

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A Friend Visits a Roman Catholic College and Investigates Their System of Teaching and Training.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, 1904.—Editor AMERICAN: I take the liberty to drop you a few lines that you may know I am still among the living and having my share of this world's good as it passes along. I was sixty miles south of here last week to a very pretty little inland town of twenty thousand inhabitants. It is in one of the richest valleys in the state and the natural home of the prune; the country for miles in every direction is nothing but one solid orchard of prune trees and all in full bloom and resending a bank of snow at a distance, and the air is impregnated with delightful fragrance from the millions of blossoms. I thought what a paradise that would be for all the honey bees in the United States to hold a national convention, they would not be like Cæsar's army, bedded by contributions, for nature in the bee's case has provided abundantly.

One would think to look at those large orchards that the supply would exceed the demand but such has not been the case to the present time, for all of last year's crop has long since been shipped away. The culture of prunes seems to be done here to perfection, and the orchards look like one solid garden, and one can ride for miles and not see grass or weeds enough to make a hens nest. The land there is worth from one hundred to two hundred and fifty per acre. I would consider buying land there for raising prunes would not be a first class investment for in my humble opinion in less than two years the business will be overdone.

As I was out for information as well as pleasure I done some investigation on my own part. The town is mainly Roman there being three Catholic colleges there, and one afternoon while taking in the town I says to my partner, who by the way, was a gentleman from Omaha on a visit here, let us go through this college and see what's in it; we were met at the door which was locked by a true son of Ireland, the janitor who unlocked it and let us in and inquired our business I told him we were there from the east and would like to look through the building, we were then turned over to another son of Erin younger in years but older in education; there were three ladies with us making five pilgrims to investigate the premises; the first thing he did was to go to a closet and get a bunch of at least twenty keys, but while waiting in the reception room I was inspecting the pictures on the walls, the largest and most conspicuous was the Pope Leo on one side of a large mirror on the other was Cardinal Gibbons and in every room there was a picture of a Catholic Saint or the Mother of Jesus as she is believed by Catholics to be. Well, we started on our trip through the building with our guide he was dressed in the papal regulation, his four cornered cap, long gown reaching to the ground to conceal a pair of No. 10 shoes, for I could not help but notice the feet being so out of proportion to his body, a cord around the waist from which hung the cross and scapula these with his twenty keys composed his makeup, every door we came to had to be unlocked and relocked after we all passed through, I started to ask questions, the first was, is it non-sectarian? Yes, he said, it was as far as teaching religion was concerned, then I asked, don't you have religious services? Oh yes, we have prayers before we commence the studies in the morning and again after school closes in the evening. Where do you have it? In the new chapel that was the only brick building on the place. Are all the scholars obliged to go to prayer? Yes, everybody, teachers, cooks, janitor, and all are required to attend. I asked how it was that all the doors had to be kept locked? Oh, the boys would destroy and take things that did not belong to them. Well, I said, could you not teach them that it was wrong to do such things. No, we could not teach them to respect private property. I asked how old the boys were and he said from twelve to twenty-two. Just think of a young man of eighteen or twenty-two years of age that has no more honor than to steal from his fellow school mates, what are we to expect of them when they are turned loose from college to prey on the public, is it any wonder that our penitentiaries are filled with that kind of people when they are taught in their colleges that it is no crime to take anything that is not under lock and key. I will now draw the comparison between physical and mental, moral and immoral, or between Protestant and Roman training. I was through four Protestant colleges, the State University, Miller Seminary, Reed's College and Stanford's University, was escorted through all of them and I never saw a door that was locked and there are scholars in those four schools of all ages, from eight to seventy-five. I do this to have you draw your own conclusion between the teachings of a Protestant and Roman college. But to proceed with our guide, after going through the lecture rooms, chemical laboratory and two or three others, we came to the play grounds; there was a fence in

the center of the yard, and in play hours one of the fathers was stationed there to keep the larger boys from imposing on the smaller ones. Next we come to the sleeping apartment; all sleep in one large room forty by sixty feet. I asked, how many pillows do you have to keep them all quiet at night? Oh, he says, three and sometimes four of the fathers sleep here with them, but sometimes they have a hard time of it. There is not a female around the place and the bedding on those beds did not look like the bedding I saw in other colleges. We next came to the two-mile of the United States senate and the house of congress; every one has his separate desk and sits just as in Washington, and there is a chairman on a raised platform. I asked, do the scholars choose their own chairman or presiding officer? Oh, no, one of the fathers always occupies the chair. So you can see the whole thing is always under the eye of a priest, in every room there are the Roman year marks. In this room on the wall was the pope's picture, and not four feet from it was the picture of General Jackson. As I looked at the two pictures, I wondered, if Jackson was standing where I was, what would he do? I thought if the transformation was to take place there would be at least one picture less on that wall. I considered it an insult to General Jackson. From there we went to the church or chapel; it had a seating capacity of about 300, and was furnished in the usual style according to Roman regulation; altar with cross, Virgin Mary and brass candlesticks, and the walls were covered with pictures of saints. Our guide walked to the front of the altar, crossed himself and went down on one knee, and as I was the nearest to him he looked at me and said it was customary to make obediense to the Virgin Mary when passing before it. I said that may be all right, but I was not raised that way, and you ought to have seen the look he gave me. If I ever get into purgatory it will be a long time before I get out. There were five visitors in the crowd, and only one showed any respect to Mary. There are long, broad porches extending around the building, and on most of them would be seen one of the fathers in his uniform, and with a small book in his hand. I did not ask what they were reading, but I knew by the size of the book it was not the Constitution of the United States nor the Declaration of Independence. I asked the guide if the college paid taxes to the county. At first he said no, and then said yes, it did. I am inclined to think they do pay taxes, but how much I don't know. I asked him if they had printed rules governing the school or scholars. He said yes. I then asked if he would give me one. He went into another room, returning a few minutes after saying that they were all gone. But you can guess how much I believed that, for courtesy ended when I refused to kneel before the Virgin Mary.

