

## TRUE ROMAN CHARITY.

A Fair Sample Brought to Light in Kansas City.

A Young Man After Contributing to the Support of the Roman Catholic Hospital Is Thrown Out.

One of the most heartless pieces of work of the Roman Catholic church has recently been brought to light. Mrs. Argonia, a poor old widow lady, some sixty years of age, who resides in a miserable little house at 2318 Summit street, Kansas City, was found by her neighbors in a pitiable condition, trying to care for her son who is dying from consumption.

Her husband was a member of the Roman Catholic faith while she belonged to the Protestant faith. After the birth of her son it was the father's desire, and the boy was christened in the Roman Catholic church. When young Argonia was of school age he was placed in a Roman school at Brookfield, Mo., where he remained for some four years, and as his mother supposed, was receiving a thorough education, for which \$10.00 for each month's tuition was paid. The letters from the boy spoke of his kind treatment and his good progress. In the meantime the father disappeared and was not heard from again, leaving the mother to eke out an existence in any manner possible. The boy was then taken from the Roman Catholic school. To his mother he related a story which proves the assertions against these so-called seats of learning sustained by the Roman church. Instead of having his mind improved by study as proposed,

There was no one at home and he had to await his mother's return from the place where she had been doing a day's washing. Since that time he has grown worse, rapidly, and when we visited him December 29th, he poor fellow was nearing the shore of the great hereafter. In a little hole shed, built of upright boards and wattled, sitting at the rear of 2318 Summit street lives the mother and dying son. She, brave woman, struggled with destiny until every particle of hope was gone before she asked aid. Even then, if it had not been for her son, she would have died rather than accept alms. But for his sake she broke down her pride. The dying boy was in one corner of the little box room; here was an old chair; there a rickety table. In another corner a cupboard for dishes, and in another the mother's cot. Even these necessities had but recently been furnished by kind friends and some members of the Summit Street Methodist church.

O Home! where is your charity when your god-money is not at hand? Did you ever lend a helping hand without first blowing a herald call from your trumpet?

Never did anyone, from the church of the young man's faith, come to give even words of consolation, much less a particle of aid to the dying boy or his poor old mother in their straitened circumstances. And they were the only ones who knew of the Argonia's real circumstances.

But we wish to call our readers attention to one thing that the church never forgets. All the time the young man was working and trying hard to make a living for himself and his mother the sisters never failed to come to the broom factory, where he worked for several years, to collect, each and

both Kansas and Missouri, how long are you going to allow these so-called institutions of charity, which, in reality, are nothing more than money-making agencies of this hydra-headed monster, to continue to drain the pockets of the Protestants and prey upon the sympathies of the people?

Has our municipal government become so weak that it cannot care for its own violators of law and ghost society? Is it not a disgrace to our city government to hand over one misguided girl who has been neglected by their proper protection, until they have become wayward and dissolute, and then send them to this unprincipled association of inquiry to reform them? What is becoming of America and American institutions when given over to Catholic rule?

What has become of our national pride when we have to surrender our girls to be raised in such slave pens of tyrants—fair type of barbarism—and the inquisition with all its tortures and cruelties. All the hopes of freedom gone, crushed in mind and body, disgraced and ruined—if not before they go there, surely while there. Is it a place of reform?

It has been my lot to have conversed with several who have been there, who have told me that they were ashamed to tell me all, and how many of the girls were ruined by the priests that visited them. One especially, who, when she was compelled to cohabit with a drunken priest, still became in a delicate condition by him, was shut up in a bare room with nothing but an old comforter for a bed, where the so-called sister superior brought her bread and water for food while in her pregnancy, and after the fourth month committed abortion upon her, and after keeping her ten days, turned her out to scrub, and she made her escape. Weak from loss of blood and want of food, she was found by colored people and cared for until she was able to take care of herself. You may here ask why she had not made this known to

much they are beaten and otherwise shamefully abused not shamefully to mention.

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power, and let us take the way we talk as we used to say in the late war, "No shoot the way we talk," for God and our country. Down with every element that is opposed to our freedom and our beloved land, bought by the blood of our forefathers and sustained by our brothers' blood on many a battle-field in our late war, to maintain its purity, its honor and its freedom.

Shall we stand with idle hands and speechless tongues and see our native land pass into Catholic rule, and be made to tremble at its power?

Mr. Editor, I have said enough at this time. Will say more when the proper time comes, but now it makes the heart grow sick to meditate upon the unkindness of the American people, while such a monster demon is making such gigantic strides to obtain supremacy, as the Roman church is in our free America. This kind of freedom should be checked, and at once. Americans, arise in your might, and aid in staying this fast-growing monster that menaces our national rights, for our children's sake, if not for our own.

If you see fit to give me space in your valuable paper, I will give you more evidence anon.

Once I was blind, but now I see.

CLARENCE ST. CLAIR.

Once a Catholic.



Illustration from *True Roman Charity*, showing a person in a dark room, possibly a basement or a room with a hole in the floor, looking up at a light source.

Look at the wealth this gigantic corporation possesses; look at the poverty among its people. What object have they in view? Why be so miserly? This corporation could give enough to each and every one of its communicants in this entire land to make them comfortable for all time to come and still have plenty left to maintain all the churches and other necessary institutions of their creed in this United States. But no, they would rather have the reputation of furnishing at least 50 per cent. of our criminals,

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