether riding or running, whether in costume be suitable, becoming and fetching. Many women—yes, the majority of them—afflict a foolish modesty concerning the length of the bicycle skirt, and are not slow to vote the short-skirted girl as bold and rapid. Neither do we advocate an ungainly abbreviated skirt, but we indorse the skirt that is short enough not to go flopping in the breeze as soon as a little speed is desired. A skirt to the nose tops does, to be sure, conceal the stocking, but that is the only point in its favor, for it is ugly and ungraceful both on and off the wheel. Wear the short skirt, and conceal the stocking by the use of the high bicycle boot, which is an addition to all wheeling costumes. To be sure, they are warm in summer, but your only alternative is a low-cut boot or an Oxford. The latter should never be worn except by boys, men and very small girls, while the former displays the stocking when riding. For both looks and comfort a moderately heavy glove should be worn. Never wear a trimmed hat; that is, in the sense of flowers and lace or fluffy effects. The more severe the hat, the more suitable, durable, and tasteful it is. The much-abused Alpine shape should only be worn above pretty and youthful faces. Quite the prettiest wheeling costume is the divided skirt, which falls so close together that no one knows whether it is an all-around skirt or the bifurcated one, worn with a pretty shirt waist, either of silk or some suitable material, and an Eton jacket to match the skirt, with boots of tan or black."

DEEDED TO THE DEVIL.

Small Estate in Finland Which Was Thus Conveyed.

There is only one spot on the earth's surface that has actually been willed, deeded and bequeathed to his satanic majesty. This spot lies four miles and a half south of Helsingfors, Finland. A few years ago Lars Hollariene died in the little town of Hollariene, in the above named country, leaving considerable property in the shape of landed estate. How he had come into possession of so much land no one seemed to know, but as he was a very bad citizen it was generally admitted that he was in league with Wintahausu (Satan), and that they had many business deals with each other. This somewhat startling opinion was verified when old Hollariene found a certified warranty deed inclosed therein, which deeded to Satan all his earthly possessions. The will was to the same effect. The family have repeatedly tried to break the will, but so far have been unsuccessful; thus the records plainly show that his sulphuric majesty has a legal right and title to some excellent grounds in the near vicinity of Helsingfors. The simple people of the neighborhood have changed the course of the road which formerly skirted the Hollariene homestead, and declare that they would not enter the possessions of Satan & Co for all the money that the three estates would bring—Pearson's Weekly.

HIS FORTUNE STOLEN.

Some Despicable Thief Took the Strong Box in Transit.

A man doing a nice retail business on Gratiot avenue would rather talk of the Klondike than of the war or the revenue bill, and yet he has no idea of letting the gold fever get the better of him, says the Detroit Free Press. "I had it once," he says, "some parties with money heard of an old abandoned mine down in Mexico and selected me to investigate for them. They were to pay legitimate expenses and if they concluded to invest I was to have a nice chunk of the stock. There was plenty of gold there. I collected ore and nuggets enough to convince the most skeptical. But I saw fortunes scattered all about me, providing myself with samples of woods and soils that I was sure would interest capital. In my prospective prosperity I was generous, buying horsehair bridles, silver spurs and lots of fancy work to carry home to my friends. I had these all packed in a strong box and shipped it right through. On the trip I felt like a prince going to his own and pictured the future with the life of a luxuriant millionaire. But the event gave me the chronic blues for five years." "What went wrong?" "Oh, some one stole the strong box in transit. The best I could get from my patron was a suspicious laugh and the whole scheme was dropped for something else in which I cut no figure."

As Others See It.

"The moon comes out very brightly about 10 at night just now," said the centaur man. "That's about the time the second moon always comes, too," said the thirsty man.—Sketch.

Franks.

Kind—if I give you this penny, what will you do with it? Tatters (sarcastically)—I'll be honest with you, guy nor. I'll spend it in riotous living.—Modern Society.

TEN POINTERS.

BY R. W. HOWARD.

Papal pills are sugar coated.

Creditability is the bane of Rome's reputation.

Get a papist to thinking and the priest will curse you.

The priest's blindfold eye is on the side where the most money comes from.

A Bible is the most harmful book a papist can read if we judge from Rome's past acts.

No man can walk with civilization and stay in the woods of papal superstition.

Rome wears a religious cloak, yet has a cold heart.

A confessional box is the tomb of self-respect.

Wearing a cross does not cure crosses.

Hatred is nursed by papal prejudice.

The brighter history shines the darker Rome's record.

It is hard to convince a papist who lets the priest do his thinking.

To know that popery is a curse makes a man want to rid the earth of it.

Keeping knowledge in the hands of the priest starves the minds of the people.

You can never tell what a papist will do out of a church by his looks of devotion within.

Rome has trouble with the man who does his own thinking.

Popery throws the most mud at the whitest garments.

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