In one of the lecture rooms was a book which he said was 390 years old and was brought from some foreign country by one of the old Jesuit friars. He said that it was all latin. I don't know who told him, for I don't believe he could tell latin from German. It was written on parchment, or some kind of skin; I don't know what, perhaps heretic skin. He said he thought the world of that book, but I don't know why he should, for I don't think he could read a word there was in it.

If I had a dozen boys and I had to send them to a college of that kind to get an education, I would prefer letting them take their chance among the street arabs, blacking shoes and selling papers, for occasionally they would come in contact with honest people who would teach them honesty and patriotism and that the world did not have to be under lock and key to keep it from being stolen by a lot of Roman hirelings. This is no over-drawn picture of a Roman Catholic college, but is just as I saw it, and I made it my business to see all I could while there, and I came to the conclusion if that is a sample they are first class frauds; and a man or boy is throwing away his time and money, unless he wants to be a first class politician, for a politician needs but little honor and an indianrubber conscience, and the two last ingredients are dished out in a college of this kind in large doses.

Three days after I was in that town there was an election, and the whole town went republican but three candidates. A lady typewriter told a friend of mine that the A. P. A.'s did it, that she understood that there were 1500 of them in the town, and that the three democrats that were elected were A. P. A.'s. (Well I guess so) but I can't help it.

COMMITTEE OF ONE.

**General Grant on the Public Schools.**

What General Grant said in his celebrated Des Moines speech has frequently been made a matter of controversy. Many would like to see the speech in full, as it was so reported at the time. It is the following:

"Comrades: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years and to live over again, in memory, the trials and hardships of those days, hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and believe now,



POPE LEO CASTING A FATHERLY EYE OVER HIS CHILDREN IN THIS COUNTRY.

that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped such trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and battlefield, on whichever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of our free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence.

"The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic fathers one hundred years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor and add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press; pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up the opportunity of a good, common school education, unmingled with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and the state forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battle which created 'The Army of the Tennessee' will not have been fought in vain."

What the country needs at this hour of its peril is an independence of voters—men who will stand by American institutions. The A. P. A. is just such an organization.

**Heads of Families**

Who are now attempting to Solve that annual problem—**Where shall we spend the summer?** Should give at least a hearing To the claims of **Hot Springs, South Dakota.** As set forth in a Well-written and beautifully Illustrated folder issued by the **Burlington Route.** Healing waters, pure air, sunny skies And superb surroundings are not the Only things this charming spot offers. More material attractions are Provided:—Magnificent hotels, Splendidly-equipped bath houses, Pleasure-giving plunge-baths. And drives— Varied, beautiful and beyond number. The journey to Hot Springs, if your Ticket reads via the Burlington Route, is a pleasant one. A vestibuled train of sleeping and Free chair cars leaves daily for the Black Hills. It is a comfortable Train and offers a service that Leaves nothing to be desired. **Rates are very low.** The heated period is fast approaching. You need a vacation. And there is no better place than Hot Springs to spend it. Why not go there? Ask the local Ticket Agent For a copy of the folder. It's free.



J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agt. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

**BOOK REVIEW.**

We have received a copy of "Plain Talk About the Romanism of Today," by Rev. Hugh Montgomery, published by the American Citizen Co., Boston, Mass. It is undoubtedly a most valuable addition to the patriotic literature of the present day, a book that should be read by all classes. The author has massed in a most concise and condensed form, historical facts, impartial argument and earnest appeal that cannot fail to command the attention and respect of every thoughtful and intelligent person who may have the good fortune to read this little book.

"The Mother of Harlots or an Exposure of Romanism" by Evangelist M. D. Baumer, of Concord, Minn., is a little volume calculated to cause some people to think more seriously about the dangers that beset the freedom of this country and its public schools. With that aim in view it is presented to the public by the author.

"The Attitude of Roman Catholicism Towards Our Government and Protestant Institutions" is the rather lengthy title of an excellent little brochure written by Rev. Winfield C. Helt, of Blue Ball, Ohio. This little "tract," as the author calls it, should be widely distributed by all patriotic orders and individuals.

The old maid nuns and the old bachelor priests, who have no children of their own and who are opposed to our public school system, ought not to be allowed to teach in our schools, nor should they, or any one under their control, be allowed to act as members of school boards. "Put Americans only on guard."—The Midland.

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